The Sunday Oregonian.

VOL. I—NO. 9. PORTLAND, OREGON: SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1882. PRICE—TEN CENTS.

GARCIA.

A LEGEND OF SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

From the United Service Magazine, January, 1882.

Like a painting set in a frame of green
Is the lovely vale of San Bernardine,
There the Santa Ana in beauty flows
From its icy founts in the distant snows,
And divides the bloom with its waters cold,
Like a silver seam in a disk of gold.
O, what bard in song may describe the scene
Of that valley set in its frame of green;
What genius plumed for its grandest flight
Ever placed on canvas so fair a sight!
There the orange bends with its golden fruit
When the rills of the north with the frosts are mute;
And the lime-tree yieldeth its juicy prize
When the rains congeal in less balmy skies;
There the fig tree blossoms to cheer the swains
When the snow lies deep on more northern plains;
And a flowery carpet o'erspreads the field
When in ruder climates the fonts are sealed;
And the droning bees on their journeys fill
All the air with sound as on Hybla's hill.

* * * * *

Ah! who could believe to a landscape like this
That sin ever came with adversity laden;
That Death with his glance ever ended the bliss
Of a lover, or froze the sweet smile of a maiden?
Is, for a spot on this fair earth of ours,
Untainted by evil where mortals are dwelling;
Where blood may not stain the bright hue of the flowers,
From wounds that are cruel in crimson drops welling!

* * * * *

This earth indeed is full of sadness;
No place below is free from guile;
No heart is always cheered with gladness;
And tears may drown the happiest smile.

And crime hath passed the emerald setting
Of yonder valley, broad and fair;
A bloody deed and sorrow's fretting
Destroyed the lovliest maiden there.

I would the ghostly scene might vanish
From memory's halls, to end my song,
I fain the mournful theme would banish,—
But gloomy thoughts my notes prolong!

* * * * *

Mid rural scenes begins the tale—
Mid rustic joys and rustic hopes—
Where Santa Ana skirts the vale,
And laves the feet of neighboring slopes,
Along the river's banks that smile
With willows green and flowerets bright,
A Spanish hamlet, mile on mile,
In peaceful beauty cheered the sight.
Long, long ago the town was built
By hands devout from distant Spain;
Long, long ago the blood was spilt
That cast a gloom o'er yonder plain.
Yes, mile on mile the village wound
Its length of shade in years gone by;
Still mile on mile the fruitful ground
In flowery splendor greets the eye.
Midway, an ancient convent threw
Its shadows deep from ivied wall;
Near by, a sombre cypress grew,
To hide its turrets grim and tall.
Before the gates, from gallows' beam,
A ponderous bell,—so strangely hung!—
To warn of priestly prayer and theme,
In solemn cadence daily swung.
And still its note of warning rings
At vesper hour and early dawn,
In belfry strange the monster swings
Above the lonely convent lawn.

* * * * *

But I come not here in priestly guise,
To reveal the depth of priestly art;
My theme, alas, is of tearful eyes
And the crime that broke a maiden's heart!

* * * * *

With vine-clad porch, a cottage neat
Once stood beyond the convent's height;
A home-like view from village street,—
To stranger eyes a charming sight.
There Garcia dwelt in rustic bliss,
With home and parents doubly blest;
No grander scene on earth than this
E'er gave her virgin thoughts unrest.
And thither Gomez, ardent swain,
To woo the maiden, hied apace
When gathering shades obscured the plain,
And veiled their secret trysting place.
Then day by day with whispered vows
This blameless pair renewed their love;
Beneath the sombre cypress boughs
That bent their friendly arms above.
Once blissful spot! thy joys are fled;
No more the cypress forms thy shade;
Those whispering lovers both are dead;
The convent walls in dust are laid.

* * * * *

But fain would I sing of the trysting of lovers,
Or tell of the vows that once hallowed the shade;
But the Angel of Death round the cypress tree hovers,
And woe is the theme of my numbers instead.

* * * * *

One summer's eve, in the golden light,
As in western glory the sun went down,
A proud gray steed and a prouder knight
Came slowly up through the Spanish town.
The cavalier with his plume of snow,
In his velvet cloak, with his ringlets curled,
To many a wondering maid, I trow,
Was a fancied prince from the outer world.
The stranger rode by the convent bell,
So queerly hung, and he quickly spied
Those lovers true where the shadows fell
From cypress drear by the convent side.
On the charger's neck as the reins were flung,
By the convent gate near the dusty road,
With a gallant air to the ground he swung;
With a graceful step to the trysting strode.
'Twas a rueful moment, sweet maid, for thee,
For it sealed the doom of thy doting swain,
When to view thy charms by the cypress tree
The stranger drew on the bridle-rein!
With a lordly pace, in his brilliant gear,
The knight passed over the emerald grass;
With a glance of scorn for her lover near,
Addressed these words to the blushing lass:
"Tell me truly, nymph, in a town like this
If a weary rider may find repose?
Nay, to prove my faith, I bestow a kiss
On those lips of thine, that outbloom the rose."
And his arm enfolded her slender waist.
But a stinging blow from a brawny hand
Gave a stern rebuke to that clasp unchaste,
And foiled the kiss that the lordling planned.
Ah! surely then had there blood been shed,
As from silver scabbard the poniard flew,
But with tears o'erflowing the maiden plead,
As around her lover her arms she threw.
So the stranger turned on his spur-clad heel,
With a muttered curse and a glance of hate;
And slowly sheathing the wounding steel,
With a haughty stride sought the convent gate.
A month elapsed: in that blissful spot
Where the shadows fell when the sun went down,
The stranger's coming was quite forgot
By those lovers true in that Spanish town.

* * * * *

A month went by: the youth must ride
Through mountain pass to desert side,—
A rugged road through dangers great
From white man's greed and red man's hate.
So Gomez came at vesper bell
To bid his love a brief farewell,
Ah little dreamed the youth that night
They'd meet no more by convent's height,
The maiden wept, and bade him stay,
The youth was grieved, but answered "Nay—
Weep not, my love, the time is brief;
I'll soon return; restrain thy grief.
The moon is full, the sky is clear;
In one short week I'll meet thee here,
Nay, nay, my love, these tearful eyes
Become thee not,—these bitter sighs.
No dangers haunt the glen or plain
Thy lover dreads,—thy tears are vain.
In one short week, at evening bell,—
Remember, love,—till then, farewell!"
But still she wept, and still replied,
"Ah! Gomez, *do* not quit my side."

* * * * *

'Tis sad, sad thing in a world like this,
When the friends we cherish their bonds may sever;
A sadder thing is a maiden's kiss,
And her farewell spoken,—perchance, forever!

* * * * *

One fond caress and a last embrace,—
A lonely form at the trysting-place.
The rattling hoofs of the mustang fell
On Garcia's ear like her lover's knell.
Long, long she stood in the dewy shade,
And lingered close to that blissful spot.
Long, long thou'lt wait for the youth, sweet maid,
Who'll come no more to the wayside cot!

* * * * *

O'er valley's breadth, in the moonlight pale,
The youth sped on,—the way was long;
He heeded not the night-bird's wail,—
His heart was brave, his mustang strong.
O'er Santa Ana's rippling tide
The youth sped on,—the way was clear;
But ere he reached the mountain side
The moon sank low,—the pass was drear!

* * * * *

I would the ghostly scene might vanish
From Memory's halls, to end my song;
I fain the mournful theme would banish,
But gloomy thoughts my notes prolong!

* * * * *

Where echoes now the steam-cry hoarse,
And wakes the dusky shades of night,
The dauntless rider bent his course,
And spurred his steed in the fading light.
Ill-fated youth, thy mission stay,—
The Fiend of Death is on thy track!
A demon haunts thine upward way.—
Beware, beware,—turn back—turn back!
A rocky point—a lurking form
With plume of snow—rash youth, beware!
The flash of steel—a threatening arm—
A cry that pierced the midnight air;
A chasm deep—a sudden push—
A shriek that rent the darkness chill;
A struggling form—a downward rush—
A heavy sound—the glen was still!

* * * * *

O God, in Thy mercy we may not discover
The woe that the future conceals in its gloom;
Or know of the dangers that round us may hover,—
Thou'st veiled in Thy goodness our path to the tomb!

* * * * *

The weary days—a week—passed by;
Fair Garcia's memory marked them well,
Again she watched with love-lit eye
By convent side where shadows fell.
The vesper warning, loud and clear,
Rang out the knell of closing day;
The maiden stood with listening ear
For coming hoofs o'er the dusky way.
An anxious hour,—it seemed a year,
Another passed, and yet a third;
The night-winds fanned the cypress drear
No sound of coming hoofs was heard.
God help thee, maid! thy lover lies
Now crushed and still in yonder glen.
God help thee, maid! thy sad, sad eyes
Will never greet his form again.

* * * * *

As yonder lily bows its crest
Upon the stem with rain-drops laden;
With drooping brow that sought her breast,
By tears o'erwhelmed, there stood the maiden.

Thus, long she grieved; then dried her tears,
For Hope returned to ease her sorrow.
"Sad heart," she whispered, "cease thy fears
My love will surely come to-morrow."

O heavenly Hope! thy coming brings
A peaceful hour to mortals weary;
In grief we hail thy rustling wings,—
Without thee, life indeed were dreary.

Day after day, by convent side
The maiden still her tryst was keeping;
Day after day, at eventide
Her longing eyes were red with weeping.

Day after day, she dried her tears,—
For Hope returned to ease her sorrow;
Day after day she chid her fears,
"My love," she whispered, "comes to-morrow."

* * * * *

In central valley, drear and lone,
Is Slover mount o'ergrown with sages;
Like some huge monster, changed to stone,
That fell asleep in distant ages;
A curious legend, quaintly told,—
That trembling lips with awe recite,—
Proclaims how fiends their revels hold
At midnight hour on Slover's height;
How maidens then whose hearts are true,
Nor fear the shapes that round them hover,
Who climb the steep alone may view,
By vision strange, an absent lover.
If this be true, I cannot say;
Yet travelers pass that haunt by night,
Belated on their homeward way,
Have seen a weird unearthly light!

* * * * *

A year of waiting! Garcia's cheek
Grew wan and pale her vigil keeping;
Beset by fears she dared not speak,
Her sad, sad eyes were red with weeping.

But heavenly Hope on angel wings
Returned once more to ease her sorrow;
By cypress drear the maiden sings,
"My love will surely come to-morrow."

O faithful heart, so rudely tried,
Now cease thy tears—thy bitter sighing;
No more the youth will press thy side,—
In yonder glen his bones are lying!

* * * * *

A weary year! For troubled rest,
As Garcia sought her couch one night,
An unknown longing filled her breast
To visit Slover's lonely height.
"I fain would see my love," she sighed;
"I fain would test this potent spell."
"The moon shines clear," her heart replied:
"Fear not,—thy faith will shield thee well."

* * * * *

A ghostly form in a robe of white,—
A spectral shape on the silent street,—
That onward glides in the silvery light,
With noiseless tread, as of phantom feet!
With longing strange to the central vale
The maiden sped, and her heart was true;
She took no note of the night-bird's wail—
The wounding thorns that her feet passed through.
The centipedes from their slumbers wake;
The scorpion peers from his den, I wot;
She hears the whir of the rattlesnake,—
Her heart is true, and she heeds them not.
One lingering hope in her breast remained,—
To reach the mountain that rose above her.
"If yonder summit in time be gained,
I'll find," she murmered, "my absent lover."
She gained the slope; and a moment stayed
Her weary journey for needful rest;
Then breathed a prayer to the saints for aid,
And hurried on to the lonely crest.
What shapes unearthly—what ghastly scene
Of murdered lover—there met her sight
No mortal kens: it is left, I ween,
A secret hid for the Judgment light.
But a pilgrim late o'er the vale alone—
As home returning his footsteps press—
On Slover's peak where the moonlight shone,
Beheld a form in a ghostly dress.
And a shriek rang out on the midnight air,
That sounded far o'er the neighboring plains,—
'Twas a shriek of wild and of dark despair,
That froze the blood in the pilgrim's veins!

* * * * *

The morning dawned; the convent bell
To slumbering priests gave warning sound.
By cypress drear where shadows fell,
In ghostly garb, the maid was found.
Ah! gently lift her drooping head,
O'er which in drops the dew is lying.
O priest, thy prayers be quickly said,—
Thy shrift is late—the maid is dying!
Her pallid brow is chilled by death,—
Hope comes no more to ease her sorrow.
"I know," she sighs with parting breath,
"I *know* he will not come to-morrow."

* * * * *

HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, U. S. Army.
VANCOUVER BARRACKS, W. T., March 20, 1881.

CURRENT RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION.

The difference of creed is like a difference of language—it keeps people apart who if they knew each other would be friends—The Christian Union.

Ritualism, in all its forms of development, is a process of petrifaction that casts a death shadow upon the altars of a church, and repels the masses from her communion.—The Christian Advocate.

A certain minister, on announcing a hymn which he greatly likes, sometimes adds: "Sing the whole of it." With the present custom in so many churches of singing only three or four verses, we are not surprised at the question why our hymn-books should be made so large and expensive. Better omit interludes by the organ and sing entire hymns oftener.—The Congregationalist.

So far as rigid conduct and outward comfort go, it is a matter to be frankly met in years that are near at hand whether the Roman priest has not the truer relation to the poor and ignorant classes. His position of authority and responsibility may be easily abused; but our protestant position respects the liberty of the ignorant poor to the verge of neglecting their salvation. Somehow American protestantism will have to imitate the priesthood by becoming—in a better way—the keeper and guide of the poor.—The Methodist.

It is a poor picture of an apple tree that needs to be labeled "apple tree." It is a poor statue or portrait of anyone that needs a card attached to tell people what and whom it is meant to represent. Or else, if it is a good representation and still needs such an explanation, it augurs a very ignorant class of spectators. Why is it then that so many Christians seem to imagine that they have to label themselves as such by constant talk about their religion, their conscience, their faith, their piety in general? They must be poor specimens of the image of God who needs this.—The Moravian.

The proposal to hold an American Methodist centennial conference finds almost universal favor. The *Zion's Herald* says: "It will be attended with comparatively small expense. It can admit of a less restricted programme; it may secure certain more pronounced practical results. It might be made a great spiritual inspiration as well as a fresh and happy occasion for the development of true Christian fraternity and co-operation." In the opinion of the *Central Christian Advocate*, it will contribute to a movement that cannot be much longer delayed, the organic union of the several divisions of Methodism which are really one in thought and conviction.

The contemplation of sin awakens a variety of sentiments in the mind, varying according to the character of him who considers it, the nature of the sin itself, and the aspect in which it may be viewed. One class of sins awakens in us the sentiment of contempt. Such is the feeling we entertain for those who are guilty of what we call mean and unmanly acts, such as lying, stealing and vulgarity. Closely allied to this is the feeling of disgust. There are some habits so low and grovelling, so beneath the dignity of a man, that they are repulsive and loathsome. Other sins arouse the sentiment of indignation. Such are those acts which involve the elements of injustice and cruelty. Wrath is naturally kindled in the presence of oppression practised by the strong upon the weak. In the presence of still another class of sins the sentiment of abhorrence is produced. Such is the effect of the peculiarly atrocious and heinous crimes that are sometimes committed.—The Central Christian Advocate.

Show me what thou wilt have me to do. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are thy ways higher than our ways. We are impatient, for our life is but for a moment. Thou art from everlasting: therefore is thy patience full of long suffering. O Lord, I adore thee! Thou hast made me for thyself, and I am forever thine.—Fenelon.

The Rev. R. R. Williams, president of the Ramapatam Seminary, connected with the Baptist mission to the Telugus, in India, says they have one native preacher who holds his congregation with as firm a grip as Spurgeon. He says that one element of the power of the native preachers is the fact that the Bible is an eastern book, and hence they understand it.

One class of substitutes for Christianity consists in attempts to resolve our religion into its most abstract elements and to express these in a different set of formulæ. It has been said, for instance, that religion is essentially man's awe and wonder at the mystery of the universe: or it is man's attempt to unravel the mystery; and it is suggested that these emotions and aspirations, together with admiration and imaginative sympathy, may be had without the religious beliefs. But we suspect that men who say such things are not more than half satisfied with their own solutions. When they come to consider again what Christianity has done for mankind, it seems highly probable that they will themselves admit the need of some more energetic principles to account for it.—The Watchman.

The wise ground for the sincere friends of divine truth, even for those who are most tenderly attached to what they conceive to be the faith once delivered to the saints in its original integrity, is not to deny the possibility of further valuable progress in the interpretation of the ways of God to man, and *ipso facto*, to denounce as "heretics," and "unsound," all who have an idea that they can give better voice to the real intent of scripture, by substituting formulæ, more or less new, for those which have been in substance approved among the later generations of orthodox believers; but is rather to apply to them, and to their work, that inspired test which will at once determine its value, and settle whether it be of God, or whether they speak from themselves.—The Congregationalist.

They (the revisers of the New Testament) have rendered an invaluable service toward the right understanding and the clear expression of the New Testament. But their work is not perfect. We dare say that, knowing as they do by experience the difficulties of the work, they are themselves the most conscious of its imperfections. We are not likely soon to have another committee of revision whose work will be so well done, still less be invested with so much authority. But for that very reason it is a pity it should not be made as perfect as possible. Of course they cannot be expected to heed or care for every censure or criticism that is passed upon it. But it is a great pity that they should not come together at some future time, and either in committee of the whole, or by a sub-committee, review their own work, and remove such errors and imperfections as the best scholars always discover in their published works and are eager to correct in subsequent editions.—Bibliotheca Sacra.

It may be interesting to readers to know the relative proportions of the Christian denominations in this country. The Methodists lead, with 22,582 ministers and 3,574,585 members. The Baptists follow, with 18,331 ministers and 2,452,878 members. The Presbyterians, of all bodies, have 9830 ministers and 1,173,705 members. The Lutherans are next, with 3132 ministers and 950,868 members. The Disciples have 3782 ministers and 501,821 members. The Congregationalists are sixth, with 3654 ministers and 384,330 members. The Episcopalians, including the Reformed Episcopal church, take the seventh place, with 3592 ministers and 347,781 members; the United Brethren rank next, with 2196 ministers and 157,835 members; the Evangelical Association next, with 893 ministers and 112,197 members. The Friends next, with nearly 100,000; the Second Adventists next, with 85,000; the Dunkers have 60,000; the Menonites 50,000; and the Moravians bring up the rear with a little band of less than 9490 (for the whole body numbers only 49,000. The Universalists, Unitarians and Swendenborgians have, collectively, about 1200 societies.

Dr. Walter Smith, of Edinburgh, one of the staunchest supporters of Professor Robertson Smith, has come into collision with the ultra-orthodox party of the Presbyterian church. Very recently, it appears, the professor was elected an office-bearer in Dr. Walter Smith's church. It so happens that every office-bearer on his election has to sign the Confession of Faith. Dr. Walter Smith got over the difficulty by publicly explaining in his church that "the adherence of office-bearers was in so far as they agreed with Holy Scripture, because the supreme rule of faith with them, as with all Protestant churches, was not any confessional creed, but the Scripture itself. These confessions were subordinate standards, and are simply received in as far as they agreed with the Holy Scripture." At the Edinburgh Free Presbytery Dr. Smith was called to account for his action, which he stoutly defended, observing that in the chapter on creation the Confession of Faith appeared at least to say that God created the world out of nothing, in the space of six days, while the Scripture was not pledged to any such position as that. The Presbytery, however, decided that answers to the questions put cannot be accepted on such a footing, as propounded by Dr. Walter Smith, and referred the matter to a committee, with a view to further action. "If the Edinburgh Free Presbytery persists in its course," the London Echo thinks, "it will not be long before the churches will have their choice of office-bearers limited to the most illiterate of the members."

The origin of nature is incomprehensible without God. Who is there that can form even a vague conception of how the universe came into being, or was fashioned in beauty and clothed with deepest symbolism, when the existence of an infinite intelligence is denied? Much is written about nebulæ, about plastic matter, about atoms and molecules, about ages of measureless duration, when the molten mass, whence sprang all things, was gradually cooling and shaping itself into suns, moons, stars and satellites about the condensation of its particles, the radiation of its heat, and its rotary motion; about the formation of great rings, which continue to whirl and spin, like wheels, until each was broken into fragments and pursue its circumvolution around its appropriate centre. Much also has been written about the earth—how at the beginning it was a liquid, fiery ball with zones of vapor belting it, which turned into water and filled the cracks and chasms of cooling crust with broad, heaving seas and flowing streams, and how, after the lapse of untold ages, infusorial life appeared and the struggle for existence commenced, which in the course of time and after throes of agony, extermination and transient conflict, culminated in the development of man from inferior species. All this is interesting enough, and it may be true, but I defy any one to understand it apart from the creative wisdom and almightiness of God. Spontaneous motion, and spontaneous generation, and the fortuitous concurrences of atoms, which have been marshaled with great pomp and royalty of language to explain this complicated marvel, but darken what they undertake to illuminate; they are but myths of science,—deep, involved, bewildering, or gorgeous speculations, dazzling with electric light, creating denser and more painful shadows than they disperse.—Rev. Dr. Lorimer.

MODERN STEAM ENGINES.

The Decline of Sailing Vessels and the Increase of Steamers.

THE COMPOUND VERTICAL ENGINE.

The City of Peking and Tokio—The American Philadelphia Line and the Cromwell Line of New Orleans Packets.

The singular manner in which the American wooden sailing ship of 25 years ago has been swept from the seas is something calculated to provoke inquiry. During the Crimean war (1854) the American ships Great Republic and Dreadnaught were chartered by the British government to carry troops from England to the Black Sea. Now scarcely an American flag is to be seen save in the ports of New York, Boston and San Francisco, all of which support large coasting fleets; and even those fleets of fore-and-aft schooners are slowly being wiped out by small propellers. Four propellers—the Mississippi, Walla Walla, Umatilla and Willamette—are now engaged in carrying coal from Seattle to San Francisco and average 3000 tons per month more than the total coal fleet of thirteen sail vessels carried thence five years ago. The little steamers San Vicento, Alex. Duncan and Salinas carry nearly all the produce of the counties of Santa Cruz, Monterey, Salinas and San Luis Obispo to San Francisco, and are doing the work of about twenty schooners formerly in that trade.

THE DECLINE OF SHIP BUILDING

Is largely attributable to the increase of these steamers, which get produce to market rapidly and avoid loss upon perishable articles. As the country has grown in wealth, the capitalists of the Atlantic coast have allowed their sailing vessels to wear out and have not replaced them. Their money has gone, for the most part, into railroads and mines, and scarcity of tonnage for grain-carrying purposes in this port, eighteen months ago, was largely attributable to this cause. So long as the primitive side-lever marine engine (such as was in use in the Washington, Hermann, Panama, Oregon, California, and the ships of the old Collins line) was the only one approved by marine insurance men, just so long sailing vessels could compete successfully with ocean steamers, on account of the great expense growing out of consumption of fuel. But with the progress of mechanical art, came economy in every branch of steam machinery—economy of space as well as economy in fuel. The lever beam engine had been in use on river steamers since 1778, but it was not until after the discovery of gold in California that Cornelius Vanderbilt first applied it to ocean navigation on the steamship Prometheus, of

THE NICARAGUA LINE.

She was a steamship of about 1100 tons burthen and had two beam engines of 36-inch cylinder and ten feet stroke, working on a single shaft, with the cranks set at right angles to help each engine over the center. She ran so cheaply that her owner subsequently built three other boats with engines similarly designed, the Northern Light, North Star and the historical ship, Star of the West, fired on in Charleston harbor at the outbreak of the great rebellion. Along in 1854, it became evident that there was great danger of breaks in the "center shaft" between the two cranks and the double beam engine was supplanted by a single one, first used in the Uncle Sam, Brother Jonathan and Yankee Blade. The Pacific Mail Company, at the outbreak of the China trade, carried this principle into effect upon a colossal scale, and built the steamers Constitution, Arizona, Colorado, Golden City, America, China, Great Republic, Alaska, Japan, Henry Chauncey and Sacramento, with engines of this pattern, having a diameter of 105 inches of cylinder with fourteen feet stroke of piston, varying the boiler surface according to the size of the ships which were from 2800 to 4200 tons burthen.

A SERIES OF DISASTERS

Overtook all this fleet, the Constitution, Japan, America and Arizona, being burned in China; the Great Republic wrecked on Columbia river bar; the Golden City on Point Lazaro, and the Sacramento at Cerros Island in the Santa Barbara channel. The rest have rotted out and are broken up. They were the handsomest and most comfortable vessels ever launched, and looked like floating palaces in the palmy days of the Panama trade. But with the exception of the Golden City, they were very costly ships to run, notably the Great Republic, which could not be run at full speed on a less consumption than of 100 tons of coal per day. Something more economical was urgently needed and the busy brains of American machine shops were set at work, as well as those of England, to perfect a less expensive method of propulsion as well as one possessed of greater economy of space. The boilers and coal bunkers on a steamer like the Great Republic, occupied such an amount of room as to equal the carrying capacity of a sailing vessel of one thousand tons, so that this was one great obstacle to be overcome. No new principle was needed, but rather a reformation in a principle that had already been tried and so far proven defective.

THE COMPOUND ENGINE,

In its abstract principle, was as well known to American as to English mechanics, but the American style was wholly different from the compound direct acting vertical engine of today. The first compound engine was invented by Hornblower in 1781, and was a single-acting engine with a "surface condenser" similar to that of Watt. The cylinders were of unequal length, as well as diameter, for the reason that the smaller engine stood nearer the center of the beam, and for that reason required a shorter stroke. In 1814 Woolf invented a compound engine which differed from that of Hornblower in the use of steam at 60 pounds pressure, whereas Hornblower used steam at atmospheric pressure only. In 1841 Sims invented a compound engine, made with a high pressure cylinder set on top of a low pressure cylinder of four times its area and both pistons worked in one piston rod which extended through both cylinders. James P. Allaire, of New York, built a compound engine for a steamer called the Sun, which was of the "steeple" type like that of the Wilson G. Hunt, save that she had two small high-pressure cylinders working outside of her low-pressure cylinder, both exhausting into it.

ON THE GREAT LAKES

Was made the nearest thing to a successful attempt to apply the compound principle to the "walking beam" engine, the designer being Erastus W. Smith, of New York. The steamer was the Buckeye State, which ran from Buffalo to Toledo, and she had a 37-inch high pressure cylinder working inside of a low pressure of 80 inches diameter. Mr. E. C. Clough, now engineer on one of Capt. Flavel's tugs at Astoria, was first assistant engineer on this boat. Both pistons, of course, were connected to one cross-head and the steam pressure was 75 pounds to the square inch. The boat was not only economical but very fast, and the writer of this article suggested the building of the engines for the Constitution, on the same plan, to Capt. Allan McLane, of the Pacific Mail Company. The superintending engineer of the company, however, objected to them on account of their complicated character and the difficulty of repairing them should a break occur in mid-ocean. Hence the project was abandoned at once and forever.

THE P. AND O. LINE,

As it is usually called in London, hung on to their sidewheel ships longer than any English company. This is the Peninsular and Oriental line, which has made so much money in the India trade. It had also a controlling interest in a line plying between Panama and Valparaiso, calling at Guyaquil and Callao. Along in 1864 they built a large sidewheel steamer on the moulds of the old John L. Stephens and equipped her with two compound oscillating engines, one of 32 inches set forward of the shaft, and the other, of 74, set aft, with cranks geared at right angles. She was called the [illegible] and she worked her steam at 90 pounds on four small flue boilers. The following year they built the Atrato on the same model, but arranged her engines so that she worked them both on one crank with a double crank-pin. The low pressure cylinder was of 87 inches and the high pressure of 49, with poppet valves. The Atrato was very fast and a very cheap ship in every respect but one. Her engines were continually getting out of order, and what she saved in fuel she wasted in shops.

JOHN ELDER, OF GLASGOW,

Is to be credited with having brought the vertical propeller engine now in use to its present state of perfection by the compounding principle. The first line to avail itself of his worthily famous experiment was the Cunard line, which had two second-class passenger boats built with them. Judge of their astonishment to find that those ships ran quite as well as the Persia and Scotia, their famous side-wheelers; and in a few years more the Scotia was the only side-wheel steamship engaged in navigating the Atlantic ocean. Now she is gone, too, and there are about fifty steamships navigating the Atlantic between New York and European ports, all owned and built in England, all made of iron and all propelled by the compound engine designed by John Elder. There is also a British line to Boston, in addition to the Cunard, and another to Baltimore. A French line make trips from New York to Havre twice a month, and the only line of American steamships navigating the Atlantic (other than coastwise) was built and is owned in Philadelphia. It consists of four steamers, of

THREE THOUSAND TONS EACH,

Called the Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania and Illinois, belonging to the American steamship company. The vessels are 355 feet in length over all, by 43 feet, moulded beam and 33½ depth of hold. They were built by the William Cramp & Sons company, builders of both hulls and engines. The engines are compound and surface condensing, the low pressure cylinders being 90 inches in diameter, with 48 inches stroke of piston. Their main valves are driven by double bar link motion and reversed by a small steam gear of 20 inches in diameter. These ships are from the same shop as the State of California and Queen of the Pacific, while a third vessel for the same owners was sold by them when on the stocks not quite four years ago. It is conceded that the Cramp company build speedier vessels than the Roach company at Wilmington, Delaware, but inferior to them in freighting capacity. However, there is no great difference in the cost of the ships.

THE COLIMA AND GRANADA,

Built by John Roach in 1872, at Chester, Pa., were the first two iron steamships with compound engines built for the Pacific coast trade. They are of 2100 tons burthen, a trifle smaller than the Oregon, and were originally designed for the Panama trade. Roach had previously built the Acapulco, Colon, City of Panama and City of Guatamala, four ships of the size and style of the Geo. W. Elder of this company, and they liked them so well that they ordered the Colima and Granada to be built 500 tons larger and with increased power. They did very nicely in the Panama trade, and would probably have continued there but for the arrival of the new British ships at San Francisco, called the Macgregor and Vasco de Gama, either of which could outrun the Colorado, the fastest of all the old wooden ships. It therefore became necessary to run the Colima and Granada against these ships and silence the opposition. The Granada did this and used herself up in a race with the Vasco de Gama, in which she made the run from Yokohama to San Francisco in 16 days and 2 hours. The Colima beat the Macgregor easily and is still a good ship.

THE PEKING AND TOKIO.

The success of the Colima and Granada had induced the Pacific Mail Company to build more iron ships and abandon wooden ones altogether; and in 1873 a contract was let to Roach to build two ships 423 feet long, 48 feet beam and 38½ feet depth of hold, with a custom house measurement of 5069 tons. The propelling power consists of two pairs of compound engines set upon a single shaft at such angles that the cranks of the after engines act as counterbalances to those of the forward ones. Each of these pairs of engines is started by a reversing engine of 10x12 inches capacity with screw-gear connected to the Stephenson double-bar link motions. The cut-off of the low-pressure engines is self-adjusting and the travel of the valve can be varied from four to nine inches. The condensing surface in the two condensers is 10,660 square feet, with 4000 tubes of three-fourths of an inch diameter. The line shaft is 17 inches diameter, made in lengths of 20 feet each, with the propeller shaft 18½ inches in diameter, and made of the best hammered iron, shrunk together with blooms.

THESE IMMENSE SHIPS

Were both too lightly riveted for their great size, and were both laid up at San Francisco for repairs which took them off the line for four months each. The cause of their wrenching is generally attributed to their great width in proportion to their length. That is to say, they are four feet wider than the P. & O. steamer Liguria, which is six feet longer than either of them. This necessitated their being riveted with four hundred tons each, of extra rivets, before the inspectors would allow them to make another voyage. About this time the company got a contract for carrying the Australian mails which they performed with three chartered ships until Roach could build three larger new ones for them. The three new ships reached San Francisco in good shape and began their trips to the land of kangaroos and wallabies; but one of the Panama ships became disabled, and the City of San Francisco, the finest finished of the three, was sent to take her place under command of Capt. Waddell, of unsavory Shenandoah fame. She was lost on the Mexican coast, being nearly fifteen miles out of the course at the time. It was claimed that the disaster was caused by a defective chronometer.

THESE SHIPS DIFFER

From the Peking and Tokio in many essential points. Their joiner work is fully as fine and they are stronger because smaller. The City of Sydney and City of New York are each 352 feet long, 40 feet beam and 21 feet hold. They have six boilers, four of which are constantly in use and are entitled to work at 80 pounds pressure. The San Francisco made the trip from Panama to San Francisco in 12 days and 4 hours, with 42 revolutions per minute, on an average consumption of 28 tons per day. Her draft of water was 22 feet and her average speed 11 knots per hour. These three ships have a heating surface of 16,650 feet with all six boilers in use, and a condensing surface of 6425 feet, gathered from 2380 brass tubes. The line shaft is 16 and the propeller shaft 17½ inches. The propeller is 20 feet diameter with 25 feet mean pitch. The engines were built at the Morgan iron works, New York, and are 88 inches for the low pressure and 51 for the high pressure. The pumps are all worked by a separate pair of engines and are therefore not affected by "racing" of the main engines in rough weather; in addition, they maintain a vacuum in the condenser which greatly facilitates the starting of the main engines.

THE REVENUE CUTTER CORWIN

Was built at Albina, Oregon, in 1876, and has since done good service in the Arctic ocean. Her engine is a single condensing high-pressure engine and was a novelty when it was built, but proved so successful that it has since been generally adopted for the smaller class of government vessels. It was designed by Charles E. Emery of New York city, and is a single cylinder of 34 inches diameter by 34 inches stroke of piston. It will therefore be seen that this engine, being as big one way as the other, must necessarily be capable of working to a great advantage by expansion. This can be regulated by a cut-off composed of two plates on the back of the main valve which can be drawn together or pushed apart at the engineer's option by a right-and-left screw operated by a bevel gear placed on top of the valve chest. The circulating pump is of the centrifugal pattern and is worked by an independent engine. The Corwin's engine is unsurpassed for compactness and economy of space, as well as for saving fuel. The cylinder is set on two frames of rectangular section, one of which is cast on the surface condensor and the other securely attached to the bed-plate. The condenser contains 960 feet of condensing surface.

THE HANDSOME TUG TACOMA,

Owned by Hanson & Co. of the Tacoma Mills, visits this port occasionally and is the only vessel on the coast except the Monarch, of Goodall & Nelson's line, that has the famous "long-stroke" engine built by Pusey, Jones & Co., who built the engines of our famous stern-wheeler, the Wide West. The principle of this engine is to work by an adjustable cut-off that may be instantly varied to suit the weather or the force of a current against which the ship may be working. Mr. Thomas Russell, engineer of H. B. M. S. Opal, came over from Esquimalt to Tacoma and saw the tug. "That is the simplest and best engine ever built," he remarked, after an hour's critical examination. This cut off is Baird's patent and possesses the merit of being simple and so perfect as to work steam at one-fifteenth of the regular stroke. The vibration is less than that of any short stroke or compound engine, which is an important matter in the item of wear and tear. The Baird engine on a larger scale has been in use for quite a number of years in the Cromwell line, plying between New York and New Orleans, a distance of about 1800 knots. These engines are therefore kept running day and night for

SIX CONSECUTIVE DAYS,

On the average. The three steamers, New Orleans, Knickerbocker and Hudson, all alike in design but differ in size. In our belief this engine is, at no distant day, destined to supersede the compound from its greater power, less friction and equal economy. It is claimed that the lost motion from the slip of the propeller, on the city of New York and Sydney, is 6.8 per cent. while on the Hudson, of the Cromwell line, it is less than four. The secret of this engine is its "perfect equilibrium. The engine is a single overhead inverted cylinder, surface condensing engine without a fly wheel, but the crank is counterbalanced by a back crank. The working pressure is 90 pounds absolute or 75 pounds safety valve load. We append the dimensions of the three ships, with other details:

	New Orleans.	*Knickerbocker.*	*Hudson.*
Length over all....	251	260	294
Breadth over all...	33	33½	34
Depth of hold.....	24	22	23
Registered tonnage	2224	2519	2980
In'cat'd horse pow'r	720 to 780	720 to 800	1150 to 1450
Diameter of cyl'd'r	48 in	44	48
Stroke of piston...	5 ft	6 ft	6 ft
Diameter propeller	14 ft	14½ ft	15 ft
Pitch of propeller	20 ft	21 ft	22 ft
Pressure steam, lbs	50 lbs	56 lbs	75 lbs
Absolute steam, lbs	65 lbs	71 lbs	90 lbs
Ordin'y revoluti'ns	57 to 60	57 to 60	55 to 59
Point of cutting off	1-6 to 1-8	1-8 to 1-10	1-12 to 1-15
Anthracite coal us'd in 24 hours....	16 tons	17 tons	19 tons
Shortest trip out....	5 da's 8 h's	5 d's 20 h's	5 d'ys 21 hrs
Shortest trip back	5 d's 12 h's	5 d's 6 h's	5 d'ys 9 hrs
Greatest run in 1 day without wind or current.......	310 knots	330 knots	335 knots
Av'age dra'ght wat'r	18 ft	17 ft	17 ft

THE OREGON AND COLUMBIA,

Plying between here and San Francisco, are so well known to the traveling public that no great detail by us is necessary here. They are freight and passenger boats, built as much for one thing as the other, while the State of California is a passenger boat. She is within 180 tons as large as the Oregon and will not carry within 800 tons of her load, but she is a vessel of wonderful speed. All these ships have the compound engine which is so completely revolutionizing the trade of America. The Oregon and Columbia were built by Roach and the California by Cramp. When the City of New York was disabled by breaking a crank-pin in mid-ocean, the Pacific Mail folks wanted to charter the Columbia for a voyage to Australia. The Captain of the Pacific Mail dock told the writer "I never saw a ship of her size so complete in all her details as the Columbia, and for a business boat I do not know her equal." Fortunately the City of New York arrived just as the charter was about to be closed, and the Columbia was allowed to stick to her regular route. None of these ships consume over 30 tons of coal per day.

THE FUTURE FAST BOAT

For bay and river travel is not yet built, but when the North Pacific and George Starr are worn out, Puget Sound will see a boat on the Victoria line that will beat either the San Rafael or Saucelito, the two crack boats of San Francisco bay. She will be a propeller, about two hundred feet long, 32 feet beam, with a Baird cut off engine like the Tacoma's and a Gates' sectional boiler. She will run on a schedule time of fourteen miles per hour with a less consumption of fuel than it takes the North Pacific to make eleven. She will be able to do her sixteen miles per hour on the Sound and twelve in the straits, whenever it does not blow a live hurricane. She will accommodate a hundred passengers with staterooms as large as those of the Wide West, instead of the pigeon holes where they are now stowed. She will carry 400 tons of freight without blocking her gangways, and will reel off her fourteen miles an hour all the same, by burning a little more wood. We cannot close this article without thanking the publisher of "American Modern Marine Engines" for many valuable hints on matters contained in this article. It is edited by Emory Edwards, of New York, and contains many excellent suggestions couched in simple language. No practical mechanic should be without it.

FOUR LARGER STEAMSHIPS

Than the City of Peking and City of Tokio are now navigating the Atlantic ocean between New York and European ports, the largest being the City of Rome, of the Inman line. She is 8300 tons burthen and 7500 indicated horse-power, being 590 feet long and 52 feet beam. Next to her in size comes the Cunard steamship Servia, of 8200 tons, and the North German Lloyds' line steamer Elbe is third, being 7800 tons. Fourth on the list, and undoubtedly the fastest ship of the entire quintette, if not the fastest in the world, is the steamer Arizona, of the Guion line. She is 468 feet long and of 6220 tons burthen. To look at the Columbia, as she lies at her dock in Portland, and she is a pretty big steamer, what then must the Servia and City of Rome be like, both exceeding the united tonnage of the Columbia and the City of Tokio.

NONE OF THESE FOUR

Large ships—Elbe, Arizonia, Servia and City of Rome—carry cattle, sheep or pigs as their freight, and the Elbe and Arizona are the only ones which carry steerage passengers. It therefore stands to reason that the cost of cabin passage on these ships must be necessarily very high. They set a better table on the Servia, as we are told by competent judges, than can be found in any hotel conducted on the *table d'hote* plan in America, and the rooms are furnished in a palatial style. The Arizona is reported to have run 762 miles (nautical) in 48 hours, although it cannot be relied upon as a positive matter of record. The fastest time claimed in 24 hours run is 412 miles by the P. S. N. Co.'s steamer Liguria in the South Pacific ocean, on a voyage from Panama to Valparaiso, without wind and with scarcely a perceptible current.

I have come to believe that a man may cast himself too passively upon the bosom even of his God. Our Creator wants a man to be manly. One thing I do know, there are cases where he refuses to answer importunate prayer by anything in return, outer or inner—repels, casts off the suppliant, not only because that suppliant is selfish in his seeking, but whining and whimpering, and indulging in a sickly sort of dependence, when he ought to stand up like a man, bear his troubles silently, and do his known duty stoutly, whatever the duty may be.—W. M. Baker.

When the mind is filled with questionings as to the great and blessed truths which we had held firmly, and from which we had derived peace and strength—this is the time of most urgent need. Then we should, with deepest humility and intensest earnestness, go to the throne of grace. O, if believers would at such times only comply with the exhortation of the apostle, and "go "boldly unto the throne of grace," how much better it would be than allowing the doubts to do their deadly work in the soul!

ROD AND GUN.

Shooting Notes and Queries for the Current Week.

GOOSE AND DUCK SHOOTING.

Decadence of Sport in the Neighborhood of the Metropolis—The Famous Grounds of Auld Lang Syne.

The past week has seen two remarkable changes of weather, opening with bright and frosty weather and changing to warm and murky rain on Sunday night, which it held until Thursday, when out came an old-fashioned Yankee snowstorm and caused the small boy of the period to lay aside his bicycle and get out his sled for a day of coasting. The fore part of the week was so rainy that there were no moonlight nights, and consequently there was better shooting than would have been the case had Dame Luna shown her silvery visage. The canvas-backs have mostly departed for new feeding grounds, though a few yet linger in the fens of Washington county to fatten upon the succulent wapato, which gives to the canvas-back duck of Oregon a flavor possessed by none other.

Most of the ducks killed hereabouts for the past week have been widgeons and pin-tails. The latter bird was pronounced by Henry Clay, who knew a good dinner from a bad one, to be the equal of any duck that flies, in gamy flavor. His plumage is a beautiful gray on the back, snowy white on the breast, green tip to the wings, delicately shaded with dove color, and a rich velvety brown on the head and neck. He is a trifle smaller bird than the mallard and canvas-back and has, or appears to have, a longer neck. His food is similar to that of the widgeon, who goes out to pasture like a decorous and well-behaved honker goose.

Pheasants, as they are called here, partridges as they are called in New York and the New England states, have been very abundant in the markets for the past month, selling for 60 cents per pair. In New York they bring $1 50 per pair and are not over plenty at that. We do not appreciate the many blessings which encircle our residence in this state, but the writer had too much of these birds when he first arrived in Oregon, twelve years ago, and has never liked them since. *Toujours perdrix* is one of the possibilities, even in Oregon, and dyspepsia surely follows in the train of such a diet.

Blue grouse, the handsomest of all the genus tetrao, as well as the most toothsome, are rapidly becoming extinct in Oregon, from a prevalent practice in the Umpqua and Willamette valleys, of shooting them in the mating season. The cause of this is plain enough. The grouse is a shy bird in the fall of the year and takes a good shot to kill him on the wing, for he is such an adept at hiding that a sitting shot is out of the question. But in May, when his mate is on her nest, the cock grouse struts about her with his wings trailing on the ground and won't get out of the way of a ten-mule team. Then it is that every school-boy who can load a gun, bangs him over and perhaps kills his sober spouse as well. We are in favor of sticking up, in every town in the Willamette and Umpqua valleys, notices threatening with prosecution any violator of the game laws, especially those who shoot grouse after the 15th of February. This has got to be done, or the blue grouse will be a thing of the past.

And what will the Rod and Gun Club do in the bright summer days when the birds are mating? If the writer may be permitted a suggestion, let us have a picnic by railway to some stream where trout can be caught, and take along a basket dinner. Let the members wear their old clothes and the girls (or the wives, as the case may be) their sundown hats and calico dresses. Leave Portland at 7 o'clock sharp and come back in the cool of the evening with baskets full of trout for the boys while the girls have their mosses and ferns. If places can be found where there are two streams, say three or four miles apart, divide off the club into two squads and let them reunite at some camp-ground near both creeks for dinner and a dance between the big oak trees. Have a limited number of tickets and restrict their sale to members of the club. Perhaps not half the members will fish the younger ones especially. But if it be practical, let us have the picnic.

WHITEBAIT.

The black bass now so abundant in Racquette lake, northern New York, were introduced in 1872, at the instigation of Horatio Seymour.

It is said that sharks will not bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting, you are all right.

A Montana paper says that the "catch" of buffalo robes will be larger this season that it has been for years, providing the Indians do not get the smallpox.

Emperor William is pretty well, thank you. Able to go hunting and kill 89 deer and boar in one day. An ordinary man would have hunted over the same ground all day and not have seen a living thing to kill.

A cougar 7¼ feet long, and which weighed 250 lbs, was recently killed near the ranch of Mr. S. Horton, a few miles west of Monroe, Benton county, by Mr. G. W. Adkins, having been first treed by a little shepherd dog belonging to the latter gentleman.

Seth Green announces that anyone sending 50 cents to his address, Rochester, N. Y., will receive from 300 to 500 eggs of the California mountain trout for experiment in fish culture. This species is very hardy and easily raised in comparison with the eastern brook trout.

Gen. Albert Pike—who is, by the way, the highest ranking Freemason in the United States—is now 72 years old. He is still so vigorous that he enjoys field sports with as keen a pleasure as when, fifty years ago, he hunted in New Mexico, Texas, and Arkansas. He is more than six feet tall, and is bent but little.

Capt. George Ainsworth's deer hounds, eight in number, which are kept at Kalama, attract the especial attention of passengers on the boats that come and go. Capt. George keeps them there for hunting purposes, as game is usually plenty down there. When a boat arrives, the hounds rush to the wharf and search anxiously for the captain. Those who have seen them say that there are none better for blood or training on the coast.

In order to avoid the expense of a messenger from California to Washington and back, when young carp were sent here from the east, the Fish Commissioners proposed to Professor Baird at Washington to send them by express, in cans filled with water, weighing each about 100 pounds, including the fish, fifty being placed in each can. In accordance with an arrangement, instructions were issued by the managers of the express company to change the water in the cans at Omaha, Ogden and San Francisco. The express employes were further instructed to keep the cans in that part of the car farthest removed from the stove, so that the water might not become heated. All this was carefully attended to, and last week the carp came through by Wells, Fargo & Co., with a loss of only five. Last Monday some of them were shipped by steamer to Captain Keene, of East Portland, and it is believed that they will reach their destination without undergoing any loss. The importance of the fact is that it has been demonstrated that with ordinary attention, by keeping the cans cold and changing the water, the young of the finest varieties of carp can be sent to any point in the United States during winter, and the expense of a special messenger saved. This experiment has only reference to carp and not to other kinds of fish. A lot of 500,000 of white fish eggs, shipped from Northfield, Mich., to San Francisco, was by some accident detained on the journey and was ten days in reaching here. Being kept in a warm car, the fish hatched out, and only about one-fifth of the quantity shipped has been saved.—Alta California.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1882.

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star peeps from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love is old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the shining sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling lisps 'neath the old roof-tree.
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with his silvered hair,
And the open book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the land afar.

An old churchyard on the green hill-side,
And the two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs;
The night that follows the morning clear;
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

EDMUND RANDOLPH.

Pen Portrait of the Center Figure of the New Almaden Case.

A MOST ERRATIC GENIUS.

A Description of the only Man that ever Worsted Judah P. Benjamin—His Codfish Speech on Fred Billings.

Contributed to San Francisco Post.

He was the scion of a long, puissant line of men, commencing with the pioneers of American freedom. He left an antique home, flooded with revolutionary glories, and came to the remotest dominion of the republic, himself a pioneer in the work of founding a free empire upon virgin soil. Bringing with him the stimulus of a high ambition and a rich heritage of ancestral fame, he promptly approved himself the heir of moral excellence and of great intellectual power.

Edmund Randolph was born in Richmond, Virginia, in the year 1819. He attended the ancient and celebrated college of William and Mary in that state, one of his fellow students being the Hon. Archibald C. Peachy, who has for years been a prominent and wealthy lawyer of San Francisco. As he sat at his desk in that historic institution of learning, his eyes fell upon one of the noblest triumphs of the sculptor's art—a tablet of carved marble erected to the memory of his remote ancestor, Sir John Randolph. Sir John came from England to Virginia early in the last century. His first son, John, was the great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch. His second son, Peyton Randolph (born in Virginia, 1723, died in Philadelphia 1775), was twice president of the continental congress. Sir John's grandson, Edmund, grandfather of my subject (born 1753, died 1813), was governor of Virginia, attorney-general of the United States, under Washington, and succeeded Jefferson as secretary of state. A fine portrait of him may still be seen in the attorney-general's office at Washington.

Between Edmund Randolph and his grandson of the same name came Peyton Randolph, named after the patriot before mentioned. This second Peyton Randolph was also a lawyer of distinction. He married Maria Ward, the only girl whom the eccentric John Brandolph, of Roanoke, ever loved—according to his own confession. [It may be stated here that the families of Sir John Randolph, and John Randolph, of Roanoke, were not related.] Maria Ward was a noted belle; perhaps the most beautiful and accomplished American woman of her day. Lew and Clark, in their explorations of the great unknow west in 1803-4, named a river "Maria," after this maiden. Maria Ward was the mother of Edmund Randolph, our subject.

Upon graduating from

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE,

Edmund Randolph attended the university of Virginia for one year, chiefly as a student of law. Then removing to New Orleans, he obtained, by appointment, the office of clerk of the United States circuit court for the circuit of Louisiana. Pursuing his legal studies, he was, after a few years, admitted to practice, and followed the profession in the Crescent city until 1849. He married in that city the daughter of a leading physician, Dr. Meaux—a lady whom he had met in Virginia some years before.

He arrived in California in 1849. A few weeks later he was elected to represent San Francisco in the lower branch of the legislature—at the first session of that body, which opened at San Jose, December 15, 1849. This body met to organize a state government. It was known as the "Legislature of a Thousand Drinks." This title was not given it on account of the intemperate habits of the members, as popularly supposed, but owing to the words invariably uttered by Senator Green of Sacramento, when inviting friends to his sideboard: "Walk in, gentlemen, and take a thousand drinks!"

In one of the museums of London may be seen crayon sketches, by an English artist, of all the members of the legislature at this session. Every man had a "flop" hat and a "hickory" shirt.

Mr. Randolph was the leader of the lower house throughout the session. State officers and United States senators having been chosen, he was appointed, with John Bigler, to wait upon the provisional governor, General Riley, and inform him of the organization of the state government. The committee requested Gen. Riley to turn over to state treasurer the "civil fund," aggregating $1,300,000, collected by United States army and navy officers, without legal authority, since the acquisition of the country. General Riley refused to do this, but turned the fund into the federal treasury, although he had paid therefrom the expenses of the state constitutional convention. The legislature was accordingly compelled to borrow money, issuing bonds bearing three per cent per month interest.

The journal of the assembly for this first session shows that Mr. Randolph and the late Mr. A. P. Crittenden were among the most industrious members. But both gentlemen favored the adoption of the civil in preference to the common law. The common law prevailed, Judge Nathaniel Bennett, perhaps, contributing more to this end than any other person, he being then a state senator.

After the close of his legislative term Mr. Randolph never held public office, but frequently appeared in political conventions and on the "stump."

He was a devoted and conspicuous practitioner at the San Francisco bar until his death. Early in 1851 he formed a partnership with R. A. Lockwood and Frank Tilford, which was of short duration. This firm brought the famous suit of Metcalf vs. Argenti. [See sketch of Lockwood, No. 10.]

THE NEW ALMADEN CASE.

The greatest cause in which Mr. Randolph was ever engaged was the most important civil action ever tried in California. It was a contest between the United States government and the assigns of Andres Castillero, and involved the title of the great Almaden quicksilver mine, in Santa Clara county, together with two square leagues of land adjoining the mine. The whole property in dispute aggregated in value several million dollars. Mr. Randolph was introduced to the case by his lifelong friend, A. P. Crittenden, who was attorney for the "Fossat" claim to the mine, those representing the Fossat claim, of course, desiring to see the government triumph over Castillero.

The history of the discovery of this remarkable mine, and the twenty years' litigation that followed it, would make a volume in itself. It is full of interest, and I hope to condense it into a subsequent chapter of this series. The mine was discovered by Andres Castillero, a wealthy Mexican, in the year 1845, when California was Mexican territory. After the acquisition of this country by the United States, congress having established in San Francisco a land commission to settle private land claims in California, a petition was filed by Castillero with this commission, September 30, 1852, asking that his claim to the New Almaden mine, and two square leagues of adjoining land, be confirmed to him. Halleck, Peachy and Billings were petitioner's attorneys. The claim was opposed by the United States through the U. S. land agent. The land commission confirmed Castillero's title to the mine, but denied him the land. On appeal to the United States district court, a great legal battle ensued. Both parties were appellants and both respondents, neither being satisfied with the decision of the land commission. On behalf of Castillero appeared Reverdy Johnson, Judah P. Benjamin and Archibald C. Peachy; on the part of the government, Edwin M. Stanton and Edmund Randolph. The full proceedings of this trial were printed by order of the government. They comprise five large octavo volumes. Mr. Randolph's closing argument for the government covers three hundred printed octavo pages.

It will be borne in mind that Castillero claimed the mine, *and* two square leagues of land; the land commission confirmed to him the mine *without* the land. To the outsider who knows nothing about the equities of this case, this might seem to be a fair compromise. But it satisfied neither party. The government was not willing to take the land and surrender the mine, and Castillero was not satisfied to take the mine and give up the land—both parties wanted the whole hog.

The decision of the United States district court was affirmatory of that of the land commission—the *mine* to Castillero, but *not* the two square leagues of land.

The case was taken to the supreme court of the United States and that tribunal decreed that Castillero was not entitled to either the mine or the lands. But before it was argued in that august tribunal Randolph died. He had received a fee of $5000, and expected a large sum in addition. The United States being his clients and the property at stake being of such immense value, he felt that his services, covering some four years' time, would receive princely remuneration. However, the $5000 paid him as a retainer, was all that he received. After his death his widow presented a claim to congress for $75,000. A petition accompanied the claim signed by fifty leading lawyers of San Francisco setting forth that Mr. Randolph's life was sacrificed to this case, and that considering the magnitude of the interests involved and the length of the controversy, the sum asked by his widow was reasonable.

On final settlement the government paid Mrs. Randolph $12,000, making $17,000 paid for Mr. Randolph's services. The government paid Mr. Randolph's coadjutor, Edwin M. Stanton, $25,000, although the whole burden of the case was upon Mr. Randolph.

The counsel on the opposing side, Reverdy Johnson and Judah P. Benjamin, received $35,000 each, this fact being disclosed in a letter from Mr. Johnson to Hon. T. J. Durant, of Washington. In that letter Mr. Johnson stated that the great labor of collecting the evidence for the government in the New Almaden case devolved wholly upon Mr. Randolph; that the latter argued the case at great length and with great ability, and prepared an elaborate brief, which, after his death, was used on appeal in the United States supreme court. Mr. Johnson added that he would not perform the services rendered by Mr. Randolph for less than $25,000.

In the judgment of Mr. Randolph's friends congress would have allowed the widow the whole of the demand of $75,000, but for the opposition of Senator Edmunds. Senator Edmunds has the reputation of a great lawyer, as well as statesman, and of course his influence is potential. It is said that his opposition to the claim of Mrs. Randolph was inspired by Frederick Billings. Mr. Billings was at the time, and is still, one of Senator Edmund's constituents—a lawyer, a railroad magnate, a bondholder—possessed of a colossal fortune, a man not to be despised by any means. He had been a member of the firm which brought the Castillero suit, and which had been antagonized by Mr. Randolph during the many years of litigation which followed. Whether Mr. Billings believed that Mr. Randolph had not earned his fee, or rather his widow's demand, or whether he permitted a personal grievance to influence his action, it is not for me to say. But I am strongly reminded of the case of Kittleman vs. Cunningham, which was tried in San Francisco during the New Almaden controversy, and a year or two before Mr. Billings bade farewell to the state which made him.

I am indebted to the Hon. John F. Swift for a statement of the following occurrence:

RANDOLPH VS. BILLINGS.

The case of Kittleman vs. Cunningham was tried before Judge Edward Norton and a jury in 1859 or 1860. It involved the title to the fifty-vara lot on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, on which Platt's hall now stands—property of great value even at that early day. Edmund Randolph was counsel for the plaintiff, and Eugene Casserly and Delos Lake for the defendant. Both parties relied on Alcalde grants. Kittleman's was the oldest, but subsequent to the issuance of his grant, the Alcalde had, for some reason, canceled Kittleman's title, by crossing it off his official books and issuing a new one to Cunningham. The case turned upon the point as to whether Kittleman had been placed in judicial possession of the lot before the cancellation of his grant by the Alcalde. It seemed to be conceded, as a legal proposition, that if he had been put into actual possession the lot was his, and the subsequent action of the Alcalde could not deprive him of his title, and that in such case the verdict must be for the plaintiff.

A most desperate struggle of witnesses was made upon this point. Randolph for Kittleman, placed his main reliance upon the testimony of Peter Sherreback, who was syndico of the pueblo of San Francisco at the time of the issuance of the Kittleman grant. On this point, Peter swore positively to the fact, with day, date and circumstances—that he took Kittleman to the lot and publicly delivered seizin thereof with all the usual ceremonies, and left him therein and thereon, in the sole and undisputed occupancy of the same.

On cross-examination, spreading over more than a day, the defense was utterly unable to shake the witness in this previously important statement. As a last and desperate resort, it was resolved to impeach the testimony by proving him to be untrustworthy, and so break him down. For this purpose, a cloud of witnesses was produced and sworn, and among them Mr. Frederick Billings, then a member of the law firm of Halleck, Peachy & Billings, a leader of the bar, as well as the very creme de la creme of social life. Mr. Billings was a most elegant man in his dress and deportment, and this time came to the witness stand as if just out of a bandbox. He was a trifle pompous in manner, and for a self-made man, was thought by some to be a little "stuck up."

Mr. Billings being duly sworn was asked the usual questions to impeach the reputation of a witness for truth and veracity.

"Do you know Peter Sherreback?" "Do you know what is his reputation among his neighbors and those who know him best, for truth and veracity?"

Answering both of these questions affirmatively, he was asked: "Is that reputation good or bad?" Mr. Billings answered that it was bad; whereupon the final question of the formula in such cases was put: "From that reputation would you believe him under oath?" He answered that he would not. Mr. Billings was then turned over to Mr. Randolph for cross-examination.

For some reason Mr. Randolph seemed especially displeased at the testimony of the witness and held him upon the racks of cross-examination for a half hour or more.

"Do you know Peter Sherreback intimately, Mr. Billings?" he asked.

"Well, somewhat," was the reply.

"Visit his house often?"

Now it must be known that Sherreback was a poor man, and of quite a different social stratum from Billings—in fact, altogether beneath the latter from the standpoint of polite society. And the cross-examination had made but little progress before the elegant lawyer and society leader was visibly squirming out of any social intimacy with the man whose reputation he had been called on to impeach.

"Mr. Billings, have you ever dined with Sherreback?" queried his tormentor.

"Ah, no! No, never!"

"Spent much time with the family? Do you go there of evenings? Does Sherreback spend much time at your house? Ever visit you, or dine with you?"

All these interrogatories Mr. Billings answered with warm promptness. "No." "Certainly not." "Of course not." "Of course, he don't dine with me—how could he?"

"You speak, Mr. Billings, of your knowledge of Mr. Sherreback's reputation among his neighbors and those who know him best. Which one of his neighbors have you been intimate with, and how intimate have you been with such neighbors? Do you meet Sherreback and his family often in the society which you frequent? What opportunities have you had of becoming intimate with him or his reputation?"

Under this style of examination Mr. Billings chafed, and expostulated, and qualified until it was clearly seen that whatever the facts of Sherreback's reputation might be Mr. Billings wanted it distinctly understood that he did not associate, and never had associated with any such common and vulgar people as poor old Sherreback. He had never visited, nor dined with or consorted with them, or any of them, or any such people. His associates were of quite another class.

When Randolph came to sum up to the jury, he again paid his respects to Billings, and with considerable acrimony, taking the ground that the witness was prejudiced and had testified unfairly; that Mr. Billings had no doubt known Sherreback in early times when they met on terms of social equality; that Billings had grown rich and great, had got upon a higher level of society, and was ashamed of those of his old friends and associates who had been less fortunate: "You saw, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "how ready the witness Billings was to swear to his knowledge of the reputation of poor old Sherreback, and to defame him. But when I sought to get at his opportunities of knowledge, he was off in a moment. He was not willing to admit that he had ever associated with, or visited people in that humble sphere of life. He denied his old friend Sherreback, and seemed to be ashamed to admit that he had ever seen, much less been intimate with, so poor a man. The wealthy and elegant gentleman of to-day would not have the fine society in which he moves to know the lowly inauguration of his magnificent career. It would never do gentlemen; it would *never* do. He has trained himself to forget what the world doesn't know—that he was not always rich, powerful and great. Ah! gentlemen of the jury, the world is like the sea, and the people are like the fishes. The finny inhabitants of the waters are divided into grades and classes. There are fish that swim along almost upon the very surface of the sea, and disport themselves in the sun-pierced waves, bright, joyous and happy forever. Others have harder lives and are obliged to swim in deeper and darker waters. Lower and lower down are other grades till the very bottom is sounded. Of all the fish of the ocean, the one that sinks to the greatest depths is the codfish. To reach it the fisherman will cruise far out of sight of land, and use his largest lines and heaviest weights. I have heard it said by those who have been on the banks of Newfoundland, that when one of those fish is hooked far down toward the bottom and raised to the surface, if it chances to get off the hook it never returns to its old location at the bottom. When the tremendous pressure of hundreds of fathoms of water under which he had lived has been removed, he swells up so that he cannot get back to the lower regions to which he belongs, but is compelled to wiggle about among strangers on the upper crust of piscatorial society till he dies."

Mr. Billings did not hear the burst of laughter which followed, as he had unceremoniously left the courtroom when he saw that something unpleasant was coming.

The learned counsel opposed to Mr. Randolph—Mr. Casserly and Judge Lake—were unable to persuade the jury that their client's cause was just, and a verdict followed in favor of the plaintiff. After Mr. Randolph's death, however a new trial was granted, and the defendant finally prevailed.

A FEW ANECDOTES OF RANDOLPH

Can be recalled. He had little wit, but fullness of sarcasm. He never told a "joke." At college when one of the boys would say a good thing, Randolph would ask, "What does *that* prove?" He once said a good thing himself, however, about a certain judge, now on the bench, noted for his fluency of speech. This judge was delivering an opinion, and Randolph was impatiently waiting to commence the trial of a cause. The judge rolled out sentence after sentence and period after period with magnificent volubility, and it seemed that the end would never come. In the midst of this judicial display, Randolph turned to Tully R. Wise and inquired, sotto voce, "Did it ever occur to you what a great man Judge —— would make if he only stuttered?"

I have canvassed the character of Randolph as a lawyer with leading members of this bar. The general verdict is that he had a one-sided mind. He never took in the whole situation. Looking at him in the New Almaden case the most prominent fact is his tireless industry. Coming from the south and being impetuous in temperament, it is a marvel that he could bestow upon any cause the patience, industry and labor which he gave to the New Almaden case.

Randolph was a genius, but he was not a legal genius. He was not a powerful reasoner. He was not logical. I was his admirer and I cherish his fame, but I am speaking the conclusion of the bar. He was full of poetry and enthusiasm, yet at the same time, strange to say, he was a hardworking man. He won public admiration, yet he had few intimate friends. He was not companionable. In his family, however, he was almost worshiped.

He was

A MAN OF SPLENDID VISIONS.

He took a deep interest and an active part in General Walker's scheme for the conquest of Nicaragua. Walker was a born leader of men, but he succumbed fully to Randolph's influence. Randolph, like bishop Whitfield, sincerely believed that no southern country could be developed without *slave* labor. He hoped to see a central empire established between the western continents, of which Walker would be the executive head, and he, Randolph, the great chancellor. His dream came nearer fulfillment than is generally supposed. The United States did not interfere with Walker's operations, and there is hardly room to doubt that with Vanderbilt's aid the great filibuster would have won an honorable name in history. Vanderbilt had a magnificent grant from the Nicaraguan government, giving him the exclusive right to transport passengers and freight across the isthmus, and also entitling him to a large land grant on both sides of the great highway. This splendid franchise Walker, in an evil hour for himself, wrested from Vanderbilt and conferred upon the Morgans of New York city.

When Walker's last stronghold was taken, it was found that the besieging force was composed principally of white sailors! They were in the pay of Vanderbilt!

Randolph delivered to the society of California pioneers, September 10, 1860, the ablest historic address ever uttered on this coast. In it he referred to the fate of his friend Walker, and also to the end of Henry A. Crabbe, who had led a filibustering party into Mexico:

> Longings still unsatisfied led some to renew their adventurous career upon foreign soils. Combating for strangers, whose quarrels they espoused, they fell amid the jungles of the tropics and fattened the rank soil there with right precious blood. Or upon the sands of an accursed waste, were slaughtered by inhuman men, who lured them with promises and repaid their coming with a most cruel assassination. In the filthy purlieus of a Mexican village, swine fed upon all that murder left of honored gentlemen, until the very Indian, with a touch of pity, heaped up the sand upon the festering dead and gave slight sepulture to our lost pioneers.

A leading lawyer of San Francisco, an old friend of Randolph, and one of the brightest lights at the criminal bar, thinks that Randolph would have made a great judge. If it be true that Randolph was disposed to look at only one side of a case, it is difficult to see how he could have made a great or a good judge. It seems to be that his peculiar province was that of attorney-general. His client should be the state.

He was inclined, in the conduct of a clause, to seize upon something that would lead to invective. He was more powerful in invective than any other lawyer among his contemporaries. He suffered intensely from dyspepsia all his life. This gives the key to his character. He had a great deal of simplicity of character, and at times could be most winning among his acquaintances, as he always was at home, yet it must be said that generally his manner was repellant. In arguing a case, if there was no cause for invective, he would find an occasion. He had a fine command of language, yet was not fluent in speech. He would utter a sentence, then hesitate, as if in thought, before proceeding. At times, however, he would seem to be on fire, and pour out his words in uninterrupted flow.

"WHO ARE YOU!"

In the great New Almaden case, the claimant against the government called to the witness stand his excellency Castillo Lanzas, a man for twenty years prominent in Mexican affairs, and who had represented Mexico at several foreign courts. Mr. Randolph embraced the idea that this man was an imposter. Accordingly, to prove his theory, he took the witness, on cross-examination, over his entire public and private life. He asked him why he testified in English, how he acquired English, where he went to school, the curriculum of his college, the offices he had held, the functions of all the departments of the government of Mexico, the names of the presidents of Mexico and the United States for the previous ten years. His cross-examination of Senor Lanzas lasted fourteen days, during which period he put to the Mexican six hundred and fifty-seven questions. At last he asked the witness whom he knew in San Francisco.

The senor replied that he was a stranger here, but he knew one Arco. Mr. Randolph had this Mr. Arco put on the witness stand.

"Do you know this man?" he said quite abruptly and pointing to the great Mexican.

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"That is senor Castillero, a Lanzas, ex-minister from Mexico to the court of St. James."

"Well, now, who are you, sir! who are *you*?" said Randolph sternly.

PERSONALLY.

Mr. Randolph was a magnificent man. He stood six feet high, was "straight as an arrow," had an abundance of dark brown hair and beard, very fair complexion, a dark eye and small hands and feet. His features were as finely cut as the lines of a cameo. He died at the age forty-two years from a disease of the stomach. His widow and two daughters survive him in San Francisco, and another daughter, the youngest, is living in the land of her forefathers, the wife of Mr. Kent, a large farmer and cattle raiser.

A JOCKEY'S RISK.

What an English Race Rider must Face in the Derby.

FLATMAN, BUTLER AND CONNOLLY.

The Danger of Collision where Large Fields of Horses are Running—The Graves of Famous Jockeys, Etc.

London Telegraph.

There are few spots more attractive to the Old Mortalities of the turf than the graveyards at Newmarket, and a man who is well acquainted with the history of horse-racing may wander at will through the precincts of All Saints church, and through the new cemetery at the top of "the little town in Cambridgeshire," without ever coming across the grave of a jockey who has died a violent death in pursuit of his profession. There will be find stone after stone which records that beneath lie the remains of jockeys who have gone to their final rest in the course of nature, and often in the fullness of years. Less than twenty miles away the body of Frank Buckley lies entombed at Long Orton, near Peterborough, suggesting the thought that, as man and boy, he followed his profession actively for fifty years, without ever sustaining an accident of any kind, and that, taken altogether, his was the finest and least mercenary character that ever distinguished a member of his trying craft. Reverting to Newmarket, we shall find that in the churchyard of All Saints, repose the ashes of Elnathan Flatman, who won the Derby on Orlando, the St Leger on Surplice, Warlock, and Imperieuse, and the Two Thousand Guineas on Idas, Hernandez, and Fazzoletto, without ever sustaining an accident in the saddle. He was.

A LUCKY RIDER.

The only casualty which ever befell him during a riding career of forty years was from a kick in the ribs which he sustained in the stable from a filly belonging to the late duke of Bedford. By his side lies his great antagonist, and his superior as a match rider, Frank Butler, who steered two winners of the Derby, two of the St. Leger, and two of the Two Thousand Guineas to victory, without experiencing any mishap. One narrow escape from death or disability it's true he was fortunate enough to emerge from without broken limb, when, in the Derby of 1845, which was won by Merry Monarch, he bestrode Lord Chesterfield's Pam, and was capsized by Mentor, as the field of thirty-one horses swept round Tattenham Corner. There was no story which Frank Butler was more fond of relating than that in which he described how he was struggling with his prostrate horse and how he escaped from seemingly inevitable death, or, at any rate from the fracture of a limb, by the lucky circumstance that Old England and Weatherbi, leaped over him and his horse as he lay on the ground amidst the thundering turmoi of hoofs by which they were surrounded. Close to the grave of Flatman is that of Patrick Connolly, who rode Plenipotentiary and Coronation in their respective Derbies, and completed his career without accident.

TOM FRENCH AND JEM ROBINSON.

In the cemetery at the top of the town lies Tom French, the rider of Kingcraft and Favonius in the great race at Epsom, who subsequently capitulated to an enemy against whom neither jockeys nor ordinary men are proof—tubercular consumption. Hard by rests all that is mortal of Jim Robinson, one of the most finished and accomplished horsemen that was ever tossed into the saddle, who died in ripe old age, having ridden for the greater part of a long lifetime without sustaining an accident until he fell and broke his thigh, his stirrup-leather having given away, from a colt belonging to the late Lord Clifden. Turning to the north of England, we come across the graves of jockeys without number who had no reason to speak of their calling as specially full of peril. In the sporting county of York, Bill Scott, who rode nine St. Leger and four Derby winners without disasters, lies in his narrow bed, to which an inordinate love of the bottle rather than the perils of the race-course prematurely consigned him. In the neighborhood of Middleham are the graves of Tommy Lye and of Job Marson, who will live in turf history so long as the racing animals of the nineteenth century shall continue to find a chronicler; while in the East Riding Sim Templeman, who rode his first race more than fifty years since, and won his first Derby upon Bloomsbury in 1839, still survives, a hale and hearty veteran, though bereft of sight.

GEORGE FORDHAM

Who rode Foxhall, last year in the grand Prix de Paris, is already on the shadowy side of the fifty year stake and is a hard man to "throw down" in a race that requires any judgment. Time has also spared Charles Marlow, inseparably identified with memories of the Flying Dutchman, but doomed, like many others of his craft, to pass his declining years in abject poverty. The only jockey connected with Yorkshire who was instantaneously killed by being precipitated from his horse when riding a race at Hull was one long forgotten by the present generation of turf habitues, if, indeed, his name—George Herring—has ever been heard by them. At the commencement of 1807, Samuel Chifney died in great distress at his lodgings in Fleet lane, within the rules of the adjoining prison, which has long passed away. Although, in the opinion of his contemporaries, he had no equal in the pigskin, his nerve was notoriously deficient, nor would he have ridden for so many years had he deemed the profession of which he was so successful a member specially obnoxious to risk.

ON THE AMERICAN TURF

The only man of any note as a rider is the once famous rider of Boston and Lexington, named Gilbert W. Patrick, whose name has been by popular custom euphonized into Gilpatrick. His last mount of any great note was on Lodi (now owned at Walla Walla), in the great race with Norfolk, for which event he came all the way from New York to San Francisco. Of late years he has been in other pursuits less dangerous than riding races, and has made quite as much money. He is now about 61 years of age, and his great ride on Bayswater, when he beat Vauxhall and four others at Saratoga, will long be held in memory. Jack Ford, the old rascal who rode Vauxhall on that occasion, died two years ago, aged 59, and had but few followers to his grave. Had he been as honest a man as Gilpatrick he never need have wanted for one dollar. But he was in too big a hurry to get rich and not at all particular as to how he got money, consequently he died poor.

"OLD ABE."

A slave owned by D. F. Kenner, of Louisiana, was our ideal of a plucky rider in a big crowd, thirty years ago. He looked more like a baboon than a human being, and you could always tell by his teeth whether he was ahead or not as he came thundering down the stretch on Panic or Louise d'Or. His pathetic stutter was too much for our gravity, and his fondness for pitching quarters and "meg" too much for the limited exchequer of his fellow contrabands. When he rode Ralph against Whale and Eliza Logan, he walked in fore the other two colored jacks and said: "Kullered stockessy, you see dat ar way? Ilywis sixty dollars dat says I'm de fust un-n-nigger under dat ar wire." Poor black Abe, staunch and true as Pala'in of old; would there were more like you. Faithful unto death, omitting no detail of duty, the black man's grave is as near the better land as that of the white man who was for years the oppressor of all your color and race.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

An Octogenarian Showman tells of his Boyhood Days.

WHAT P. T. BARNUM REMEMBERS.

Reminiscences of Days when Men and Women both Worked—The End which Founded a Nation's Wealth.

A bronze water fountain costing $10,000 was recently presented to the town of Bethel, Conn., by P. T. Barnum, the veteran showman. On the occasion of the presentation Mr. Barnum made a speech, in the course of which he said: "I am surprised to find that I can distinctly remember events which occurred before I was four years old. I can see as if but yesterday, our hard-working mothers batcheling their flax, carding their tow and wool, spinning, reeling and weaving it into fabrics for bedding and clothing for all the family of both sexes. The same good mothers did the knitting, darning, mending, washing, ironing, cooking, soap and candle-making, picked the geese, milked the cows, made butter and cheese, and did many other things for the support of the family. We babies of 1810, when at home, were dressed in tow frocks, and the garments of our elders were not much superior, except on Sunday, when they wore their "go-to-meeting clothes" of homespun and linsey-woolsey. Rain-water was caught and used for washing, while that for drinking and cooking was drawn from wells with their "old oaken buckets" and long poles and well sweeps.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

"Fire was kept over night by banking up the brands in ashes in the fire-place, and if it went out one neighbor would visit another about daylight the next morning with a pair of tongs to borrow a coal of fire to kindle with. Our candles were of tallow, home-made, usually with dark wicks. In summer, nearly all retired to rest at early dark, without lighting a candle, except upon extraordinary occasions. Home-made soft soap was used for washing hands, faces and everything else. Families in ordinary circumstances ate their meals on trenchers (wooden plates). As I grew older our family and others got an extravagant streak, discarded the trenchers and rose to the dignity of pewter plates and leaden spoons. Tin peddlers, who traveled through the country with their wagons, supplied these and other luxuries. Our food consisted chiefly of boiled and baked beans, bean porridge, coarse rye bread, apple sauce, hasty pudding, eaten in milk, of which we all had plenty. The older portion of the family ate meat twice a day, had plenty of vegetables, fish of their own catching, occasionally big clams, which were cheap in those days, and shad in their season—these were brought from Norwalk and Bridgeport by fish and clam peddlers.

THE RURAL MEAT MANGLER.

Uncle Caleb Morgan, of Wolfpits or Puppytown, was our only butcher. He peddled his meat through Bethel once a week. It consisted mostly of veal, mutton or fresh pork, seldom bringing more than one kind at a time. Probably he did not have beef more than once a month. Many families kept sheep, pigs and poultry, and one or more cows. They had plenty of plain, substantial food. Droves of hogs ran at large in the streets of Bethel.

"Our dinners several times each week consisted of 'pot luck,' which was corned beef, salt pork and vegetables, all boiled together in the same big pot hanging from the crane, which was supplied with iron hooks and trammels, and swung in and out of the huge fire-place. In the same pot with the salt port, salt beef, potatoes, turnips, parsneps, beets, carrots, cabbage, and sometimes onions, was placed an Indian pudding, consisting of plain Indian meal mixed with water, pretty thick, salted, and poured into a home-made brown linen bag, which was tied at the top. When dinner was ready, the pudding was first taken from the pot, slipped out of the bag and eaten with molasses. Then followed the 'pot luck.' I confess I like to this day the oldfashioned 'boiled dinner,' but doubt whether I should relish a sweetened dessert before my meat. Rows of sausages called 'links,' hung in the garret, were dried and lasted all winter.

SENDING A BOY TO MILL.

There were but few wagons and carriages in Bethel when I was a boy. Our grists of grain were taken to the mill in bags on horseback, and the women rode to the church on Sundays and around the country on week days on horseback, usually on a cushion called a pillon, fastened behind the saddle; the husband, father, brother or lover riding in front on the saddle. The country doctor visited his patients on horseback, carrying his saddle-bags, containing calomel, jalap, Epsom salts, lancets and a "turnkey," those being the principal aids in relieving the sick. Nearly every person, sick or well, was bled every spring.

One season I attended the private school of Laurens R. Rickock (now President Rickock), in which his sweetheart, Eliza Taylor, was also a scholar. One day he threw a ruler at my head. I dodged, and it struck Eliza Taylor in the face. He quietly apologized, and said she might apply that to some other time when she might deserve it. He and his wife are still living in Andover, Mass., a happy, gray-haired old couple of eighty or more. Eliza's father, Esquire Tom Taylor, sometimes wore white-topped boots. He was a large, majestic-looking man of great will force, and was considered the richest man in Bethel. Mr. Eli Judd was marked second in point of wealth.

EARLY NEW ENGLAND NABOBS.

Every year I took twelve dollars to Esquire Tom Taylor to pay the interest on a two hundred-dollar note which my father owed him. I also annually carried four dollars and a half to Eli Judd for interest on a seventy-five dollar note which he held against my father. As these wealthy men quietly turned over each note, filed away in a small package, till they found the note of my father, and then indorsed the interest thereon, I trembled to think that I stood in the presence of such wonderfully rich men. It was estimated that the richer of them was actually worth $3,000! When I was but ten years old newspapers came but once a week. (Uncle Silliman peddled needles and pins and newspapers. He yelled through the streets, "News," "News." If it rained he would exclaim, "The Lord rains,"—one day in winter he added, "and snows a little.") It took two days, and sometimes more, to reach New York from Bethel or Danbury. My father drove a freight or market wagon from Bethel to Norwalk. Stage passengers to New York took sloop at Norwalk, sometimes arriving in New York the next morning, but often were detained by adverse winds several days.

THE YANKEE THIRST.

Everybody had barrels of cider in their cellars, and drank cider spirits called "gumption." Professors of religion and the clergy all drank liquor. They drank it in all the hat and comb shops. The farmers had it at haying and harvest times. Every sort of excuse was made for being treated. Every new journeyman must give a pint or quart of rum to pay his footing. If a man had a new coat he must "sponge" it by treating. Even at funerals the clergy, mourners and friends drank. At public vendues the auctioneer held a bottle of liquor in his hand, and when the bidding lagged he would cry: "A dram to the next bidder." The bid would be raised a cent, and the bidder would take a dram boldly and to the envy of most of the others. At house and barn raisings liquor was also drunk freely and dangerously.

The public whipping-post and imprisonment for debt both flourished in Bethel in my youthful days. Suicides were buried at cross roads.

Railway Consolidation.

The Chicago *Tribune*, speaking of railway consolidation, remarks that of the 100,000 miles of roads now in operation at least 80,000 miles have been consolidated under the control of about a dozen great corporations. The chief of these combinations, as mentioned by the *Tribune*, are the New York Central, the Grand Trunk, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Illinois Central, the Pacific railways, the Alton and St. Louis, Burlington and Quincy, Chicago and Northwestern and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Wabash combination. The *Tribune* is of the opinion that railway consolidation is, to a certain extent, beneficial to the public, because "it reduces the cost of government and of management, provides more efficient modes of transportation and furnishes greater security and responsibility." But it is a serious question how far such consolidation may be safely carried. "What," says the *Tribune*, "will be the effect, for example, of consolidating the Gould system with Vanderbilt's, and the Pennsylvania with the Baltimore and Ohio? or of merging these with the Canadian and South Atlantic systems, all under one corporation?"

We are not of the opinion that any such wholesale consolidation as that is to be apprehended. The theater of operations is too vast, and the interests of its different sections too varied to permit it. The great combinations are, to certain extent, rivals, but they have also separate aims, independent resources, and interests peculiar to themselves. Nor are their rivalry and independence evils to be deplored, so far as the general public is concerned. The railroad war that has been going on for many months past has caused a reduction in freight charges from which the shippers have greatly profited. Independently of the war there has also been a general reduction of charges which has contributed immensely to the public benefit. The average freight rates charged per ton per mile on thirteen leading roads in 1873 was $1.77; in 1880 the average charged by the same roads was only $1.07. The amount of freight moved by these roads in 1873 was 45,557,002 tons, and in 1880 the amount was 78,150,913 tons. The receipts of the roads in 1878 amounted to $112,001,648, while in 1880 the amount of receipts was $143,388,178. From these figures it will be seen that the increase of receipts, and of business, has quite justified the decrease in rates charged, and it seems quite possible that a still further decrease would be equally justified by the results.

It is a reasonable conclusion from these facts that thus far the great transportation interests of the people have been benefited in material respects by railway consolidation. For convenience as well as profit the larger systems, by which bankrupt roads have in some instances been absorbed and rendered profitable, have been preferable to a multitude of small, independent lines, having no correspondence, or harmony of interest, with each other. Against the evils and dangers of consolidation, on the other hand, the national authority may undoubtedly be invoked whenever the public interest so requires. At the same time it is to be remarked that the true interests of the railways lie in serving the people rather than in oppressing them. The relations between the public and the great transportation lines are mutual, and corelative, and never need be, or can be, otherwise than harmonious without mutual injury.

A RIDICULOUS MOVEMENT.

That is What Judge Tourgee Calls the Attempt to Mahoneize the South.

Judge A. W. Tourgee, relative to the Mahone movement, said to a Chicago correspondent, that although the apparent position of the readjusters was on the debt question, that was not the real point at issue. The decisive point was whether the votes of 60,000 negroes should be counted and Mahoneism prevail. "You call it Mahoneism, but the movement was on foot long before he took it up. He was a leader in the strife and so the views which he put forward received a name which is now given to the party. I do not expect anything alarming from it, though the party may prove triumphant in North Carolina and Virginia and hold those states till 1884, which adds so much to the strength of the republican party. It means nothing more than republicanism. I know nothing of the movement in Arkansas.

Will the south remain a solid south in 1884? Party coalitions cannot bring the desired change in the south.

Does a union of political factions in the county or state affect you personally or your condition? Certainly not. Neither does it affect the people of Massachusetts whether Long or Butler is elected. The idea is absurd that a people's condition would take a sudden change with the change of the executive. Education is what is needed, and not the rule of the republican party. In my judicial district in Carolina there was a republican majority of 1000 all the time I was there, but only five voters were white men. The majority killed two of them and whipped another, and the other two of them very prudently ran away. No; the sooner people learn that the war is not the only trouble, and it was but the result of a cause still at work, the better it will be for the south. You must get rid of the 45 per cent. of of ignorance there before you can expect any change in the country's condition. The increase of manufacturing industries, and the building of railroads will have as much of a tendency to better and educate them as three drops of oil in a bucket of water will have a tendency to make oil. Pour $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 into schools and the coming generation will grow up enlightened and the differences of the north and south will disappear. It is not the work of a day or year, but will take the generation to accomplish it. The people of the north are ever looking for miracles in the south. They expect a millenium about once in two years. They believe the angel Gabriel will straddle the dividing line and toot his trumpet and throw olive branches all over the country. Why, he continued, only a day or two ago a fool of a reporter asked me if it were true that southern mothers taught their children the same principles that they taught before the war. I asked him if his own northern mother taught any different maxims than she did his elder brother before he was born. Such talk is foolish. Fudge, people must remember that ideas and principles are the growth of years, and it takes just as long for the passage of a belief out of the mind as it does for its passage inward. The southerners are a different people from those of the north and as distinct in habits and thought as though they were residents of St. Petersburg and Constantinople.

How Protection "Protects" the Farmer.

The Utica (N. Y.) *Observer*, in the course of some remarks on Wood-Pulp Miller's recent remark that he was in favor of protection "in its widest sense"—that is, prohibitory tariff legislation—says, with much force:

> The agricultural interests must sell in the open market of the world, but they can buy their supplies only in a close market where what market they need is made artificially dear by act of congress. Each new scheme of protection takes something more from the non-protected mass, from those who cannot have prices raised for them by law. But the selfish and greedy policy which the protectionists would maintain and extend is fraught with serious danger to the foreign market of all our agricultural staples. Our agricultural exports to England are giving serious alarm to the farmers of that country. They begin to demand what they call "fair trade," and a large and increasing body of the English people are claiming that their country should not be left open to the importation of our farm products while we impose a prohibitory or high tariff upon English manufactures. It is easy to see what must be the effect of retaliatory legislation that should deprive our farmers of the English market. Such retaliation is to be expected if protection "in the widest sense," as advocated by Senator Miller, is adopted. Our farmers can estimate the value of cheese in the home market when it is excluded from that of England, or burdened with a heavy duty on the protection plan. The producers of other farm products may in that event, calculate the value of a system that taxes whatever they consume for the benefit of protected classes, and at the same time destroys the foreign market most beneficial to the farmer.

A Remarkable Gun.

In the late war between Chili and Peru a curious accident befell an 8-inch Armstrong gun on board the Chilian warship Angamos. The last time it was fired the gun which was on deck slipped out of the trunnion ring, flew backward across the ship, and leaped into the sea. This was the singular end of a rather remarkable history. The gun was supplied to the Chilians before the war by Sir William Armstrong's firm, and proved a formidable terror to Peru. The Angamos was previously an Irish pig-boat, and was acquired by Chili for the purpose of carrying this one gun, which, standing off at long ranges of 10,000 yards or so, she could do with impunity. The Peruvians at length sent out their fleets to destroy their waspish antagonist, when the other Chilian ships with their short rangers came into action, and drew off the gunboats all but one, which was sent to engage the Angamos at close quarters. The Armstrong gun, however, sent a shower of shrapnel bullets on to her decks and the gunboat retreated. As she was nearing port a pot shot from the 8-inch gun, fired at long range and high elevation, managed to hit and sink her. The gun therefore did plenty of hard work and valuable service before it finally gave way and was lost in the sea.

A Pioche philanthropist told a groceryman to give a certain poor family credit for goods to the amount of $25, and charge the same to him. The bill was handed him the other day, and when he read $15 for port wine and chocolate, and "$10 cash," he banished forever his charitable proclivities, and says he will never do so again.

Straight, square shoulders are considered the model figure at present, and every fashion that gives this effect is considered desirable.

Chicago Wheat Market.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—Wheat—Firm, higher, $1 26 cash, $1 27¾ February.

Nothing moving. Cloudy; wind southwest. The Parknook, in tow of the Ordway, started up 10:30 A. M. The Corina, in tow of the Cooke, arrived down.

impure blood causes poor circulation, open disorders, such as Liver and Kidney Complaint, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, skin disorders, etc., which are curable by King of the Blood. See advertisement.

Executors of the Will of Maria Aull, Dec'd. KILLIN & MORELAND, Att'ys for Dated at Portland, Dec. 6, 1881.

spelled differently but same pronunciation. HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Portland, Sole Agents for Oregon and Washington Ty.

OLDENDORFF & HEUBNER, Brokers and Real Estate Agents, corner First and Washington streets, Portland, Oregon.

WORLD OF SCIENCE.

sy Brains Effect while Sl gards Sleep.

HO TOIL FOR THEIR BR

undle of Brevities about The tting over the Old Battles to the World a Better One.

telescope lens, nearly 29 inche is being finished for the Paris

side fibre of the cocoanut is now sels, and is said to be a good su ather.

ler, of Geneva, has made a cal ich he estimates the number of sting on the globe to reach a of 250,000.

H. Edison, the inventor, sugg ic lights be placed under the w Battery to Sandy Hook, in New as to define the channel in the

nited States twelve manufact ,000,000 teeth annually or on persons. The amount ann l on teeth is $1,000,000. A gold is used every year to fill t

labor in California is no longe ith free white labor. Hencef s of one of her large penal inst beemployed in making jute bag thus providing the market wit herto produced by the Chinese, in great quantities to the Pa

o-diaspon" is the name given sive produced by M. Anders, of wood-cellulose and nitro-glyce ed by cold, is not sensible to and explodes only by a sudde emperature to about 320 Fahren uickly when ignited in the open t affected by water.

an manufacturer has succeeded serviceable face-masks of mica tion of metal and glass mel ons and other workmen exposed and noxious vapors. These ma yes to be turned in any directi is space enough for spectacles in t is defective.

rgel, of Berlin, has brought o vice by means of which picture nds are burnt out on a piece of king rose-colored paper. A glo applied at two finely perfor d the sparks communicated ually to move over the paper, e picture. Neither leaves its p urice the paper beyond, and, the path is reached, the spark

least promising application o ous paint is found in the prod lamp for coal miners. It is sa enough for practical use, and, o fire or heat, it is evident th olutely free from risk. By mea of lamp, in connection with bl sed air, fire and the attendant xploding gas might be ruled ost dangerous mines be made

mas Brassey, of the British A owner of ships, an extensive n acute critic of naval archite opinion can now be formed of ved style of war vessels will be i this time. And yet Secretary ess to build half a hundred every one of which is likely t s a useless hulk inside of tw

Campbell has been advancing ling to which rain can be prod and wherever desired, so th icken locality may speedily e proposes to take a well already lo in it any 100 kegs of powder, to be arranged in such a ma n layers or interstices will pre mass from exploding on the that a continuous sheet of fire will be kept up for some h ting up into the sky for a great producing such a concussion ion of moisture that he thin er would be soon formed and

reenwich observatory a very i ment is in use to record autom ration of sunshine through the of a glass globe hung within a h cup of slightly greater diamete lined with a strip of paper co il ink. The globe is entirely e he roof, and, while the sun is shi urning glass, and causes a cou s be made upon the paper. Th ken, however, as often as the ecured by clouds, and thus a r unt of sunshine for the day w

tes and stamped, perforated o have formed no unimportant tions. In fact, tapestries omprise the predominant feat r adornments, and a great d artistic ability has been appl ction of the higher grades of tap the reception-room of a new sidence, there are eighteen akespeare's "Midsummer N lone in costly embroidered tape s of Titania, Puck and Nick B ked in silk colors, full size, ful needle-women, from drawin high repute. The owner's in e decorator were to give him y unusual and very beautiful objects in view the artists we *te blanche* in the matter of exp e pictures cost $1000 each, an the decoration over $10,000.

ide has shown the French acade ntary substance, called *nutr* freed from bones and tendo ee suitable machines with nitro ubstances, such as bread, etc., water, and perhaps form or ons with it. The whole is dr over a mildly-heated stove, and d and sifted. The powder ob yellowish in color, and has an With fats, albumen or gu ld cakes or cubes may be made wards made into soups, sauce ance is very nutritive, and kee if not exposed to moisture o t.

nious Frenchman has devised a ating the study of geography by consists of a large planisphere be, accompanied by numerous o ing animals, plants, flags, cost l landscapes. These objects of oard, stand upright when the n accompanying them is folded one bears, moreover, a number g to one on the map. Placing oper position, the child quickly miliar with the subject illustrate ant, he knows the place which and its use; if a town he know n, position, etc. The new gam the approval of the Paris Soci by.

Mittelstrap, of Madgeburg, hav new optical milk test. In pre nts of the kind, the plan has be to water until a layer of given mes opaque, but in this new in ven quantity of milk with a of water is examined by lo different thicknesses of layer s reached. The vessel holdin s a glass bottom, and a cover in al graduated slide in tubular end being closed by a piece of thrown up from below by mean mirror, or from a direct sour slide—through which the ex moved in the cover until the li and at this point the scale is r ents have shown this apparatus rate, the difference between the s of the fat in milk by its mea ical analysis being an average a nt.

quarrels arise between broth sters, between hired girls, irls, between clerks in stores, n, between husbands and wi ectrical changes through their ng together night after night bed-clothes, than by any oth cause. There is nothing that the nervous system of a person ive in nervous force as to lie al ith another person who is al us force. The absorber will l rest all night, while the eli umbling and tossing, restless d wake up in the morning fault-finding and discourage ons, no matter who they are ly sleep together. One will r will lose. This is law.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE

man sits at his cottage door,
gleam of the dying day,
t is calm as the silent shore,
the winds have passed away;
ghts as still as the fragrant breeze
spers of peace to the azure seas.

e beauty of earth and air,
ow of the twilight hours,
that glory everywhere
thing from woodland flowers;
heart grows young, though his years are old,
derous sight of the sunlight gold!

ory comes with a gentle hand,
reth on Fancy's wings
s to her own immortal land,
the Past forever sings
that brightened the fair days fled,
ship faded with friends long dead.

st, though sad, for the love that has gone,
t to the old man's mind;
birds that sing in those years, have flown
es he hath left behind;
y brings from each bygone day
of peace for his lonely way!

children love that old man dear,
y in the twilight there,
music they cannot hear,
the sea and the voiceful air;
around, like gladsome flowers,
them tales of the vanished hours.

present is made more bright
lessons the past has taught;
reflects the wondrous light
ast, by sunset brought;
his vision is growing dim,
his pathway bright to him.

peace; yet he joys to think
r than earth can know
hen his tranquil soul shall drink
twilight glow.
home, where his thoughts at last
is more for the distant past! D. R. W.

WO DELICATE CASES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Belgravia Annual.

ve never read my work, Dr. Dormer's e, as I am told it is termed by the upon the Skin, in connection with ting subject of tattooing, you had it, because the book is becoming ex are, I may say without vanity that the best monograph on the subject for it is the only one. Others— others—have written of course, diseases. Indeed, the question I f putting to myself on commenc in London as an expert in that the healing art, was: "What have ritten about it?"

nowadays but two methods of s name known and establishing a tation in London—one is by tak in Mayfair with an immense door tting up a brougham and pair in well forward and are driven rap had not a moment to lose; the the publication of some exhaustive colored plates. Most of these often striking (indeed, once seen, forget them), are to the unpro by no means attractive, and it object to recommend myself to the y. Instead, therefore, of any st of the nature of carbuncles, y on port-wine marks, I devoted comparatively unknown but pic ject of tattooing.

It must be owned, one of very ation, but it had some general if only that could be aroused and upon Nicholas Dormer, his future ained.

honor of being the first man to in public (through the columns Mercury") the case of Matthew most highly colored and artist individual known to science. a prisoner, in Chinese Tar ed to be put to death; but had been commuted (or ex ing. Five others suffered he was the only survivor of the combined the horrors of sit and vivisection. The vic by four strong men while a worked away upon him with a pen, for hours. At the he was considered fin doubtless, have been "hung if the Chinese Tartars had had in which to exhibit him.

used are doubtful; it is certain dered charcoal, gunpowder, the colors used by our native marine) for the same purpose, some of the particles remained the meshes of the true skin became "encapsuled" (see arti Mercury") "in the nearest s." One must conclude that performed by the simple agency plants. Yet the effect produced "So it ought to be," poor to say with a groan of remi complimented upon his per Indeed, I have no doubt ation hurt him very much. that he was going to be a to science or even to have formed an article in the "Mercury," he have borne up better. But as consolatory reflections were de He had only the satisfaction of he survived, he would be the man in Chinese Tartary.

when in nature's garb, as though his body was tightly enveloped f the richest webbing. From the head to the tips of his toes he with dark blue figures of plants in the interspaces of which were (testimonials, for all I and red. The hands were tat surfaces, but only with inscrip a condensed biography of the with a catalogue of his other blue figures stopped short at the the tattooing was continued on scarlet to the roots of the nails. very hair of the scalp and beard "designs" in blue. On the were no fewer than 388 fig tigers, eagles, storks, swans, codiles, snakes, fish, lions, snails, women; of inanimate objects flowers, leaves, and bows and was also a lavish supply; and forehead on each side were two regardant"—that is, looking down ation (as well they might) upon ing and unrivalled collection.

the attractions of my honest Stevadore, who made a good by the exhibition of them in I went to see him. It may cer said of him, if of anybody, that never look upon his like again." It remarked that "beauty is only skin in this case it was at all events than usual. If it was not 'a joy he retained it as long as he lived.

I incorporated my notes in the upon this case—after what had been him, Matthew didn't care two was written about him—in my Tattooing, which also contained a portrait of him in colors. It had success, but strange to say did not that is, commence—my professional I published another book of a more kind with the same result; that is to none. It was tolerably successful works go—it cost the author not fifty pounds or so; but, as was re the senior surgeon of our hospital the misfortune to be a wag, "it didn't Tattoo"; while the general public of ever so much as heard of it.

, however, grim fortune relaxed into which I look for good nature, though out, it was only cynicism. A car pair drove up to my door, out of an eminent personage. There ion to leave that description of my it stands; but I scorn to deceive the and therefore hasten to add that it was ber of the royal family. He was not even a peer of the realm; but he was a man of great importance; by sight as one of the life govern hospital, and I knew him by report one of the greatest financiers in the tall, soldier-like fellow, very upright. bore on his own shoulders many a speculation, and with the air of com was quite Napoleonic, as befitted of millions. Being so very rich, there was, naturally, many stories afloat concerning him, and all to his disadvantage. The same thing happens in the case of all our great men, from statesmen to poets. His mother was in the workhouse; his brother in penal servitude; he had murdered his first wife, and was starving his second. He himself, as a slight drawback to the enjoyment of his ill gotten gains, had a disease previously unknown to the human species.

If so, I only hoped he had come to consult me about it. A surgeon's duty is to heal, not to give ear to idle rumors. Still, I could not help regarding him as he took his seat in my study with a certain curiosity. His name was Mostyn, or rather his card asserted as much; his features were Caucassian, and suggested Moses. His speech was very calm and deliberate, either the result of indifference to any change of fortune that might possibly befall him, or a precautionary measure to restrain a natural tendency to talk through his nose.

"My visit here, Dr. Dormer, is a strictly confidential one. I trust to your honor as a member of a chivalrous profession and I will also make it worth your while—not to reveal the nature of this application to any human being during the course of my life-time."

I gave my promise, and kept it. Mr. Mostyn—Dives Mostyn, as the world once called him—has long since been gathered to his fathers, whoever they were. He died in Paddington workhouse.

"In my early days," he went on, "I bore a very different character from that which I have since acquired." Here he stopped; he was obviously in a difficulty. I hastened to help him out of it.

"You mean, perhaps," said I, smiling (as though it were of no consequence), "that you bore an indifferent character?"

"Just so," he answered; "thank you. Not that I ever did anything positively discreditable."

I waived my hand to intimate that even if it had been so (which was incredible), it would make no matter to me. This kind of "treatment" in such cases (to speak professionally), I have always found to afford immense relief.

"In youth, however," proceeded my visitor, "I was what is called a ne'er-do-well. I could not settle to anything. Finance—of which, if I may say so, I have shown myself to be a master—was a calling at that time not open to me. I never had more than a few shillings to call my own, and any attempt to persuade other people to let me have the management of their shillings would have been hopeless. The man was ready," said Mr. Mostyn, drawing himself up, "but the hour had not yet struck. I quarreled with my family and enlisted."

Here he stopped again, and I nodded; not exactly approval, I hope, but acquiescence. The thing had happened so long ago that it was ridiculous to censure it; and besides it was not my business.

"The life of a soldier, Dr. Dormer, is attractive to adventurous spirits, and though I never was an adventurer—far from it—I had my dreams of military glory. They lasted about three weeks, when I deserted."

"That was serious," I observed.

"It was very serious, sir, in its consequences. I was detected, brought back again—and it was in the old times, you see"—he hesitated, and once more I had the satisfaction of helping him out of his embarrassment.

"I think I guess what happened," I said. "It may be indicated by a single letter, may it not?"

"You are right. The letter D. It is branded between my shoulders. You are the great authority upon 'brands' of this description. I am come here to have it removed."

"Well, really, Mr. Mostyn," said I, "I'll do my best. But I never did have anything of this precise character to deal with—just let me look at it."

He took off his coat and things and bared his shoulders.

"What's it like?" he inquired. "I have cricked my neck a dozen times in trying to look at it. At the time it—it happened—though it was by no means a red-letter day for me in the usual sense—I had an impression—a very strong impression—that it was red."

"It is white now," I answered or nearly so; only when you strike it—see——"

"I can't see," returned the patient, testily.

"Quite true; I beg your pardon. You must take my word for it that when you strike it, it becomes red again."

"It's quite visible, I conclude, whatever color it is? eh, doctor?"

"Well, yes, I am bound to say it is."

"You could read it ten feet off, I dare say? Come, be frank with me."

"I am not near-sighted, my dear sir," I replied, "and therefore could read it at twenty. It's a very large letter."

"I don't doubt it," he answered grimly. "It seemed to me at one time that I was all D. I must look like one of those sandwichmen who go about with capitals between their shoulders."

"Well, Mr. Mostyn, of course I should never have ventured to make use of such a parallel, but since you mentioned it, it does remind one of some sort of advertising medium. There are many things so advertised," I added, consoling y, "of a most respectable character."

"No doubt," he answered, dryly. "My D must look like something theological and denunciatory."

"Or a certain famous sherry," said I, falling into his humor.

"Ah, but that's not branded," he answered, bitterly.

I confess I compassionated my visitor sincerely. To a man in his position it must have been very disagreeable to have this tell-tale memento of the past about him. And, after all, I knew for certain nothing worse about him than that he had a distaste for the army which, indeed, I shared with him. He had evidently a great deal of humor, which, in a private soldier, must be a very dangerous possession. "There is no discharge in that war," as the preacher said, unless you can purchase it; so that really he had had no alternative but to desert.

I think my visitor read something of my thoughts, for he observed. "You see, this may be a very unfortunate thing for me, Dr. Dormer. People may say things behind my back and welcome, but if they saw things?"

"Well, you don't bathe in public, I conclude," said I consolingly.

"No, but there are always risks. I might be run over by a cab, and taken to a hospital. The idea of a possibility of disclosure makes me miserable. The higher I get in the financial world, the more dangerous my position appears to me. I have been twice decorated by foreign governments; just imagine if it should come to be known that I had been decorated by my own, though (as we say in the House of Commons) 'in another place.'"

I had forgotten that Mr. Mostyn was in the House. Indeed, that circumstance was merely a sort of pendant or corollary to his eminent position. He is essentially a man of mark, though until that morning, of course, I had never known how very literally he was so.

"The question is, doctor," he continued gravely, "can you take it out?"

The phrase he used was a ridiculous one; a mark of that sort was not like the initials on a stolen pocket-handkerchief, to be picked out and smoothed away, and I frankly told him so.

"The trace of the branding iron is then indelible, I concluded?"

He was very cool; but I noticed his voice trembled in alluding to the instrument of his disgrace.

"I am afraid so. Science—or at least my science—knows no means of eradicating it. There is, indeed, one method by means of which your secret may be preserved."

"Name it, and then name whatever fee you please," he exclaimed, excitedly.

"Well, you could be branded again in the same place with something different—some mark of good conduct, for example."

He shook his head and put on his hat and other garments.

"Thank you for your obliging offer," he said, "but I have had quite enough of that."

It was obvious that he had quite made up his mind upon the point, so I did not press it, and we parted excellent friends.

The great financier's visit, even had I done him any good, could, from the nature of the case, have been of no advantage to me in the way of advertisement; and as matters stood, except for his fee, I was not a half-penny the better of it.

For six months afterwards I had no patient of any importance, and almost began to think that my studies in tattooing were to have no practical results whatever. And yet the old house-surgeon at St. Kitts hospital, who was reckoned a sagacious man, had given me this advice: "My dear Dormer, be a specialist; do not attenuate your intelligence by vague and general studies; apply yourself to one thing only—'the little toe and its ailments,' for example—and stick to it."

One day a young lady called to consult me. She came in a hack cab, but I saw in a moment that she was used to a carriage and a pair.

"I cannot give you my name," she said, "and I hope you will do me the favor not to seek for it."

I bowed and assured her that I had no vulgar curiosity of that kind, though, on the other hand, it might be necessary for professional reasons, to be made acquainted with her circumstances.

"My case," she said, smiling, "is scarcely one to require such revelation. However, my position in life is good. I am engaged to be married to a gentleman of title. It is on account of that circumstance that I am paying you this visit."

She looked so beautiful and blushed so charmingly, that if I had not been a professional man I should have envied that gentleman very much. Indeed, I could not help building a little romance about her in my own mind: perhaps she didn't like the man who, being of title, was permitted by her family to persecute her with his attentions; and it might be that she was come to me to be aided in some temporary manner in order to shake him off. Her next words, however, showed that this supposition was quite unfounded.

"I love this gentleman, you must understand, doctor, very truly, and all my hopes are centered in him; but" here she began to stammer in the most graceful manner, like some lovely foreigner speaking broken English—"but a long time ago" (my visitor was not more than eighteen at the most), "many years, in fact, I formed a girlish affection for my cousin Tom."

"That very often happens," I said, encouragingly, for she had come to a dead stop. "First love is like the measles (except that you catch it again), and leaves no trace behind it."

"I beg your pardon," she replied; "in my case, it left a very considerable and lasting one."

"Perhaps you had an exceptionally tender heart." I said turning my hands over in sympathy; "such scars are not, however, incurable."

"Quite true; and even if they are, they are not seen, which is, after all, the main point."

Then I knew that she was a young lady of fashion, and that sentiment would be wasted upon her.

"The fact is," she said, with some abruptness, "I may confess at once that I made a great fool of myself with Cousin Tom, and in a moment of mutual devotion we tattooed our names upon one another's arms. In his case it mattered little; but I was soon convinced of the folly of such a proceeding for me."

"You quarreled with your cousin, perhaps?" I suggested.

"Of course I quarreled with him; but whether that happened or not, the inconvenience of such a state of things would have been just the same. The idea of putting on ball costume with a big 'Tom' on my arm such as a schoolboy cut on the back of a tree, was out of the question. I had to affect a delicacy of constitution which compelled me to always wear high dresses. Think of that, sir."

"A most deplorable state of things," I murmured.

"Well, I got used to that, and might, in time, have come to regard the matter with calmness; but, notwithstanding this comparative absence of personal attractions, I have had the good fortune to secure the affections of a very estimable young nobleman, and hence the affair becomes more serious. Some day or other he is almost certain to find out that hateful 'Tom' upon my arm."

"There is a possibility of it," I assented, gravely.

"Well, that would be a dreadful blow to him, I'm sure; he is very sensitive and slightly jealous: and I have now come to you for the purpose of having that dreadful word erased."

With that she turned up her sleeve, and on her white shoulder it was true enough the word "Tom" was very legibly engraved, although very fortunately not quite so much as large as she had led me to expect.

"It does not look to me to have been done in gunpowder as usual," I observed, after scrutiny.

"It wasn't," she answered peevishly; "it was done in slate pencil, which we scraped together (idiots that we were) on the same plate."

"It's very well done," I answered; "that is from a tattooing point of view." May I ask if the Christian name of your cousin Tom has any resemblance to that of your intended husband?"

"No, not in the least. Why do you ask?"

"Well, if it had been anything similar—such as John, you see—we might have converted Tom into John, and nobody would have been any the wiser; indeed, the young man would have taken it as a very pretty and original compliment."

"That would have been a capital plan," assented the young lady admiringly; "unfortunately, however, his name is Alexis."

As substitution was impossible, I was compelled to try erasure, and even that was a very difficult job. I had no idea that powdered slate pencil was so permanent. In the end, by persevering with infusions of milk, I contrived to tone down the objectionable "Tom" to a vague inscription such as to a man of research would have suggested Nineveh, or the Moabite stone; in the case of Lord Alexis, however, I suggested that it might be attributed to the result of an unusually successful vaccination, and I have good reason to believe that that was the view he took of it.

As for the young lady, she showed her gratitude in a very practical way, and I owe a considerable portion of my present extensive practice to her good offices. In my whole experience, however, I have never had a more delicate case than hers.

DOROTHY DEAN.

A low, brown house, embowered in shade, vines clambering up the porch, old-fashioned flowers in the door-yard, a gray cat asleep in the sun, and pretty Dorothy Dean standing by the gate with the milk-strainer in her hand. It was a June morning, and Dorothy, with her soft black eyes, her shining hair, the peach-bloom on her cheeks, and her round white arms bare to the elbows, matched the morning.

"Dorothy," called a sharp voice in a high key from the buttery; "don't idle your time. There's too much to do for you to linger gossiping at the gate."

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," the girl replied. But she was in no haste to go. How could she be, with Harry Morgan standing by, and talking to her in those low tones which mean so much, looking at her with those dark blue eyes, so clear and honest, and, alas for the empty days and the shadowed sunshine of the summer to come, bidding her good-bye. A moment more and Enoch Pond's stage would loom in sight around the turn in the road, and Harry would jump in and go riding away.

The words they were uttering were few and commonplace enough. Anybody might have heard them.

"You'll think of me Saturdays when you go up to the church to practice, won't you, Dorothy? You'll have no one to blow the organ."

"Father'll let Chapin go, I guess, or I'll ask one of the Hart boys."

"But you'll miss me, Dora?"

"Miss you, Harry? I'll miss you everywhere. You know that."

The stage was in sight. Mrs. Dean, a frown on her face, had again appeared at the buttery door.

"Mind, Dorothy, you belong to me," suddenly cried the young man, stooping down from his height of six feet two and kissing her sweet lips. Neither was ashamed of the salute, though they knew that Mrs. Dean in the doorway could see them, and that the stage was almost there. Had they not been lovers all their lives, and did not the whole village know that they were engaged? And the village knew as well that young Morgan was going to the city to enter his uncle's shipping house, and try to make his fortune, so that he could return and marry Dorothy.

"I'd have a little modesty, Dorothy, if I were you," said her mother. "You might have kissed Harry good-bye last night."

"She did over and over," said Chapin, who was sitting by the window with a book in his hand. "I peeked in at the crack of the door, and I heard lots they said."

"You peeked, did you," retorted his mother, facing about quickly. "Pretty business! I'll teach you to peek again! there, take that!" and the lad was amazed to find his ears boxed, and his book thrown out under the apple-tree. He marched sullenly off, his mother's discipline awakening a sense of hatred and injury in his heart, as it often did.

"Mother, you are too strict with Chapin," said Dorothy; "he's only twelve years old."

"I guess I know how to train my own children without your advice," answered the mother. "The boy don't have enough to do. Chapin, put away your book and start off to weed that onion-bed. Do you hear? No loitering now."

Mrs. Dean was one of the women who look with disfavor on books. Reading she considered a subterfuge of the lazy. That she [illegible] was in her eyes a special aggravation.

Dorothy moved about, scouring tins, and [illegible] the cream, worked the butter at last into hard firm balls, with a dexterity which came of long practice. But she was not happy. Her heart was following Enoch Pond's stage over the hills of Poughkeepsie, and then she embarked on the boat and went to New York in fancy.

Mrs. Dean saw her absent-mindedness, but not to sympathize.

"Mother, what ails you with Harry Morgan?" Dorothy said, after awhile. "You know I'm to be his wife one of these days. Why shouldn't he kiss me?"

"I ain't like Harry Morgan or one of his tribe. A vain, conceited, beggarly set. What match is David Morgan's lad, with his airs and his poverty, for your father's daughter?"

"Mother, is Harry to blame that his folks are shiftless? You must own that he is not the least like them."

"I own nothing of the kind. What is bred in the bone, say I, will come out in the flesh. His wife, indeed! His wife you'll never be till the long grass grows over my grave. Mark my words!"

Dorothy shuddered and sighed. But she was used to her mother, and her nature was essentially a wholesome, glad-hearted one. She was too healthy for morbid fancies, and too satisfied and trustful in her love to cherish any fears that it might come upon evil days, or be blighted by disappointment. Only she felt lonely. Lonely all that busy day, and lonely when night came, and lonely morning and evening for many days.

"You're fretting a bit, my dear," said her father tenderly one afternoon, when the September winds were sweeping through the corn, and the aster and golden-rod were courting each other on the highway side.

"Not so much, father. It's strange Harry doesn't write, though."

"He don't? Now that is strange, pet. Never mind. I'll go to the store myself to-day."

He walked off down the road. Dorothy watching him. It struck her that his step was less alert than formerly, and that the shoulders were growing more bent than ever. Her dear, patient father! With a sudden realization of all he was to her, she watched him until he was out of sight. By and by he returned, and in a cheery voice called her. She came to the woodpile, and, sure enough, he had a letter.

Letters were rare in those days, compared to what they are now, for this is a story of thirty years ago. Still, when Dorothy read her epistle, she found that she had missed one letter, and her heart ached as she read her lover's wonder and regret that she had not answered him.

She walked into the kitchen, where her mother was busy kneading the bread. There was a flash in her eyes which equaled any that ever burned in her mother's, but she spoke very quietly:

"I'll thank you for the letter I ought to have had a month ago, mother."

"You'll find it in the clock. It's been there safe, ever since it came, for any one with eyes to see."

Dorothy did not reply. She carried her precious budget up to her own little white room, her refuge in so many weary hours, and there she read and re-read them many times. And before an hour had passed, she had written an answer, half shy, half passionate, but wholly sweet, to Harry Morgan, whom it reached in due course.

The autumn brought the first real trouble of her life to Dorothy. He father sickened and died. How strange it seemed to be without a father! Often and often, at sunset, she walked down the winding road to the old graveyard, and there, sitting by the lowly mound where her father slept, gathered comfort and courage in the sure knowledge that it was well with him. He had loved the Lord, that she knew, and he had gone to dwell in the Golden City, where they walk in white who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. An unwonted silence fell on the household. Cross and despotic as poor Mrs. Dean was, she had loved her husband, and her grief was real and deep. But it was not grief which could be comforted. It repelled condolence rather than invited it, and when Dorothy would fain have thrown her arms about the sad woman, and whispered loving words, she was obliged to be still and refrain.

One bright expectation shone before her with the beauty of a star. Christmas was coming? She would see Harry, and as the weeks passed, and the long storms came, shutting the little inland village up, at times for days, from communication with the rest of the world, Dorothy lived in the thought of the pleasure they would have when Harry came home. Even her sorrow at her father's death seemed to fade and recede as the December days grew toward the twenty-fifth.

Her mother observed and resented this, and on Saturday before Christmas, when her daughter, who was the organist of the little church, put on her cloak and boots, and called Chapin to go with her for her customary practice, she said;

"I thought you looked for young Morgan to be here to-day. You've been all but dancing and singing ever since you got up. I don't see how you can be so giddy, Dorothy, and your poor father lying beneath the snow."

"Father is happy in heaven, mother," answered Dorothy, gently; "and I'm sure, if he can see me, he's willing for me to be glad at Christmas. Harry will not be here till Christmas Eve. Come Chapin, dear, there's to be more music than usual to-morrow."

Away they tramped over the hard, shining snow, Chapin talking merrily. Suddenly they passed into a different mood.

"I do hope, Dora, you and Harry won't get married until I'm a man. I never could stand living alone with mother. She makes a fellow so blue."

"Don't borrow trouble, dear. It will be years before Harry and I can think of marrying, I'm afraid."

"There's a letter for you, Miss Dean," shouted Enoch Pond that night, when the stage came in, "leastways it's for your darter. I brought it up, for I didn't think you'd get to the store this evening."

"Thanks," called Dorothy, as Chapin ran out for it. But her heart misgave her as she took it away up stairs, and read:

"MY DEAR DORA—How wretchedly disappointed I am no words can tell; but uncle Jared has gone west on business, and Mr. Stiles is sick—pneumonia—and I cannot get off. I'll run up along toward spring; and here's a ribbon I meant to have brought you. It is white, and you can wear it if you are in mourning. I'm sorry to think of you in that sombre dress, darling. Do not forget me, and just fancy a dozen kisses here for you. Your faithful

HARRY."

So all the joy was gone from that Christmas for Dorothy. People remarked how ill she played next day, and the rector very gently asked her if she could not give more time to practice hereafter. Spring came, but again no Harry. Summer, and he would surely return for vacation. He was looked for at home, and his letters were full of hopefulness, when lo! he was sent to India on a vessel as supercargo. The wide world was between them now, and the great seas, for he had not an hour to spare for Hillsdale and good-byes and it would be a year or fifteen months before the lovers could meet.

In the meantime, Chapin, growing weary of his mother's scolding, started off one night with a little bundle in his arms, and it was weeks before they knew what had become of him. Then he wrote from a great stock farm in Nebraska, where he had found employment. Dorothy and her mother were left alone. She became used to everything, and like a sensible girl, and heroine, did not give up her time to tears and melancholy, but occupied herself with sewing, her books and her music, when her house-work was over. There was plenty of that, for her mother was feebler than she had been, and was obliged to resign much to the younger pair of hands. Neither did she stay away from the society of the country side. She had friends and admirers enough, for she was a beauty—an heiress in a small way—and better still, was regarded as a very smart girl. More than one young farmer of the neighborhood hitched his horse and buggy at the Dean's door Sunday evenings; but, though Mrs. Dean pleaded and remonstrated, and sometimes wept, to none would Dorothy listen except as a friend.

"If you are waiting for that good-for-nothing, my poor child, you'll be an old maid," she said one day. "I'll never consent for you to take him."

"No, mother? Not if that were my only way to be happy?" pleaded Dorothy in her loving way.

"You may take him when I'm dead, if you will," the mother answered. "You foolish girl, I dare say he's had half-a-dozen sweethearts since he left you."

"Hush, mother!" exclaimed Dorothy, imperatively. It was hard to bear. Long months, with no letter, and no tidings from the dreary sea, of Harry and his ship. Other maidens were married and went to their homes, but Dorothy only stayed alone and waited.

One morning her mother was unable to rise or to speak. She had had a paralytic attack. If life had been weary before, it was worse now. The monotony of the house was dreadful. Mrs. Dean gradually recovered, but her doom was sealed, and the doctor said she would have seizures again till the end—a forlorn prospect for the faithful daughter, who attended her with unmurmuring devotion.

Whatever happens, time goes on, and so it came about one rich autumnal day, when the maples were aflame, and the last flowers bloomed in the garden, that Harry Morgan came home. Dorothy gazed at him in admiration. He had been handsome to her eyes, when he went away; now he was princely. The indescribable air of the city hung over him, and he had gained immensely by the culture which travel and mingling with men imparts. Dorothy was very proud of her lover as he went to church with her on Sunday.

He could stay but a little while, for business was absorbing, and Harry was growing rich. Before he left he pressed her to name the day when they would be married.

"I will have a home all ready for my dove to fold her wings in," he said.

Dorothy's cheek grew pale. "Harry, we must wait," was all the answer she could make him. "I cannot leave my mother."

"Your Aunt Agnes can take your mother to her house, Dora. If you love me, you will come when I need you. Doctor Preston says your mother may linger for years. Dorothy; am I to be sacrificed to an overstrained idea of duty?"

In vain she tried to explain that nobody but herself would have patience for all the little offices which her mother's helplessness rendered necessary. He would not be convinced, and when they separated, it was, on his part, with the air of one who had received just cause for offense.

Three years more went slowly by; correspondence between the lovers had grown less frequent, since to all Harry's appeals Dorothy had only one answer to make. One night the stage-driver stopped and said:

"Reckon you've heard the news, Dorothy: Harry Morgan's married. Him and her's comin' up to spend next Sunday at her father's."

Pride, that chain-armor women wear to hide aching hearts, made Dorothy queenly, as she stepped into the church porch, and met her old lover, with a slip of a girl, a fair-haired slender thing, on his arm. There was a style about the bride: her dress was fashionable, her movements graceful, but her husband even, with a great pang, acknowledged to his own soul that she could not compare with the superb woman who congratulated them both, without a quaver in her voice, and then, from the organ gallery, led the Te Deum as she never had before.

Six months later Mrs. Dean died, Aunt Agnes came to help Dorothy put the old place in order and then having found a tenant for it, the two ladies, to the amazement of the village, set on for a long trip to Nebraska to see Chapin, who was doing splendidly, to California, and back to New York. They saw the wonders of the continent, and Dorothy feasted her famished soul on the best music she could hear. When at last she came home, it was to live a life of ease, such as she had never dreamed of in old times. A strong woman did the work, and Dorothy, with books and pictures, and a good piano, lived in the way which was most congenial to her. Summers and winters fled, and the long grass waved over her mother's grave. Dorothy's eyes were black and bright, her cheeks were softly tinted, but her hair was white as snow.

The stage, no longer driven by Enoch Pond, who was gathered to his fathers, lumbered up to the door one chilly night late in November, 1779. A tall, gray-haired gentleman alighted, lifting out a golden-haired mite of a girl. He rapped at the familiar side porch of Dorothy Dean, and she bade him enter.

"Dorothy," he said, "I've come back. My wife is dead. Of all our children, this one, little Ethel, only is left. I have brought her to you, for if she stays in the city she will die." It all ended in the usual way. They dressed the church in cedar and holly, and a florist from New York sent magnificent Jacqueminot roses and lovely Marshal Neils, when at Christmas, thirty years after their first parting, Harry and Dorothy were married.

And everybody wished them a merry Christmas, and people from far and near came to taste the bride's cake, and look at her silvery gray dress, and pity pale little Ethel, who nestled up to her step-mother as if now she were perfectly happy. The rector and his wife feared it would not turn out well; and, indeed, whether the lovers, married so late, will be as happy as they would have been had he remained as strong, and patient, and steadfast as she did, is a question still to be solved. They are a noble-looking couple, and the husband seems as if he could hardly lavish love enough on the wife who waited for him so long.

THE BLACK CROOK.

Revival of the Famous Spectacle at the Globe Theatre.

ITS PREVIOUS PRODUCTIONS.

A Famous Play that has Made the Fortunes of Many Actors and Managers.

Boston Post.

The revival of the "Black Crook" at the Globe theatre last week is an event of considerable importance. The "Black Crook," trivial as it is in itself, marks an important point in the history of the American stage. It was the first of the great spectacular plays of the kind produced in this country. Since then many gorgeous spectacles have been brought out, not a few of which have possessed strong and intrinsic dramatic interest. The "Black Crook," on the other hand, was at the start reduced to a mere framework to hang a magnificent stage display upon, but it has been a most serviceable framework. Its name and fame have proved potent with the public, and, though it was as long ago as 1866 that it was first produced—very far back indeed, according to theatrical reckoning, its reputation has prevented it from going the way to the rubbish chamber of worn-out plays. And, since its first triumphant procession through the great cities of the country, giving to managers' pockets a golden lining as it went, it has, at intervals since then, been the subject of various revivals, which have been attended with as much excitement as that other species of "revivals" held in temples not of the drama. Its old power of bringing gold has not been lost, and it has continued to be a regular "Mascot" to all who have been shrewd enough to trust its power.

THE RECENT REVIVALS

Of the famous play testify to a marked change in public sentiment. In its early days the "Black Crook" was denounced as immoral and, judging by the anathemas hurled against it from the pulpit, one might have supposed that its stage was the scene of indescribable orgies and saturnalias. But it was, in fact, an utterly harmless and inoffensive play, the objections against it coming wholly from the circumstances of a novel ballet of modern European character. But since the public has become accustomed to great spectacular plays, in which the ballet is introduced on a scale that would quite eclipse the original production of the "Black Crook"—the best of people attending by families, as a matter-of-course—the old play has ceased to be synonymous with immorality and vice, and is now accepted as an entirely innocent affair.

The Kiralfys, who have managed the recent revivals of the "Black Crook," have the reputation of being the best judges of spectacular effects in the country, and Mr. Imre Kiralfy is called the foremost ballet-master on the stage. Every revival has been immensely in advance of its predecessor in elaboration and in expenditure, and the original "Black Crook" would now be a rather sorry spectacle. Audiences always demand improvement, and if the production of Monday night were to be precisely like that of two years ago, with all its superb effects, it would be pronounced much worse by those who had seen the former performance. The memory is thus shown to have an idealizing property, especially in stage matters, and this is what managers have to take into consideration. Thus there will have to be a finer ballet, finer scenery, and more elaborate effects in all particulars, in order to insure crowded houses. And it is one of the marvels of the stage how all this can be profitably done in anticipation of only a two weeks' run in one city, whereas at least 100 nights would have been required to warrant a materially less expenditure under the old order of things. The education of the color sense of the public in recent years is very evident in the contrast between the old time coloristic effects, as shown in the original "Black Crook," and those of to-day. Then they were "all positive colors," as the young ladies in "Patience" say of the uniforms of the dragoons; but now the æsthetic taste has to be gratified by delicate and nicely graded hues, arranged with perfect harmony. In the grouping of a ballet, a little false coloring on one costume would ruin the entire effect. A figure dressed in gay colors must not be allowed to pass near anybody arrayed in colors just as dashing.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PLAY.

The story of the original production of "The Black Crook" is a remarkably interesting one. It was in 1866 that Mr. Harry Palmer met his friend Jarrett in New York, and said that he had $10,000 which he was willing to risk on a grand ballet, but $10,000 more was needed; so Jarrett raised the money. Palmer then went to London and saw the scenery, properties and wardrobes of the "Biche aux Bois" at Astley's Theatre. These were purchased, and $15,000 was given for the wardrobe alone. A play called "Undine" was then written by Arthur Matthison and Mr. Palmer, in which it was intended to produce these spectacular effects, and Mr. Jarrett engaged the New York Academy of Music for the piece. The scenery and costumes were shipped from Liverpool, but the night before the arrival of the steamer that theatre burned down. Mr. Jarrett sat up until morning watching the fire. At 5 o'clock in the morning he rushed over to the Metropolitan hotel and woke up William Wheatley, the lessee of Niblo's Garden. Jarrett had already approached Wheatley on the subject of engaging Niblo's, but the terms of the latter had been too high. But, at 6:30, Jarrett had obtained better terms than he had expected. Wheatley, however, said they could sign a contract later in the day. That, of course, would not do for Jarrett, for, by that time, Wheatley would hear the news and would back down. Just then the boy entered with the morning newspapers containing the accounts of the fire. The quick-witted Jarrett at once took the papers and sat down upon them, insisting upon finishing the business then and there. Therefore the contract was promptly drawn up and signed.

Mr. Wheatley had contracted with Charles M. Barras to bring out his play "The Black Crook," and had already paid him $2000. It was a melo-drama of the old fashioned kind, and was founded upon the libretto of "Der Freischutz." It was to be produced on Sept. 1, and it was calculated to run it four months if it proved a hit. It would probably have been a failure, however, for Barras was a man of little talent, and his play was a tame version of the original. It was lucky for all hands that the new arrangement was made. In order to keep his contract with Barras, Wheatley arranged to have the entire spectacle introduced in "The Black Crook," and "Undine" was abandoned. Barras unwillingly reduced his pet play to a mere skeleton, and the part of Black Crook, which was originally one of the principal ones, was cut down to a few lines. It cost Jarrot & Palmer $50,000 to put the piece on the stage, and every week they realized $7000 clear profit. Wheatley was never waked up early in the morning to better advantage, for he made $160,000 out of the run of the piece, Jarret & Palmer as much more, while the profits of Barras were $104,000. But such is human nature that Barras was discontent in spite of his fortune, and never ceased to deplore the way his play was treated. "They've ruined my piece with all their tomfoolery and nonsense," he used to complain; "it would have been a d—l sight better without any of their trash." But he was lifted from poverty to opulence. He bought a splendid country seat and sported a pair of fast trotters. One evening he was on his way home in the train, and supposing his station was reached, he got out. But the train had stopped on a trestle-bridge. It was dark, and Barras fell through the bridge as he stepped out, killing himself by the fall. The heirs of Barras still get a handsome income from the play, receiving royalty on every performance, and will continue to for years to come. The great money value of the drama lies in its name, the most intangible part. Attempts were made to avoid paying the royalty by producing the "White Fawn' and other spectacular pieces, but they all turned out failures. Therefore the Kiralfys, when they took the matter up, shrewdly thought that the advertising which the "Black Crook" had received was worth to them the payment of the royalty, and the result justifies their action.

ADVERTISING DODGES.

Some queer advertising dodges were resorted to in the early days of the "Black Crook." Among them was the retaining of a gin-drinking parson named Smythe, who used to attend the performances and then preach sermons indorsing the "morality" of the play, said sermons being written for him by Bohemians of the New York press. Other evangelical clergymen, taking this in earnest, would reply, denouncing the play, many of them going to see it for themselves, and doubtless enjoying hugely the object lesson. Against this they would warn their flocks, at the same time painting its allurements in glowing colors, so that the baldest deacons became seized with an irresistible desire to behold the wonders. The comic papers had caricatures of the parsons at "the crook," and all this gave the piece a tremendous boom.

Here, in Boston, the piece was brought out at the old Continental theatre, and had an immense run, changing for the time the fortunes of that unlucky house, so that the manager might probably have retired with a fine competency at that time. This was the winter of the great snow storm. The house had been sold to out of town people that night, and the roads were so blockaded that they could not get in. The city was filled with people who could not get out of town, and they naturally resorted to the theatres for diversion. The Continental profitted by the storm, and got out new tickets for the evening, thus selling the same house over twice. The play was, of course, burlesqued by the negro minstrels, who, at that time, had not yet begun to wane before the coming of variety business, and Morris Bros. brought out the "Black Book," with a ridiculous black ballet, and the lattice-work curtain, which was then a feature of the transformation scene of "The Black Crook," was travestied by a rude trellis *a'la* back-yard, hung with stockings, dish-cloths and similar decorations.

The ballet in the present production will be particularly attractive, including the ballet business of three famous spectacles. One of the dances will be the *pas de huit champagne*, entitled "Veuve Cliquot." Mlle. de Rosa is a wonderful dancer, while Mlle. de Bazzano, who is from La Scala theatre at Milan, and is only 18 years old, has a strikingly beautiful figure.

How They Do It in Australia.

Nature.

When a girl is betrothed, her mother and aunts may not look at or speak to the man for the rest of his life, but if they meet him they squat down by the wayside and cover up their heads, and when he and they are obliged to speak in one another's presence, they use a peculiar lingo, which they call "turn-tongue." This queer dialect is not used for concealment, for everybody understands it, and some examples of it show that it has much in common with the ordinary language. To give an idea of the state of formality into which life has come among these supposed free-and-easy savages, mention may be made of the duties of the bridesmaid and groomsman. When the married pair have been taken to the new hut built for them, for the next two months the groomsman and the husband sleep on one side of the fire, the bridesmaid and wife on the other, the new-married couple not being allowed to speak or to look at one another. The bride is called "not-look-around," and the pair in this embarrassing position are a standing joke to the young people living near, who amuse themselves by peeping in and laughing at them.

Brigham's Luxurious Successor.

Salt Lake Tribune.

John Taylor, the successor of Brigham Young, intends to live in sumptuous style, fitting up the "Amelia Palace" luxuriously. Yesterday six loads of magnificent chairs and sofas were dumped down in the back yard. The cost of furnishing the palace with $500 carpets, $150 sofas and $15 easy chairs is estimated at not less than $75,000 or $100,000. Taylor's excuse for his extravagance is that he is preparing to receive the princes and potentates of Europe and senators and congressmen who may go to Utah. The cellar is to be well stocked with the best champagne for the entertainment of visitors, but when John Taylor thinks a bottle liable to spoil he feels at liberty to slip down stairs and save the wine.

Judge Gaslin of Nebraska is a man of unusual frankness. He told the grand jury at Lincoln the other day that they were a "relic of barbarism, a source of useless expense to the county, and of no earthly consequence to the community."

OUR SUPERIOR FRACTIONS.

All About "Our Sisters, Our Cousins and Our Aunts."

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

A Chapter Devoted to the Worshipers of Santa Crinolina and the Adorers of Fashion.

In Prussia women stoop to do the agricultural work. The men belong to the standing army.

The fact that Mrs. Jane Swisshelm's new son-in-law is a Chicago man excites great satisfaction in St. Louis.

We know an old maid who says it's bad enough for men to get married without fools of women imitating them.

People who own property anywhere on this continent will breathe easier now. Myra Clark Gaines has lost her last suit.

Senator Beck says that Kentucky has the fastest horses, the prettiest ladies and the purest Democracy (Bourbon) in the Union.

One of the Marquis of Lorne's sisters will, it is reported, assist him in entertaining his guests at Rideau Hall until his wife returns.

A young man who was presented with eleven Queen Anne pen-wipers on Christmas, by his lady friends, continues to wipe his pen on his coat-tail.

A Louisville woman who makes her own dresses asserts that she can make a dress with one-third of the material required by the average dressmaker.

"Does the world miss anyone?" asks a cynic. Well, yes; it misses the girls, at least until it becomes sufficiently familiar to call them by their first names.

Old umbrellas and buggy-tops are now becoming utilized by the ladies for theater hats. The demand for them almost equals that for confederate bonds.

Haverhill has her aristocracy, for it was in that place that the lady, in speaking of a fashionable party, said that all the "illicit of the city were present."—Lowell Courier.

Pun of the Patticake kind: Most great singers are accused of taking some slight stimulant, but few know how much it takes to prime a donna.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Philadelphia merchant recently provided his lady clerks with chairs. This considerate act becoming known, they had no chance to use them, so great was the run of customers.

During the dead year eleven paragraphers got off jokes on their mother-in-law, and then softy slipped into their last resting-place beneath the willows. It is well. Nobody has missed them.

A lady about to marry was warned that her intended husband, although a good man, was very eccentric. "Well," she said, "if he is very unlike other men, he is very likely to be a good husband."

Qualifying a sweeping assertion: Sophie (after hearing about Frank)—"I declare I shall not believe a word a man says to me. They're all liars!" Beatrice—"For shame, Sophie!" Sophie (regretfully)—"At least all the nice ones are."

The latest things in millinery are frogs, lizards and reptiles fastened and trimmed around the crowns of bonnets, often with a bird seeming to be caught among the serpent's coils. It makes cynical man again quote about Eve and the serpent.

New York has two or three bowling alleys especially for ladies. Young women who are too delicate to help their mothers to do housework will find rolling at tenpins a very pleasant exercise. But the best "ten strike" is to marry a man worth $1,000,000.

During 1881 only two householders mistook the hired girl for a burglar, and popped her dead. There is consequently no demand for a national convention of hired girls to discuss the question: "Shall we wear bullet proof corsets and demand more wages?"

The new fashion of short dresses is very pretty but hard on the Main street clerks. They have to sweep off the sidewalks every morning now, and one very fashionable dry-goods house was compelled to buy a broom this week, a thing they hadn't done in years.

Forty years ago, when Mrs. Mowatt was playing Juliet to a crowded house, and she lay dead in the tomb, she contrived to ask Romeo how the scene was going. "Beautifully," he answered. "The people down stairs have to put up unbrellas to prevent being drowned by the tears of those in the gallery."

"What the blazes do you want the nomination for? You're sure to be defeated at the polls." So said Bagdad to young Symonds. "Yes," said Symonds, "I know it, but I must have the nomination. You see I'm engaged to be married, and I want to get out of it, and if I run for offices the opposition papers will give such a horrid bad character that the girl won't have me. Catch the idea?"

As if the ordinary expenses of a fancy-dress ball were not sufficient, certain ladies now frequently appear at the same fancy ball in two different characters, retiring to change their dress before supper and reappearing in a different costume. At a recent festivity of this nature the Countess of Bective appeared first as Mary queen of Scots and later as a shower of gold. Mrs. Cornwallis West on the same occasion appeared in two consecutive characters—the "Comtesse Panada" from La Mascotte and the princess in the Forty Thieves.—London Truth.

Miss Genevieve Ward is quoted by the New Orleans *Picayune* as making divers pleasant speeches about the amiable Wilde: "I've known him since he was a boy," said she. "His mother is a charming woman, and a great friend of mine; highly accomplished she is, and Oscar was always very nice until he got this absurd æsthetic notion into his head. He began by wearing yellow cravats; sometimes he and Mrs. Langtry, who is really very beautiful, would come to see me play, and she generally carried a lily or two in her hand, frequently sending them behind the scenes to me, and was always charmed if I carried them on the stage."

A singular case involving the question of a husband's liability to his wife's debts, was tried in London the other day. It was against a Mr. Thistlethwayte, residing in Grosvenor square. An upholsterer sued for the amount of an account for repairs to furniture, the orders for which had been given by Mrs. Thistlethwayte. The question raised was the authority of the lady to pledge the credit of her husband, and on that point the defendant stated that in consequence of his wife's extravagance he had made her an allowance, in consequence of which she had promised not to contract debts without special authority. In addition several thousand circulars had been forwarded to tradesmen, among whom was the plaintiff, warning them not to supply goods to the order of Mrs. Thistlethwayte. Notwithstanding this it appears that she has succeeded in contracting debts to the amount of £25,000. The jury found that no authority to pledge the defendant's credit existed, and a verdict in accordance with that finding was entered.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the Washington woman lawyer, is trying a case before the United States circuit court at Boston, being employed by a Providence woman. She is about fifty years old, and appeared well in the court-room. Her handsome, matronly form was robed in a black velvet suit, diamond rings sparkled in her ears, and she impressed the spectators as both alert and able. Lawyer A. A. Ranney conducted the opposition, and in reply to one of his points Mrs. Lockwood said: "When you, sir, as a legislator, open the law schools and courts of Massachusetts to women lawyers, you may expect women to know something of the law." The case is significant as the first of its kind in New England, and from the fact that our supreme court recently refused to allow women to practice before it. The Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Association expressed its sense of the importance of the event by giving Mrs. Lockwood a reception at Providence.—Springfield Republican.

Rosa Bonheur is below the average height of her sex, but she is robustly and broadly built and carries her head with an air of freedom, and when a younger woman, almost of defiance. The carnation has not yet left her cheek, and her comely face speaks of health and vigor. Her hair, however, is fast turning gray, and she still wears it cut and parted like a man's. When in her studio and at home her attire also follows that of the sterner sex; but, as a clever contemporary remarks, "her face restores a perfect womanliness to the whole figure—small regular features, soft hazel eyes, and a dignified benignity of expression. The manner matches the face. She has a low pleasant voice, and a direct sincerity of speech most agreeably free from the artifices of compliment." When she goes to Paris she dresses in the uniform of her own sex; but she never assumes petticoats without deprecating the custom, and complaining of their interfering with the freedom of the limbs, and thereby impeding the power of locomotion.—Magazine of Arts.

and chronic complaints
DR. F. B. PILKINGTON
and Washington

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1882.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

BY MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

Daily, per month	$1 00
Daily with Sunday Oregonian, per month	1 25
Daily, per year	10 00
Daily with Sunday Oregonian, per year	12 00
Sunday Oregonian, per year	2 50
Sunday and Weekly Oregonian, per year	5 00
The Weekly Oregonian, per year	2 00
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Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted	25
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Epictitus says that all philosophy lies in two words "sustain" and "abstain."

Gen. P. St. George Cooke of the army writes to the *Army and Navy Journal* lamenting that Fitz John Porter's statements "are likely to hold their place among the countless fictions of history."

Scoville complains that the assassin, his brother-in-law and client, is being "hurried to the gallows." The "hurry" does not seem excessive; and if the place were reached the country could stand it.

Harvard university is considered rich. But popular opinion, often mistaken, is far out of the way in this case. At all events president Eliot reports a deficit of $35,000 last year—the largest in the history of the institution.

Now that congress is devoting itself to the problem of excluding wealth-producing labor from the country of course the country will soon grow rich. The bill to shut out the Chinese will doubtless soon become a law.

There is such a thing as moral wealth, a wisdom which makes a man in a large sense independent of the eternal fluctuations of circumstance. This is the wealth which cannot be lost, stolen, squandered, or sunk in panics or speculations. It is this wisdom in whose right hand is length of days, and in whose left are riches and honor.

Eighty-six national banks were organized in the United States during last year, with a capital of between $9,000,000 and $10,000,000. This is the largest number established in any one year since 1872. Twenty-six were discontinued. National banks are in existence in every state except Mississippi, and in every territory except Arizona. The total number is 2581.

The latest engineering project on foot contemplates the closing of the northerly outlet of the valley of the Mackenzie river at the line of 68 degrees north, and storing up the water of 1,260,000 miles square; to this could be added the water of other large areas, and thus a lake would be formed of about 2000 miles in length and some 200 average width. Ostensibly it is for navigation, but we suppose the only actual result would be an enormous addition to the annual ice crop.

The terms of the charter of the Northern Pacific are such as to put it out of the power of congress to take away the land grant. The charter provides that in case of failure of the company to comply with the conditions "congress may do any and all acts and things necessary to insure speedy completion of the road." Here is the only line of action which congress can take. It may do whatever is necessary "to insure speedy completion of the road," but cannot divert the lands to any other purpose.

Physicians under authority from the board of health have recently gone through the cellars and tenement houses of Chicago, and their reports disclose some terrible instances of poverty and wretched living. In many places men, women and children are herded together like pigs in low dirty holes which it is impossible to ventilate. In view of this horrible condition of affairs and the fact that smallpox is fast spreading throughout the city, the health commissioner has been empowered to declare any building unfit for habitation, and to regulate the number of inhabitants in buildings whose sanitary condition is unobjectionable.

A neat thing at the society dinner table now is to have a gold fish swimming in the finger bowl. A neater thing is to have no need of a finger bowl. A tidy person doesn't soil the hands in eating, as Chaucer says the tidy young woman doesn't smear her tucker with gravy or other food. But returning to finger bowls, if we must have both the bowl and the fish, would it not be well for each guest to have a tiny fishing tackle hid in the napkin, so he could occupy his fashionable and æsthetic mind between the courses in "bobbing" for the finny beauty?

Joaquin Miller met Oscar Wilde at a reception in New York. The Oregon prodigy at once began to laud the "Hub" to Mr. Wilde. "I am glad to see you. New York is a second Liverpool, but go to Boston and your heart will open like a flower. Mr. Wilde, there are two places in America to see, one is the East and the other the West—Oregon and California, for their natural greatness and beauty. But come and dine with me. I live on the fifth story with no one above me but God—[after a moment's reflection]—and the man who cleans the snow off my roof." Mr. Wilde simply replied, "I like America, and to say that is to say I like New York."

It doubtless seems a painful sacrilege to most Christian people that Col. R. G. Ingersoll should be called upon to speak at a funeral; but he recently made some remarks over the grave of a friend's child at Washington that were certainly not blasphemous and were consoling in their tendency. "Why should we," said he, "fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell; we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life, or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn." Had he never said anything worse than that he might have gained a reputation for being a true friend in time of trouble, instead of the great blasphemer of his time.

After eight months spent in microscopic examination of cereals as prepared for human food, Dr. Ephraim Cutter of New York informs the *American Medical Weekly* that white flours contain very little gluten or nitrogenous matter, which is the prime agent of nature to restore human tissue. He finds that they contain mostly starch, which is not very nourishing, sugar and fat, which only tend to keep up the temperature of the body. The gluten is contained in the inner coat of the grain—the bran—and when it is released by boiling it is readily distinguished by its sticky character, and its presence in flour always renders it darker than that which is usually put upon the market. Much of our prevalent indigestion, biliousness, languor, heart and liver troubles are said to be due to improper food, particularly bread, which contains little or no nutriment. An illustration of this bad habit is recorded by a New York physician, who tried to live three months on starchy, saccharine and fatty foods only, and after suffering greatly gave up the experiment upon finding that his heart was palpitating a third faster than before, and he has ever since been struggling to repair the injury done to his system, with rather poor success.

HISTORY OF LAND GRANTS.

In response to a call from congress the general land office has prepared and submitted a statement of the disposition made of the public lands of the United States under the various grants, down to the present time. Of course the aggregate is an enormous one. Land grants in our country date back much further than most persons would suppose. Doubtless it will surprise many to learn that the policy is as old as our declaration of independence. In 1776 the continental congress made a standing offer to British or other officers of the enemy's forces, if they would become citizens of the colonies and join the American army, of liberal land grants ranging from 1000 acres for a colonel down to 100 acres for a private, and at the same time congress granted to colonial officers and soldiers tracts ranging from 500 acres to a colonel down to 100 acres to a private, conditional in every case upon service to the end of the war. These grants absorbed many millions of acres. An appropriation was made of Ohio lands, in what was called the military district, to satisfy them, as one of the last acts of the continental congress. As bounties and rewards to the soldiers of the war of 1812, six million acres were donated to them, to be located in Michigan, Illinois and Arkansas. These warrants were located by a system of lottery in the state department and patents issued the same day. There was a portion of Ohio called the Virginia military reservation, containing over four million acres, set apart to satisfy land warrants issued by the state of Virginia. When the surveys of the land first began it was cut up into "quarter section townships" of 4000 acres each. Most of the warrants were for 100 acres; they were transferable by mere delivery, but could not be located unless the locator could get together enough to take up a whole township. The soldiers, under these circumstances, got very little for their warrants. A warrant for 100 acres was sold for a bushel of corn, when corn was cheap. Under the grant made to the soldiers of 1812 the warrants were not assignable. The selection was made by lottery and patents issued forthwith. It is said that not one person in five thousand who thus received an allotment of land ever went to look for it. The present owners of these lands thus patented trace title either to a tax deed or squatter sovereignty ripened into a good title by forty years of peaceable possession. Cases have been known of aged people possessing these old patents making the painful journey to hunt up their lands only to find the same sold forty years before for taxes and passed through various hands.

After the Mexican war there was another lavish grant of lands which profited the intended beneficiaries but very little. It has never been found difficult to procure a land grant, ostensibly for the benefit of those who have in any war risked their lives for their country. The sense of justice and sympathy was always quick to respond, little realizing that the scheme had its inception in every instance in the scheming brains of land agents who reaped three-fourths or more of the benefit. Besides warrants for military service, there was in 1862 a grand division of 9,600 000 acres among the states for agricultural colleges. Of all the states receiving this grant, only ten located their lands within their own borders, and worse still, many of the states disposed of their scrip at a small consideration, and even then frittered away the proceeds. It was a poor success as any efficient aid to agriculture.

The era of land grants to railroads is one of recent date, and the results of these grants are regarded by many as the most reckless and by others the most beneficial of all the uses ever made of our public domain. Aside from these railroad grants there have been 83,946,808 acres of land donated under various acts for military services principally. This would together constitute an extent of country more than one-third as large as the area of the original thirteen states. If sold at $1 25 per acre it would have yielded over a hundred millions of dollars. Most of this vast sum has gone to feed vultures, and not one dollar in a hundred has reached the intended beneficiary. In addition to the fact that the land sharks have absorbed most of this bounty intended for the soldiers, there has been a continual practice of frauds under one or another device. The land office says that 3000 warrants issued under the act of 1855 have been recalled for frauds discovered after the warrants were located and patent issued. It is very instructive, if not a very satisfactory, chapter to study.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN.

The American Association for the Advancement of Women, which held its ninth annual meeting in New York in October last, has printed and sent forth an account of the proceedings had on that occasion. We judge from the publication that the attendance was not large. The fact that a national organization of this kind should hold a widely advertised meeting in the great metropolis, with only a slim attendance, indicates the existence, or survival, of a great amount of prejudice against such discussions. It is not strange. The world over, defects are more noticed than excellencies, and we are apt to be swayed more easily towards carping and fault-finding than towards justice and praise. It is difficult to listen to a dozen wise men talk if one fool be present. His insipid chatter will so worry the mind and divert the attention of the hearer that he will fancy for the moment that the whole world is overflowing with nonsense. A crying child or a barking dog may break up a play or spoil a good sermon. How often a session of congress is brought into bad repute because two or three babbling fellows are always haranguing the house. Hence, a score or two of women who worship the toilet and the tinsel of shallow accomplishments, that pore over cheap novels and fashion plates, and toy with poodles and general folly, may make the idea current in a community that woman is a weak, silly creature, unable to become an associate and helpmeet in that development of life that requires energy, endurance, a level brain and self-reliance. It is undoubtedly true that much prejudice has been engered against such associations, because a few women who have soured on the men in consequence of their neglect or have been unhappily married and persist in judging all men by the one faulty husband, put themselves forward as leaders and thrust their stale budget of grievances upon the public every chance they get. One Mary Walker, in breeches, with a rowdy hat, rattan cane and mannish airs will do more to bring reproach upon the cause than Mrs. Cady Stanton could remove in a year. It is a matter of congratulation and augers well for the future that this class of bores and shrews are quietly being put on a back seat, and women who are ornaments to home and society are coming to the front at these annual meetings.

The history of the woes and sorrows of this helpmeet said to have been given to man in the Garden of Eden has never been fully written, all ancient history is masculine, a mere record of the thoughts and acts of men. Women filled a place so low and degraded as to be thought unworthy of mention in the chronicles of those olden times. It is only at wide intervals we find a bright spot in which her deeds and services receive honorable mention, as for instance the story of Penelope, Lucretia or Aspasia. The Spartan mothers and the mother of the Gracchi, who repressed every sign of grief when her children were slain in battle, and the courage of Portia or Arria, are only noticed because they broke away from the thrall of their sex and displayed the heroic daring and fortitude of brave, strong, warlike men. And this silence of ancient history about the career of one-half of the race is not so remarkable as it appears. It was natural in savage and semi-barbarous times when the habits of men were nomadic, wholly given to the chase and war, that the place of woman should be regarded as menial and degrading. In all those qualities in which men were fitted to excel she had not the physical power and endurance to make any noticeable success. What little fascination she possessed in the way of physical beauty was but lightly felt by coarse, savage men, and even that little charm was soon lost in the hardship of savage life. She was looked upon simply as the slave of man and as a minister to his passions. Men bought and sold their wives as they did cattle. Even in the Jewish writings we find Jacob purchasing Leah and Rachel, and according to Homer the custom was common among the Greeks. Religion had but little use for her, only as a scape-goat, to bear the sins of the race. It was the woman Eve that ate the forbidden fruit. It was the idle curiosity of Pandora that opened the box and let out all the woes and diseases of humanity. Many of the greatest philosophers of antiquity gravely doubted whether she had an immortal soul. One would think that the ideal glory the church wove into an aureole around the head of Virgin Mary for so many centuries, would have tended largely to the elevation of woman. But all through the Middle Ages, the chief excellence it wrought out for her was that of a meek, demure, devotee of religion, who believed in wearing the veil of solitude as a means of of the highest beatification. Under the old common law she had but few rights above that of a slave. The widow was called the relict of the dead husband, and was provided for as part of the inventoried estate. The law of descent favored the male issue. It is the chief glory of our era that it has slowly but surely made vast progress in the advancement of woman to her proper place in the social and political world.

But after all that has been said and done many contrive to have a confused idea of woman's legitimate place in the great world of endeavor. We may get at the foundation principle of the whole question if we go back to nature and study the laws by which she distributes everything to its place. We find that every tree, plant, flower and animal has its habit, at its place or kingdom on the map of the world. But the law is not exclusive or despotic. Nature says to every plant and flower, I plant you in a goodly spot where you can grow and come to perfection, but you are at liberty to emigrate where you please. If an Australian gum tree can grow in Oregon, she says let it grow. If the mountain pine or cedar can manage to live on the plain, she says give it a chance. And, in like manner, nature appoints to men and women a special place in the world's work, and points out clearly and unmistakably the outer world of rough toil as man's, the homeside of life as woman's. And this law is so fixed in its operation, that if a community could be started to-morrow, entirely free of all the trammels, traditions and customs of the past, and under the guidance of the women's association, it would make it impossible for women as a class to leave home, as home has to be left by men in carrying on the affairs of life. There is a difference whether we can define it minutely or not in the words manliness and womanliness that cannot be effaced. Some one has said that God laughed out loud when he invented the idea of motherhood, and this is only a pleasant way of putting the fact, that gives to home its chief attraction, and causes its fragrance to linger in all our memories as a sort of religion.

But nature is not rigid and inflexible in her methods. It is man who tries to parcel out this human life as he plants geraniums and strawberries, in beds so many feet long and so many feet wide. Now, it often happens that a woman is endowed with intellectual and esthetic powers that find no adequate field of expansion in the duties of home. Nature says I lay no impossible barriers around your home. I lay no embargo on your thoughts. If you think you can paint a picture, paint it. If you think you can write a poem write it. If you think you can travel through the realms of science, the road is free, and if a man places a toll-gate on it I will see that he is abated as a nuisance. Many women have no homes, and many never expect to have, and many that have are strong, self-reliant and grow tired and disgusted depending on fathers, brothers, or husbands. Many want to feel independent of the marriage relations, able to take care of themselves and still be useful and happy women. Many are driven by sheer want and poverty to seek a living with their own hands and heads as men do. Nature gives them a chance, let them have fair play, let all occupations be free. And it is one of the healthiest signs of the times that the feeling is steadily growing in favor of women being taught some useful and profitable employment, so as to be fully equipped for every emergency of life. There is no more sorry sight in this great, earnest, working world than to see girls sitting week in and week out working on some fancy trifle, or thumping the piano and waiting for the coming man. The coming man is a great deal more likely to come if he is not waited for, and if he is of any account, is a great deal more likely to stay when he does come, if he finds anything useful going on.

LITERARY NOTES.

George Ticknor Curtis's "Life of James Buchanan" is nearly finished and ready for publication.

J. R. Green's new historical work, "The Making of England," is to be published next month. The success of his "History of the English People" has been very remarkable.

Kings and princes out of business will find it profitable to enter the book-making trade. From the sale of her commonplace and inartistic "Birth-day Book" Princess Beatrice of Great Britain and Ireland has within a few weeks received $15,000.

Dean Stanley's paper on the Rev. F. W. Robertson is to appear in the February *Century*. It will be accompanied by a portrait of the Brighton preacher. Mr. Robertson was, by the way, at the time of his death engaged to marry Miss Mary Cecil Hay, the novelist.

A copy of Ben Jonson's works, on large paper (two vols., W. S. Stansby & R. Meighen, 1616 40), sold in London a few weeks ago for $600. In it were written Johnson's own hand these words: "To his most learned and honor'd friend, Mr. Edward Heyward, Ben Jonson's guift and testimony of observance."

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just published Professor Nordenskjold's story of the "Vega's" voyage in the region of ice. One especially valuable portion of this book is the preliminary survey of all previous Arctic voyages. It is thus made in some measure a history of Arctic explorations. The book has maps and many illustrations.

The Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon left an article on the Mormons unfinished on the night before he died, intending to complete it next day. He took the ground that the extermination of polygamy had become imperative, and the last completed paragraph was a caustic arraignment of the late Jim Fisk as a social offender of the same sort, but in far less degree than a Mormon.

The *North American Review* presents in its February number Part III of its series of articles on "The Christian Religion." It is from the pen of Geo. P. Fisher, the eminent professor of ecclesiastical history in the Yale divinity school, as thorough a scholar and as able a defender of the Christian faith as this country affords. A powerful presentation of the claims of Christianity is presented.

The London *World* satirizes Mr. Black, the novelist, after the following pungent style, which is said to be an excellent imitation of the original: "Hech, mon, but I'm wee Wullie Black, frae Aberdeen, inventor o' the grand airt of fillin three bukes wi' no story, only a great hashin' together o' scenic descreeptions and Gaelic names. Ye ken hoo it's done? Eh, but it's braw wark and makes the siller!"

M. Alexandre Dumas's "Theatre," in six volumes, is to be one of the rareties dear to the bibliophiles of the future. Only ninety copies are to be printed, and not one will be sold. The greater part will be given to the actors and actresses who have "created" M. Dumas's plays. The work, which is exquisitely printed, is filled with notes and details of great interest concerning the French stage for the last thirty years.

The "Life of John Quincy Adams," by J. T. Morse, the first of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s series of "American Statesmen," will shortly appear. Professor Sumner, of Yale, is to write the biography of Andrew Jackson; President Gilman that of James Monroe; Dr. H. von Holst that of John C. Calhoun; and Colonel Higginson that of Benjamin Franklin. This series will, as a whole, furnish in some sort a history of politics in America.

Ernest Renan, in his latest work, gives his opinions concerning woman. "A beautiful woman," he says, "expresses one phase of the Divine purpose; one of the ends of God, just as a man of genius expresses another; and she has an instinctive consciousness of the infinite treasure she bears in her person. Why forbid her, then, to make the most of the gift with which she is endowed—a gift that serves as a setting to the diamond that may have escaped her?"

"The Question of Cain," by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, author of "A Golden Sorrow," and other stories. Mrs. Hoey is the exact opposite of Mrs. Southworth, and eschews everything sensational and supernatural in her writings. Her characters seem to move in a natural atmosphere, like plain and practical men and women in every-day life; and there are no debasing tendencies that can arise from the perusal of her works. Since Grace Aguilar, no writer, male or female, has depicted the inner life of refined British society so graphically as Mrs. Hoey.

"Sir Christopher Wren," by Lucy Phillimore. This story gives the private life and published letters of a great man, the architect of St. Paul's church at London. It treats largely upon architecture, more especially that of buildings devoted to divine worship; and its history of the demolition of old St. Paul's and the erection of the new edifice upon its site, is a peculiarly interesting feature of the book. It also belongs to the Franklin Square series of railway reading. Harper's, sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

"The Captain's Room," by Walter Besant and James Rice, is another Franklin Square publication, and has for its hero a gallant young sailor who saves his rival suitor from a murderous gang of Kanakas at the risk of his own life. There is a good deal of crime and villainy in the book, yet it is not clad in glowing colors, but is made odious once and for all. The chief rascal in the story is a Yankee skipper by the name of Barnabas B. Wattles, a singular compound of courage and cruelty.

Sir Charles Lyell's habit of persistent letter-writing has been of inestimable service to his biographer. As a youth he wrote long and lively letters, and continued the practice to the day of his death, composing them far more carefully, with more literary finish and choice of phrase than most people of this generation take the trouble to bestow upon a magazine article. In writing his books he used to take what he called a "two hours' spell" of work. Then he would rest for two hours, avoiding any reflection or conversation on the subject-matter of his book. "After lying two hours fallow," he says in one of his letters, "the mind is refreshed, and then in five minutes your fancy will frame speculations which it will take you the two hours to realize on paper."

"Esau Hardery," by W. O. Stoddard, published by White & Stokes, New York, and A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. This book is one of the most dramatic of domestic novels, and will have as great a run as "Neighbor Jackwood" or Mrs. Holmes' "Tempest and Sunshine." It is a story of Yankee life, and Hardery is a tramp of the heroic type, like John Valjean, in Victor Hugo's great historical romance. The character of Camilla Ranier, the beautiful and heartless woman of fashion, is a highly drawn but not exaggerated portrait of to-day's woman of the world. The rugged character of old Uncle Madison is on the style of John Owens Unit, in the comedy of "Self." We have seldom seen an American novel that was less sentimental, and yet it is a fearfully scathing satire on American metropolitan life.

Who would have fancied that Bret Harte was that kind of a fellow? Yet there is G. T. Lanigan for it, and trust the father of such dainty conceits as his were to tell his offspring on sight. His card to a New York journal explains the matter: "I notice in your paper of to-day an article copies from *The London Echo*, headed, 'Bret Harte's New Book—A Collection of Fables.' Of the five fables given, four have been stolen *verbatim et literatim* from my volume, 'Out of the World,' published five years ago, and favorably noticed in *The Tribune*, if I mistake not, and the fifth has been expanded and spoiled. Mr. Harte seems to have gone to the length of appropriating the illustrations of my friend, Mr. F. S. Church. I have heard of wholesale literary piracies, but there is a sweet, luscious largeness about Mr. Harte's work which reminds one of nothing so much as a mammoth California fruit ripened in an English hot-house."

"The Dickens Reader" is a series of choice excerpts from the pages of the master who wrote of the heroism of humility. It is like looking into a photographer's specimen rack, to see all the dearly loved old favorites before us, in the type if not in the flesh. There is Micawber, with his eyeglasses and his gaiters; Sairey Gamp, with her poke bonnet and her green umbrella; Aunt Betsy Trotwood, with her chronic dread of donkeys, and Mr. Barkis, who is as "willin'" as ever. There is Pip talking to poor Miss Havisham, the bride of many years; and through the somber vail of smoke between us and the glowing forge, we see the honest face of dear, unselfish old Joe Gargery. There is Carker, the treacherous confidential clerk of old Dombey, side by side with Florence of the sunlit face and loving heart; Sol Gills, the "chockfullest man of larnin' and science;" and last, and best of all, Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner of England, with his great heart bursting with manly grief because "Wally is droundead." This forms one of the Franklin Square Library of household publications, and is ingeniously compiled by Nathan Sheppard. Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

"Civil Services in Great Britain" is another of the Franklin Square series, from the pen of Dorman B. Eaton, already well known as a writer upon civil policy and political economy. The book is a carefully compiled and well written production, couched in plain language and entirely free from anything like rhetorical flourish. The chapter on Oliver Cromwell alone is fully worth the price of the book, and the one devoted to William of Orange gives the reader a thorough insight into the character of that bravest and most democratic of monarchs. The preface by George William Curtis is a superfluity, for while Mr. Eaton is not as well known to the reading public as the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, he is fully his equal as a political writer and will some day be equally famous in the world of letters, and a good deal more esteemed in the hearts of the people.

The poem by Capt. Pierce, which we reprint from the *United Service Magazine*, is an excellent specimen of literary and poetic expression. The pure ore of poetry is in it. Not all parts of it, indeed, are equally well sustained; and we think the descriptive passages are best. But if the imagination and dramatic power is inferior to the narrative and descriptive, it may be said that the union of all those qualities is rare, and that when they are united the result is the highest order of poetry. We should be extremely glad to see Capt. Pierce try his hand upon Oregon traditions, taking for instance some of those incidents of early times in that domain where history is passing or has passed into legend. Capt. Pierce is the author of that translation of Virgil's Æneid in rhythmic prose, of which THE OREGONIAN published a notice some time ago, and which has attracted wide attention as an original and meritorious performance.

There is a rumor of the unearthing of rare books in London. A few weeks ago a man walked into a bookseller's shop and offered for sale a book taken, as he said, from a small library which had for many generations been in his family. For a long period before the collection came into his hands, the whole of the books had, he stated, been fastened up in cases. A considerable proportion of them, moreover, were, according to his account, in black letter. Astonished at the sum offered him for the book he brought, he refused at once to sell it or to give any further information concerning its fellows, and departed to make, as he said, further inquiries. The book he exhibited was an early copy, in fine preservation, of Shakespeare's poems. Should this be in any sense representative of the collection a famous prize has turned up. It is impossible to say what treasures, supposed to be irrecoverably lost, might not be stowed away in these mysterious cases.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Satan never devised a measure so effective in throttling the life of the church as let-well-enough-alone policy.—The Presbyterian.

According to the last reports there are 88 Congregational churches in California, with a membership of 5227, a gain of 650 during the year.

During 1881, 182 Congregational ministers were ordained or installed, 70 were dismissed, and 74 died. Eighty-nine churches were organized.

Repentance is the repudiation of self, and faith is the acceptance of Christ, and between the two is a gulf where many a man has been drowned in perdition.—A. J. Gordon.

Bishop Whipple recently remarked: "As the grave grows nearer, my theology is growing strangely simple, and it begins and ends with Christ as the only refuge for the lost."

It is a very noteworthy fact that the benificent works of Christianity are in the exact line of the works by which the Christ proved the divineness of his mission.—National Baptist.

When God punished Pharaoh in Egypt, it was not by armies, but by locusts and lice, which, though small and contemptible, are capable of the greatest mischiefs.—Edmund Burke.

For any particular church or minister, or for the whole church at any particular era, we can conceive of no loss more injurious and fatal than the loss of the missionary spirit.—The Interior.

The best time to mold your new church into right Christian habits is when they are warm with their first love. When the metal has cooled it is intractable.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

We are to pray for daily bread, and by faith appropriate the blessings of grace continually. Our spiritual life and vigor depend upon this daily reception of spiritual food.—Western Christian Advocate.

The deeds that stand highest on the records in heaven are not those which we call great. Many "a cup of cold water only," will be found to be rated higher there than golden chalices brimming with rare wines.—Collier.

A hundred sermons fall still-born from the pulpit because of their pointless structure where one repels by excess of angularity. That is sure to be a still-birth which produces a body without a vertebræ. Life must have an osseous framework.—Austin Phelps.

Inward goodness and benignity of spirit reflect a certain sweetness upon the very countenance and make it amiable and lovely, inspire the soul with a noble resolution and courage, and make it capable of enterprising and effecting the highest things.—Scougal.

A writer in an English church paper says that within two years 11 Congregational, 11 Presbyterian, 17 Methodist, and 12 Baptist ministers have been ordained priests and deacons in the Episcapal church. These, including some from other denominations, make 65.

There is a difference between telling one his faults and telling *of* one's faults. The latter is forbidden, the former commanded; yet we are prone to commit the fault of disobeying the command and disregarding the injunction. How is it about the motes and the beams?—Pastor.

The American Sunday Scool Union gives the following statistics in regard to its work of 57 years: 69,846 schools organized, containing 447,380 teachers and 2,909,037 scholars; 109,402 cases of aid to schools, having 6,720,000 members; value of publications distributed by sales and donations, $7,000,000.

Episcopal church charities in New York include 18 or 20 institutions. Besides the city mission and St. Luke's hospital, there are two homes for incurables, six or seven institutions for children, two for aged people, one for consumptives, two for fallen women, and one each for the blind and for aged and infirm deaf mutes. In addition to these there are several parochial charities.

The *Churchman* says: "The paragraph going the rounds of the secular press, to the effect that the revised New Testament has ceased to command a sale, has been verified by our own inquiry among the book-sellers of New York city. The fact is as alleged, and it is very significant. The 'new version' was bought for curiosity's sake, like any other 'novelty,' and, curiosity being satisfied, the demand has ceased."

"This is the season of church fairs and festivals. Keep gambling of all degrees and kinds out of them. And don't attempt to whip the devil around a stump, by means of grab bags, ring cakes, guess cakes, and bottles of beans. If the Lord's cause needs any gambling, give him a good, Simon-pure article, a straight-out raffle or a roulette table. Little, mean dodges have all the sin of open and avowed gambling. But the Lord's cause does not need anything of the sort.—The Golden Rule.

During the last five years the Church of England has given at the rate of £141,000 a year for the endowment of her new churches; within the last forty years she has built over 5100 new parsonages, in addition to old ones restored, and has increased her incumbents by nearly 8000. Her curates at present number some 5800, and she raises £933 000 a year to pay them, of which £400,000 pounds is paid by incumbents. The Church of England raises voluntarily over £5,500,000 a year; that is, nearly £460,000 a month.

DIED.

Near Ames Chapel, Washington county, Jan. 26th, Daniel B. Foster, a native of Connecticut, aged 56 years.

Funeral from the Presbyterian church this day (Sunday) at 2 P. M. [San Francisco and Norwich, Conn., papers please copy.]

NEW TO-DAY.

FOOT LATHE FOR SALE.

ONE NUMBER FOUR EAGLE FOOT LATHE for sale cheap. Apply at No. 161 Fourth St. 26d6t

FOR SALE.

THE BEST PONY IN PORTLAND: ALSO, A handsome side-bar buggy and harness. Apply to MISNER BROS., or MAJOR CANBY. 25ThF8&Su

A COOK AND LAUNDRESS WANTS A SITUATION, or will do housework for a small family. Address K. M. P., this office. 28d2t

IRISH LAND LEAGUE. ATTENTION!

A FULL MEETING IS DESIRED SUNDAY AT 3:30 P. M., at Red Men's Hall. R. D. PITT, President.
R. J. DOOLING, Sec'y.

LOST.

ON SUNDAY LAST, ON THE ROUTE FROM Salmon and Ninth to Park and Pine Sts., an ear ring with enamel face and pearl setting. Finder will please leave at this office and be rewarded. 28d2t

SCHOOL BOOKS.

PARENTS, SEND YOUR CHILDREN TO C. HIRSTEL & CO., 106 First St., for their school books. Their stock is complete, and they give them more for their money than any other house in the city. j28d5t

NOTICE.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE BUILDING FUND OF Turn Halle will please call at Alisky & Hegele's, 145 First St., and receive their money on presentation of shares, from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M., on the 27th, 28th and 30th inst. 27d3t C. A. ALISKY, Treas.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT H. E. Bosch is no longer in our employ.
HECHT BROS. & CO.
Portland, Or., Jan. 25, 1882. ja25d4&S3t

A CARD.

I HAVE THIS DAY SOLD MY CANDY FACTORY and store to Mr. Ed. Bernheim, late of Rothschild & Ehrenpfort, of San Francisco, Cal. He will continue to manufacture all kinds of candies, and will sell them wholesale and retail. I recommend him to my old patrons and the public in general.
F. BICKEL, 84 First St.
Portland, Jan., 1882.

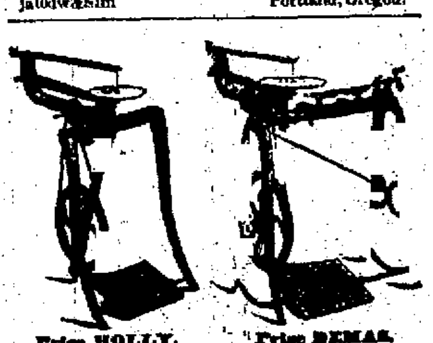
In accordance with the above I respectfully solicit the patronage of the public and the trade. Having had long experience in the manufacture of all kinds of candies, I guarantee satisfaction.
28d4S3t ED. BERNHEIM.

A Handsome Residence Property, situated on Eleventh street, between Salmon and Taylor, with Fine Residence thereon, will be sold at auction, in a few days. For particulars inquire of
27 **PERRY & WHITE, or GILMAN & CO.**

The Bishop Scott Grammar School,

A Boarding and Day School for Boys and Young Men.

WILL BEGIN ITS EASTER TERM OF TWENTY weeks Jan. 24, 1882. The school offers peculiar advantages to those who wish to prepare for college or business, and to those who desire to pursue any special course of study. The school is well officered and the instruction thorough. Particular attention is paid to ungraded scholars. Each pupil receives a thorough and practical training in English. A careful watch is kept over the manners and morals of pupils, and no one is admitted to the school without a satisfactory certificate of good moral character. Send for catalogue or any further information to the rector, the Rt. Rev. B. Wistar Morris, D. D., or the head master,
J. W. HILL, M. D.,
ja10dw&Sim Portland, Oregon.



Prize HOLLY. Prize DEMAS.

The LATEST and BEST NEW DESIGNS and sawyers' materials in great variety. Send stamp for our new Illustrated Catalogue.
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Cor. First and Taylor Sts., Portland, Oregon.

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SEALS

SEAL ENGRAVER, 32 FIRST ST

NEW TO-DAY.

THE REDUCTION

In the price of refined sugars, and the large ... we made to our factory during last month, ... bles us to announce to our patrons

A SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTION IN T
PRICES OF OUR
CANDIES!

Dealers will please take notice that we ... nufacture more different kinds of Candie... any other factory on the coast, and ... pure quality and full weight.

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Proprietors of
Portland Steam Candy Manufac
145 First and 28 Alder St.
P. O. Box 61.

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Addition to East Portland,
ON THE
BASE LINE ROAD,

Lots and Blocks for sale in this Tract on Easy Terms.

Apply either to P. E. MATHIOT,
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At the office of Gibson,
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126

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We have Reduced our

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Children's, with Hoods
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These goods we buy direct ... manufacturers, and are the ... ity in the market.

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JOHN A. CHE

Corner Morrison and
DEALER IN
Fine Chemicals, P
TOILET ARTIC
Sponges, Soaps,
Orders by mail promptly

ANOTHER GOLD WATCH GIVEN A

NEW SERIAL STORY BY MRS. DUNIWAY.

READ CAREFULLY.

The publishers of the NEW NORTHWEST will begin, on THURSDAY, 1882, the publication of a NEW SERIAL STORY, entitled

"THE MYSTERY OF CASTLE R

A STORY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST,

BY ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY,

And continue its publication from week to week for a period of six months. The serial is ... way's best literary efforts. It is powerfully written, embellished by vivid descriptions of ... companied by life-like delineations of character, and marked by deep analysis of ... human nature, the whole connected by a deep and thrilling plot that will hold the ... end. Its moral, "Be sure your sin will find you out," will find a ready response in all ... happy sequel will not fail to please and satisfy them.

THE PRIZE WATCH FOR SUBSCRIPT

We will give an ELEGANT AMERICAN HUNTING-CASE SOLID GOLD WATCH ... a PRIZE to the man or woman, boy or girl, who will bring or send, on or before the ... 1882, the greatest number of new subscriptions, accompanied by the cash. In addition ... we will pay a commission of 20 per cent. on all new subscriptions, thus paying all ... But the successful competitor for the watch will be allowed no commission, as the prize will ... pensation. The rates for the paper are $3 00 or $1.50 for six months. Two six months ... count for the prize as one yearly subscription.

TWO WATCHES OF ABOUT EQUAL VALUE,

A Lady's and a Gentleman's, are on exhibition in the window of J. VAN BEURDEN, ... at No 107 First street. He will take pleasure in showing them to any and all interested. ... They are both handsome and valuable time-pieces, and are warranted as represented by ... The winner can select either watch.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF "THE MYSTERY OF CAST

Will be ready next Monday, Jan. 30th, in the form of a printed circular and all who ... either call or send to the publication office, No. 5 Washington street, up stairs, for both ... copies of the NEW NORTHWEST, which will be furnished free at any time after that ... pete may send names and money as fast as received, retaining the commission, which the ... watch will be required to forward when the result is published in the city press of March ... must be sent in by 6 o'clock P. M. on March 1st, and under no circumstances will there be ... Remember, that the first watch we offered (in September last) was secured by a lad who ... teen yearly and six semi-yearly subscribers.

It costs nothing to try for this watch; and even if you do not secure it, ... your work. Send for circular and samples and try for it.
DUNIWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
No. 5 Washington street,

Established 1858

R. SHERLOCK, SUCCESSO

S. SHERLOCK

Manufacturer and Importer of

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Also, a Complete Assortment

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For Stockmen's saddles.

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WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS,

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WALTER BROS., 85 First Street.

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we take notice that we man-
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for sale in this Beautiful
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FOLLOWS:
with Hoods...$2 25
with Capes..... 2 75
Hoods........ 2 25
Capes......... 3 50
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DEALER IN
cals, Perfumery,
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THURSDAY, MARCH 2
LE ROCK,"
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The serial is one of Mrs. Duni-
scriptions of natural scenery, ac-
alysis of the strongest phases of
old the reader's attention to the
se in all upright minds, while its

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GOLD WATCH (Elgin make) as
efore the evening of March 1.
In addition to this liberal offer,
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the prize will be his or her com-
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VALUE,
RDEN, the well known jeweler
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of March 2d. All subscriptions
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NT ST., PORTLAND, OR
CARPETS!
DS.
st Street.

and chronic complaints
DR. J. B. PILKINGTON
and Washington sts.

unday Oregonian.

DAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1882.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN
sale at the following places:
ce candy store.
Fourth and Morrison.
Fourth and Yamhill
's, Third and Yamhill.
ng's, 52 Morrison.
mer's, 187 First.
's, 183 First.
's, First and Morrison.
Pacific News Co., First near Occidental:
ohn's, First and Alder.
's, First and Alder.
First and Washington.
mme's, First near Oak.
, 65 First.
ase's, First and Ash.
orell, First and C.
aylor's, First near E.
street ferry.
the counting room of THE OREGONIAN, cor.
and Stark.

ABOUT PORTLAND.

act Let Yesterday for Grading 57 Miles of Railroad.

SHIP CHARTERED FOR CHINA.

Daniel B. Foster—Mrs. W. H. Formerly of this City, Stricken with Paralysis—Personal and General.

Columbia sails for Portland this morning.

Abraham of Roseburg is at the Clarendon.

dock for the O. R. & N. Co. will be- days.

is out of three cent stamps, and received for a week.

, of Powell's valley, was stricken with last Tuesday and is lying very low.

mentioned as having the smallpox family of Thos. Stephens, the well known

g men were arrested yesterday charged keno. Each deposited $25 for his ap- onday.

P. Rowell, of the well known New tising agency, returned on the last a brief stay here.

all was arrested yesterday by Constable ed with stealing a pair of boots from ront street. He was locked up in the

tion was served upon the owners of straining them from proceeding with wharf at the foot of Pine street. It is in the State circuit court, February 4th. work has been stopped.

BURGLARY AT SALEM.

meat market at Salem was entered by time during Friday night and the of some $385 in coin. Entrance was through the back door and the safe— affair—was unlocked by the skill- wire in the hands of an undoubted ex- has yet been found to the participants ion.

CHANGE IN STEAMERS.

that the steamship City of Chester place of the Eureka now running to Alaska ports, on account of the inabil- to do the necessary work, being so the report has not been substan- bly true, as the Alaska business has within the last two years; enough of two steamers with the carrying the Eureka.

CHARTERED FOR CHINA.

the Oregon Improvement Company's Captain Meyer, was chartered by & Co. for a voyage to Hong Kong. Departure day about March 10 with the trip, but with no other cargo. will bring one thousand Chinamen Pacific and a few-hundred tons of The steamer will arrive out about return to Portland by June 1st.

STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS.

reached this city by private letter that of Washington, D. C., daughter Thomas J. Dryer, founder of THE ORE- two strokes of paralysis, and is now private ward of Providence hospital right side is entirely paralyzed, sinking very fast. She is attended by hopes are entertained of her recov- so low that she has not been able to

LARGE RAILROAD CONTRACT.

the Oregon Railway and Navigation concluded negotiations with J. B. David, Steel and others, composing the Oregon Construction company, and a contract for constructing the rail- from Pendleton to a point near La distance of fifty-seven miles. This in- heavy work over the Blue Mountains. surveyed there were four tunnels, but now think they will be able to get one, which will be less than four The contract requires that the finished by the first of October, 1882. will begin immediately.

OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. Eliot of the Unitarian course of Sunday evening lectures the second. At that time he an- series of sermons he would admirable and positive in the that by which it lives, and has in history. The Hebrew reli- and worship were then explained, and of Christians shown. The very themselves to criticise in the Jewish result of oppression and cruelty on dom. The Jews survives, not as judgment but by reason of his own truths of religious experience. Catholic church will be spoken of standpoint of historical truth and for to human kind.

THE MINSTRELS.

house as the New Market had last the All Star minstrels was never seen in during Lawrence Barrett's engage- stage set was very fine, and sev- in the first part made quite a showy But the first song satisfied our reporter brevities was guilty of no sole- characterized the band as "local tal- the only singer, in the party who is of county that have previously appeared is pretty evident they had never sung they got on the steamer to come to Dixon, Roe, Rafter and Freeth, party consisting of Rockafellar, Baker, it is hard to call this a first-class singing is not even up to that of the party which visited here last sum- act by Sam Dearin was very well clog dance is so far ahead of all dancing that we have seen that we have pronouncing it a red-letter perform- company will appear again to-morrow

AND CALIFORNIA EXTENSION.

Plaindealer says that active work of the Oregon and California rail- Last Monday's train, it says, Chinamen, who are to be used on the above town and 125 more have come there will be but three or four be stationed along between here and Six thousand pounds of powder the company's powder house at present come as it is needed. Sixty "dump Saturday evening last, which will be and ails." Andrew Jones is at work which will soon be completed. with efficient assistants has the shop in running order up near mill and is at work on he has been putting and order. Lumber is on the ground for a the sink just below the new mill, also across Parrot creek just south of places have been excavated for the piers At last the agony of suspense is the people at large will rejoice that the and that we are to have a through line which will be of almost incalculable building, and of greater benefit after

OF A PIONEER STEAMBOATMAN.

Foster, well known to all the traveling pioneer steamboat clerk, died yesterday near this city, aged 58 years. He of Norwich, Connecticut, and came to coast early in the fifties. In 1853 he was on the Confidence, plying between San and Sacramento. He came up here about of the Nez Perce gold-excitement, and purser on the Wilson G. Hunt, ply- this city to the Cascades. When the writer here in 1870 he found Dan proprietor of the Saloon. When the bars were abolished bought the Oro Fino saloon out from J. H. connection with E. A. Willis, but his so rapidly that he was obliged to retire business. Since then he has been slowly until death terminated his long sufferings. was acute rheumatism, which finally his heart and ended his life. Foster was man, of kindly impulses, and his death deplored by many who respected him as a Three steamboatmen who came up here Sacramento river have died within the past the other two being Capt. James W. the greatest of all swift-water pilots, Capt. Stump, who fell at the wheel of the Spo- of whom it might be truthfully said that at his post doing duty."

THE COLORED BRETHREN.

Dearin, the greatest musical genius on stage, in new acts at the New Market to-morrow night. Go, and forget your cares for a few minutes. Also, Mr. Billy will sing the latest success, "Mary Kelly's character.

—Till March 1st, will be sold the entire of millinery goods at Miss A. I. Jorgensen's, First street. The ladies should note this.

MATINEE.

Gigantic All Star minstrels will give a grand next Tuesday, the 31st, for the accommoda- ladies, children and pupils of the schools. attractive programme will be rendered. will commence at 2 o'clock.

second hand Piano, good as new, at 153 Third Must be sold at once.

and canvassers wanted at New York Nov- 49 First street, for fast selling articles.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Lieut. H. H. Benham, 2d infantry, on leave, is in New York city.

Mrs. M. H. Holbrook is visiting friends in San Francisco and Oakland.

Mr. A. F. Wheeler, assistant secretary of state, and bride, arrived by the "State."

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Buford of Corvallis, celebrated their tin wedding last Monday.

Lieut. J. S. Parke, 21st infantry, is spending part of his leave of absence in New York city.

Miss Ella Powell of Salem, left Friday for Waitsburg, W. T., to visit friends and relations.

Mr. J. J. Chappell returned Thursday from an extended visit to his old home in the sunny south.

Miss Clara Bishop, daughter of Rev. W. R. Bishop of this city, and Dr. I. W. Starr of Albany, were married at Brownsville on the 15th inst.

Lieut. T. W. Symons is en route to Washington, under telegraphic instructions from the adjutant general. He will probably be absent three months.

Dr. Geo. F. Wilson, son of Dr. R. B. Wilson, recently passed examination before the army board and has been assigned to duty as assistant surgeon at Vancouver.

Hon. C. C. Beekman of Jacksonville, who has been paying his old home in New York a protracted visit, is expected home in a few days, having arrived in San Francisco last Wednesday.

Mr. Roy Hollabaugh, formerly of this city, was married last week to Miss Minnie Overacre of Oakland, Cal., Rev. Hobart Chetwood, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, officiating.

Miss Hattie McCrary, niece of ex-Secretary McCrary, was married at the home of her sister, Mrs. G. H. Tracy at Baker City, on the 12th inst., to Mr. E. C. Steffen, late of Davenport, Iowa. A grand reception was given the bridal pair at Rust's hall on the evening of the 18th.

EPIPHANY PARTY.

The rector warden and vestry ably assisted by the ladies' guild of St. Paul's parish, Salem, gave their first epiphany party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Edes on Gaity Hill, Wednesday evening last. It proved one of the pleasantest affairs of the season and was largely attended. The exercises were of the most social character, consisting chiefly of music, whist, dancing and social converse, interspersed with refreshments of the choicest varieties which had been provided by the ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Edes spared no pains to add to the enjoyment of their guests, and dispersed their hospitalities with that grace and freedom of which they are characteristic. The epiphany cake, containing a plain gold ring suitably inscribed, the winner of which is to provide a place for holding the party one year hence, created no little amusement, the ring being drawn by Mrs. Jos. Holman. Taken all in all this, the initial gathering of the kind, proved a social success.

NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY.

The following named pupils of the Portland public schools, were perfect in attendance during the first half of the school year, which closed Friday:

NORTH SCHOOL—GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Abell, George
Ainslie, Carrie
Anderson, Ella
Bantz, Oscar
Campion, Lulu
Campion, Harry
Carstens, Alwyn
Crowne, Eugene
Coursen, Ida
Dalton, Carrie
Dickens, Lizzie
Dunbar, David
Duniway, Ralph
Ebinger, Louise
Freeborn, Emma
Happersett, George
Hughes, John
James, Jessie
James, Sarah
Laing, Josie
Lawrence, John
Ley, Lexxie
McFall, John
Misener, Edward
Phillips, Clementine
Pittock, Carrie
Prideaux, Kate B.
Quimby, Elmer
Raab, Millie
Rahles, Victor
Sherlock, Emma
Shire, Louise
St. Clair, Walter
St. Clair, Olive
Story, Harry
Stroud, Florence
Thayer, Margery
Thompson, Bessie
Townsend, Frank
Whitehouse, Gertrude
Wilhelm, Anna
Woods, Harry
Young, Belle
Young, John

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Ainslie, George
Atkinson, Annie
Atkinson, Rena
Avery, Fredrika
Bautz, Lilly
Blank, William
Boire, Marie
Boire, Laurana
Rubb, Ellen
Burelbach, Frank
Burelbach, Nellie
Burelbach, Annie
Brasen, Louis
Brasen, Andrew
Brasel, Mary
Brasel, Maggie
Carr, Henry
Carstens, Sophie
Cannavan, Margaret
Conner, Vessie
Coursen, Florence
Crombie, Kinzie
Daly, Bertie
Daly, Edgar
Dickens, Joseph
Donnel, Williand
Druschal, Sarah
Dumphrey, John
Dumphrey, Charles
Dunnervau, Mattie
Eastabrook, Gertie
Emmert, Jacob
Fellows, Cynthie
Gilliam, Hetta
Griebel, Emma
Goodnough, Fred
Harper, Alfred
Hicky, Margaret
Hicky, Ida
Huntington, Maude
Huntington, Lizzie
Johnson, Edward
Jacobsen, Louis
Jacobsen, Fred
Jordan, Emily
Jordan, Clara
Jordan, George
Knoll, Alfred
McAllister, Ida
McAllister, William
McGowan, Willie
McGowan, Warren
McKinnon, Mamie
McKinnon, Lizzie
Morris, Maud
Nueburg, Georgiana
Nolan, Alice
Noffke, Willie
Nelson, John
Nelson, Agnes
Obrender, Augusta
Obrender, Mary
Obrender, Albert
Peterson, Lillie
Peterson, Jennie
Phillips, Nellie
Prescott, Augustus
Pittock, Katie
Potter, Daisy
Quimby, Daisy
Reid, Bernie
Reid, John
Robinson John
Rivears, Fred
Singleton, Sarah
Smith, Evelina
Smith, Joseph
Stephenson, Emma
Stinger, Fannie
Taylor, Hattie
Taylor, Carrie
Tracy, Carrie
Tracy, Katie
Trimble, Alfred
Vigelius, Louis
Vigelius, Minnie
Vigelius, Lizzie
Wagenblast, Adelina
Wendorf, John
Wilson, Alice
Zimmerman, Willie

ABSENT ONLY ON SACRED DAYS—GRAMMAR.

Hirsch, Benny
Hirsch, Willie
O'Neil, Mary
Waldman, Simon
Wasserman, Samuel
Wertheimer, Ida

PRIMARY.

Dove, Theresa
Dove, Isaac
Gaffney, Nellie
Gibson, Mamie
Hirstel, Aimee
Hirstel, Henrietta
Hirsch, Arthur
Hirsch, Herman
Hirsch, Edward
Keil, Anthony
Murphy, Nora
Murphy, Joseph
Norton, May
Sternfels, Ida
Wasserman, Milton
Zan, Jordan

HARRISON STREET SCHOOL—GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Allen, Bertie
Aldrich, Willie
Bates, Clara
Brown, Della
Brannan, Harry
Brannan, Annie
Brandes, Theodore
Capen, Mina
Carter, Lucy
Carrol, Bruce
Cadwell, Lizzie
Clay, Alice
Crocker, Herbert
Davisson, Nellie
Evans, Alice
Farwell, Willie
Gur, Schuyler
Gleason, Minnie
Hammond, Olla
Hammond, Julia
Ham, Clara
Hoffman, Nellie
Ham, Ella
Harkins, Anna
Judkins, Elmar
Jaspar, Willie
Jones, Lincoln
Kingsley, Ezra
Knapp, Lawrence
Lotan, Samuel
Ladd, Katie
McClure, Frank
Musgrove, Irene
Millard, Marshall
Pittock, Charles
Pittock, Susana
Peterson, Louie
Pilkington, Robert
Quackenbush, Daisy
Robinson, Martha
Read, Cora
R ely, Bonita
Sinnott, Francis
Shockley, Etta
Schloth, Josie
Staver, Ida
Stinson, Hattie
Smith, Everett
Walters, Hattie

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Allmen, Hildegarde
Allen, Evangeline
Brandes, Fred
Baker, Mary
Baker, Cicero
Crawford, Susa
Catterall, Henry
Christensen, Willie
Crawford, Mary May
Crockett, Lillie
Capen, George
Chapman, Charles
Catterall, Willie
Davidson, Ina
Davey, Willie
Davidson, Alva
Eccles, Richard
Evans, Fred
Fleidner, Norton
Gardner, Mary
Ham, Jane
Huitt, Francis
Hudson, Hugo
Hummel, Lena
Inkster, Willie
Irwin, Clifford
Jackson, Frank
Johnson, Charles
Kingsley, Harry
Laude, Josephine
Lesourd, Celestine
Larson, Anna
Marquam, Metta
Morris, Alfred
McClure, Fred
Musgrove, Helena
Millard, Guy
Morris, Mollie
Matchek, Jonnie
McClure, Madge
Marquam, Thos
Moerin, Eddie
Moerin, Willie
Merideth, Ida
O'Day, Mary
Pittock, John
Roos, Myrtle
Rader, Willie
Riggs, Fred
Rypha, Mary
Rypka, Antoine
Riggs, Ernest
Rogers, Annie
Rogers, Mary
Stemme, Sophie
Sharp, Charles
Staver, John
Stephenson, Willie
Smith, Amelia
Strauss, Harry
Steinberg, Ida
Steinberg, Hugo
Sharp, Fred
Strowbridge, Mellie
Sharp, Cragie
Sharp, Daisy
Tiffany, George
Taylor, Lillie
Weidler, Charles
Wise, Laura
Winnaus, Bertha
Wise, Charles
Willoughby, Hattie

PARK SCHOOL—HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Adams, Clara
Ainslie, Phemie
Burrage, Charles
Elles, Norman
Bronaugh, Earl C
Bybee, Ingine
Connel, Hannah
Collins, George
Connel, Samuel
Cooper, Myra F
Carsons, Henry
Carpenter, Eva
Collins, Adam
Depenning, Jennie
Dickinson, Lizzie
Davey, Alice
Dodd, Walter
Drake, Franklin
Davidson, Clara
Dekum, George
Duniway, Clyde
Gibbs, Lizzie
Gore, Drus
Gibson, Alice
Gantenbein, Mary
Gardner, George
Hodge, Hannah
Hogue, Harry
Hoyt, Ralph
Honeyman, Thomas
Hoyt, George
Hill, Mila
Heintz, George
Kelly, Eddie
Kaufman, Babette
McBride, Ella
Meeker, William
Mish, Simon
Marquam, Grant
Northrup, Nellie
Northrup, Edwin
Newell, Joseph
Nicolai, George
Oliver, J
Plummer, Francis
Peterson, Mary
Peterson, Marshall
Ramage, Emma
Smith, Wm
Stinson, Wm
Shattuck, Lucy
Shattuck, Oscar
Smith, Josephine
Stevens, Susie
Stevens, Charles
Shockley, May
Tilton, Annie
Vetter, Susie
Walker, Nellie
Wilson, Lida
Woodward, May
Wood, Hosea
Williams, David

ABSENT ON SACRED DAYS ONLY.

Goldsmith, Milton
Summerfield, Emma
Simon, Minnie
Waldman, Emil
Waldman, Bertha

PARK PRIMARY.

Aldrich, Harry
Bain, Nellie
Boudy, Harry
Brannan, Charles
Brandstetter, Helen
Brandstetter, George
Durham, Lilly
Dobinson, Dean
Davidson, Maggie
Delashmutt, Roth
Dobbins, Arthur W.
Elliott, Dora
Elliott, Nellie
Fishburn, Hila
Farrell, Annie
Holman, Zula
Hepp, Maggie
Hibbard, Charles
Holman, Willie S.
Harkelroad, Charles
Look, Nettie
Leaman, Milton
Leonard, Mary
Leonard, Katie
Morrell, Myrta
Morrison, Lizzie
Maley, Willie
Muir, George
Moffitt, Waite
Northrup, Lula
Payne, Wells
Reed, Arthur
Robbins, Elmer
Scherer, Annie
Schloth, Katie
Ward, Lulu
Williams, Annie
Waits, Emma
Waite, Mary
Wilcox, Guy
Ward, Henry
Wilcox, Paul
Woods, Julia

ABSENT ON SACRED DAYS ONLY.

Defries, Percy N.
Gerstel, Ernestine
Woolf, Julia

CENTRAL SCHOOL—GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Bivin, Bella
Burns, Emma
Bronaugh, Jodie
Chittenden, Edith
Deas, Eliza
Fox, Fred T
Farrell, Thomas
Fisher, Willis
Folger, Maggie
Hersey, Blanche
Henrichsen, Lurina
Henry, Louisa
Jay, Hattie
Kribs, Jessie
Kennard, James
Lappeus, Frankie
Mulkey, Frank
Mundt, Clara
McBride, Della
Meyers, George
Morgan, Fred
Morse, Ray
Peterson, Eva
Pierce, Alice
Rummelin, Paulina
Stinson, Lizzie
Smith, Bertie
Sitton, Fred
Smith, Fred
Towne, Bert
Teal, Clara
Vial, Leonie
Wooden, Walter
Watkins, May
Walker, Lacy
Willis, Guy
Wilson, Robt
Whitehouse, Clara
Wetzler, Eddie

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Anderson, Maud
Anderson, Birdie
Arnold, Hosmark
Beech, Fred
Baldie, Fred
Baldie, Blanche
Bradley, Ida
Brackett, Ray
Brackett, Ralph
Bennett, Della
Cotter, Lillian
Clark, Willie T
Crawford, ——
Croxton, Hanna
Clark, Theresa
Dorch, Lilly
Drean, Bertha
Delinger, George
Delinger, Daniel
Estes, Edward
Fety, George
Geatner, Charles
Hussey, Charles
Hay, Vaughn
Hoyt, Tina
Hollis, Lilly
Jerome, Eva
Kearney, Harry
Linnehan, Willie
Moller, Herman
McFall, Sue
McFall, Alfred
McLeod, Fred
McDeod, Maggie
Mariet, Louise
Mariet, Laura
Mundt, Esther
McDevitt, James
Nice, Sallie
Nice, Henry
Oldendorff, Edward
Palmer, Jennie
Pearson, Amanda
Robinson, Ralph
Sitton, Elridge
Smith, Estella
Stowell, Percy
Scoggin, John
Smith, Lizzie
Smith, Laura
Stowell, Robert
Woodward, Jennie
Withington, Holbrook
Woodward, Harry
Wyatt, Congle
Wells, Ruby
Wetzler, Chauncey
Walker, James

ABSENT SACRED DAYS ONLY.

Baum, Fannie
Bories, Isaac
Cavanaugh, Nellie
Gatens, Edward
Dove, Lizzie
Gatens, Joseph
Friedlander, Felix
Herman, Emanuel
Gleason, Joseph
Jacob, Joseph
Leonard, John
Jacobs, Josephine
Myer, Sammy
Joseph, Joseph
Mitchell, Abraham
Lippett, Florence
Mish, Joseph
Morris, Isaac
McGinn, Walter
Senofsky, Louis
Ryan, Agnes
Wertheimer, Maurice

PROMOTIONS.

The following pupils of first grade, the entire class, passed successful examinations and were promoted to the high school. Miss Minnie Call stood highest, her average in all studies being 96. Four others stood above 90: Edith Van Fleet, 91.2; Pauline Rummelin, 90.4; Fred T. Fox, 90.04; Carrie M. Coleman, 90.2:

Beck, Wm
Bergman, Clara
Buxton, Isaac
Call, Minnie
Carter, Georgia
Case, Belle
Cavanaugh, Willie
Coleman, Carrie M
Dore, Lizzie
Fleischner, Lillie
Fox, Fred T
Galland, Samuel
Gillett, Wm
Gleason, Joseph
Henrichsen, Annie
Jones, Levina
Mable, Fannie E
Moore, Ida M
Morse, Eugenia
Morgan, Lena
Mulkey, Frank
Rosenblatt, Carrie
Rummelin, Paulina
Seaman, Carrie
Smith, Belle
Spangle, Inah
Stinson, Lizzie
Van Fleet, Edith
Williams, George

TWELVE THOUSAND A YEAR

Is what the Sheriff's and County Clerk's Offices Pay.

SO THE OFFICIALS SAY UNDER OATH.

Statements Filed by A. E. Borthwick and Joseph Buchtel in the County Court as Required by Law.

The last legislature passed a law requiring each county clerk, sheriff and district attorney within this state, on the first of January and July in each year, or within thirty days thereafter, to make to the secretary of state a written return for the half year ending on said days respectively, of all the fees and emoluments of his office, of every name, character and description, and of all necessary expenses of his office, including necessary clerk hire and salaries of deputies. It also requires the sheriff and clerk to file such statements with the county court.

County Clerk A. E. Borthwick and Sheriff Joseph Buchtel, have complied with this law, and yesterday filed the following statement which will be read with interest:

The Sheriff's Office.

FIRST—IN THE CIRCUIT COURT.		
Fees and emol'mts earned from county	$1,612 65	
Fees and emol'mts earned from individuals (received)	1,157 20	
Fees and emol'mts earned from individuals (not rec'd)	693 70	1,850 90
SECOND—IN THE COUNTY COURT.		
Fees and emol'mts earned from county	182 25	
Fees and emol'mts earned from individuals (received)	66 25	
Fees and emol'mts earned from individuals (not received)	27 65	93 90
THIRD.		
Fees and emol'mts as tax collector (delinquent road and school tax)	$172 82	
Fees and emol'mts earned from state Ogn	504 75	
Fees and emol'mts earned from U. S.	795 85	
Fees and emol'mts earned from county for miscellaneous county business	2,580 31	
FOURTH.		
Fees and emol'mts earned from all other sources (received)	$220 19	
Fees and emol'mts earned from all other sources (not received)	215 80	
Total gross emoluments earned	$8,283 89	
TO BE DEDUCTED FROM GROSS EARNINGS.		
Paid for stationery and printing, running jail, office expenses, cook for jail, salaries of deputies, etc	$3,976 71	
Total net earnings	$4,312 18	
Net earnings previous six months	7,051 05	
Total net earnings for the year	$11,363 23	

The Clerk's Office.

FIRST—IN THE CIRCUIT COURT.		
Fees and emoluments from county	946 75	
Fees and emoluments from individuals (received)	1019 15	
Fees and emoluments from individuals (not received)	761 05	1780 20
SECOND—IN COUNTY COURT.		
Fees, etc., from the county	1146 20	
Fees, etc., from individuals (rec'd)	201 85	
" " " " (not rec'd)	272 95	474 80
THIRD.		
Fees, etc., for recording deeds, etc. (received)	2437 35	
Fees, etc., for recording deeds, etc. (not received)	171 40	2608 75
FOURTH.		
Fees, etc., from county for miscellaneous business	2258 70	
Fees, etc., from all other sources (received)	998 20	
Fees, etc., from all other sources (not received)	45 45	1043 65
Total		$10,269 25
ALLOWANCE TO BE DEDUCTED.		
Paid for stationery and printing	529 20	
Paid for salaries to deputies	3243 00	3772 20
Total net earnings		$6497 05
Net earnings previous six months		5848 65
Total net earnings for the year		$12,345 70

THE MINSTRELS.

A grand street parade by the Gigantic Minstrels will take place at 11 A. M. to-morrow. There will be a grand special matinee on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. Clarence King, the champion roller skater of California, will give an exhibition, Mr. Dearin in his great musical specialty, the great Emerson clog acknowledged to be the greatest feature of any minstrel company. A change of bill each performance.

ONE OF THE INSTITUTIONS now is the German Bakery, which was recently removed to more commodious quarters, 145 Third street. Their cakes, pies and bread are unequalled. Leave orders.

Change of programme next Monday evening by the All Star Minstrels. Clarence King, the great roller skater and champion of California will appear.

Sentimental and comic valentines at J. K. Gill & Co's. Special inducements to the trade.

MADGE'S LETTER,

Hints About the Furniture and Ornaments of a Dining Room.

DEAR OREGONIAN:

By airing my belief that the first necessity of a dining-room is light, I know that I am taking great liberties with a general impression that has pervaded two generations; but given just as much of the solidity and grandeur belonging to the furniture of our forefathers as the size of the room admits, there is still no reason why the morning sun should not find its way past cheery curtains to lie across our breakfast table that table glittering with the handsomest glass and porcelain within our means, and further beautified by a tasteful bunch of flowers, or even carelessly arranged leaves, good pictures hung on successfully treated walls, an occasional rug to brighten the sober carpet, and a universal cheer pervade this room where everyone will acknowledge he is apt to pass delightful hours. No one could be more opposed to

FUSSY, FRIVOLOUS ORNAMENT

In a dining room than I, and even when it takes the place of general living-room the necessity of this to be sincerely regretted the decoration should be marked by a certain dignity of style. Here, as in every room, the fireplace and mantel-shelf play the leading part. Always assuming the open fire to be preferred, an old-fashioned pair of bellows makes a quaint ornament on one side as opposed to the brass-headed poker on the other. I spoke of the suitability of leather for a mantel shelf in this room and when the furniture is upholstered in leather, as is often the case, it is much to be preferred to any material. I have seen it distorted into a lambrequin, whose stiff folds were just what one might expect from draped leather, and the only way to use it effectively is by covering the plain shelf and nailing on a straight piece to hang down; this may be cut into a set pattern at the edge, ornamented with a gilded band, or a border painted. Bronzes are, of course, associated in our minds with

HANDSOME DINING-ROOMS,

And could everybody afford them who would suggest anything else? But as we cannot all have elegance on our mantel pieces, and we have taken a firm stand against cheap trash, the best thing is to make a virtue of necessity and put these articles in daily use on the table. If one takes a standard of absolute usefulness in decoration, one rarely goes wrong. It is only when unnecessary articles come into a room that it begins to look crowded. A chair drawn into any point of the room where it can be comfortably used, never seems out of place, and the Vicar of Wakefield compelled by poverty to combine parlor and kitchen, speaks of his

DRESSER DECORATION

Of shining pots and pans which were kept so neat that the eye wanted no richer furniture. Let there be comfortable arms chairs in a dining-room so that monsieur may enjoy his after dinner cigar, and madame may sit opposite him and mildly congratulate herself on the cleverness that has kept the smoke out of the sitting-room. I think a wainscoting almost indispensable to the beauty of a dining-room, but as all our houses are not blessed with them, the need is easily supplied by a dado. Both floor and walls of a dining-room should be quiet and sober (which does not mean absolute gloom), and engravings are in excellent taste for the walls provided one cannot have good oil paintings. One is hardly justified to-day in crying out against chromos, since they have died by their own ugliness, yet some of the bitterness they planted still rankles in my breast, and I take a sort of morbid pleasure in recalling some of the "Fruit and Flower Pieces" which have disgraced the walls of dining-rooms. Does it make you shudder? Then I will not say any more about it. A side-board is the biggest difficulty that ever stood on four casters. To begin with they are nearly all alike, and when you do find an original style, you generally wish you hadn't. Queen Anne has come valiantly to the rescue, and we have much to thank her for, though furniture manufacturers are rapidly destroying her principal charm. Queen Anne furniture is properly straight, severe, and rigidly correct in outline and desirable for its admirable

SIMPLICITY OF DESIGN.

Now a dealer drags out a cumbersome vehicle with no lines wh- ever, bumps and swellings having destroyed them—arms and legs apparently made by different people, and for different subjects. Satin puffings, plush rosettes, silk cords and tassels, and away up its back a diminutive balcony railing, on the strength of which, he asserts, "a handsome Queen Anne chair, madame. What price? $95 00."

Straight lines are pretty sure guiding lines, and if one is seeking for curves let them be seen in the upholstering, not in the wood work of the frame. Straight lines are the basis of all art, and never yet a lovely nymph glowed on canvas but the master hand blocked her in first in angles. I suppose it would not be poetical to say that she was upholstered on this frame. I have run away from sideboards, but what I wanted to advise was in the purchase of any large piece of furniture that a

GOOD CLEAN OUTLINE

Be secured, and if one can pay for fine carving, so much the better. A table ought, for the sake of all beauty and convenience, to be square; that they rarely are follows as a matter of course. Too little attention is paid to this all important article, and in how many handsome houses there is to be seen an ordinary walnut extension table, badly finished, highly varnished, and with no legs to speak of. I have no sympathy with "a groaning board," and would sacrifice half its delicacies for a table that would neither tip nor squeak nor waver. A good solid oak, walnut or mahogany table, with substantial support in the matter of legs and braces—a rare luxury truly. There is a pretty design for dining-room bric-a-brac, if I may use the expression, to hold our best black coffee cups, a dainty plate which we would hate to trust to careless servants, etc. A set of shelves of irregular distances, some partitioned, some extending the width of the frame, after the fashion of the

CHINESE ETAGERES,

To be made of ordinary pine wood and either polished and shellaced or covered with dark felt. These shelves have a back, and when the felt is used to cover it, the little porcelain things stand out exquisitely against it. I made one, as an experiment, by taking a good-sized box, covering it with dark red felt and fitting it with shelves. Had I expected to be so successful, I should have taken more pains; as it was, the work was not neat, but the idea was easily carried out. A great many women who sigh for pretty things and over the expense of them could devote the same amount of time to their production. Clocks, unless very handsome ones in bronze and marble, are much better on the wall than on the mantel. And now there are the old style pendulum clocks in wooden frames, costing from thirteen to twenty dollars, and well adapted for dining-rooms. For the table there are quantities of pretty things obtainable at low prices. For glass one has always to pay a good price, and

HANDSOME GLASS

Is such a satisfaction that one is repaid for saving and scraping a little to get it. Odd pieces are particularly desirable for table use, and in this way the furnishing can be spun out to an unlimited period of time and here and there a cup or a plate picked up at auctions or even from second hand dealers. Don't arch your pretty eyebrows in contemptuous amazement, my dear lady friends, for in these junk shops and "old clo'" stores there is an occasional rare bit, and you will find respectable disgust another name for folly, when your next door neighbor emerges from one with the bust of Clytie you have been saving up for so long, and which she has just purchased, perhaps, for two dollars and a half. Table linen is now exquisitely worked and embroidered, and though cloths are a most serious undertaking, napkins and doilies are easily beautified. Small doilies used under finger bowls are painted or decorated in pen and ink, or little figures embroidered on them. Drawn work, or

SPANISH WORK

As it used to be called, is popular, and though trying to the eyes, is not difficult of execution. While I am at the table I must tell you of some menu and dinner cards recently shown me and which were both clever and pretty. At the plate of each guest was placed a square card bearing first the guest's name, beneath which was drawn in pen and ink a spirited little figure and then the menu was given, such dish characterized by a witty quotation. Example:

RAW OYSTERS.

"Full fathom five my father lies"—and Macaroni "Italiano." "Brought hither among the Italian gentry," etc.

These cards were written, not engraved, and pen and ink decorations were on all.

Are you not glad that big, formal, agonizing dinners are going out of style, and cozy five o'clock teas are the happy substitute? This is no novelty in England, where my lady of fashion has her "drawing room," and on these social afternoons five o'clock tea is served as an incident merely. In our country tea is made the object of the entertainment, and it is a very sensible, inexpensive way for young people of limited income and domestic accommodations to return the compliments of balls and parties. Street costumes are

NOMINALLY THE THING,

But the usual way of interpreting this rule is to wear a bonnet so dressy as to utterly forbid its appearance on the street, and either a long or short carriage dress. White is very fashionable for teas, that is camels'-hair cashmeres, etc., trimmed with black or white plush, and hats are worn to correspond with the costume. A dinner dress is appropriate for the hostess. Cards are issued on which is written (engraving being too formal)

MRS. ROBERT HAMILTON.
THURSDAY AFTERNOON.
From 5 to 8 o'clock.

And sometimes there is the pretty addition of a small Japanese tea box marked TEA engraved on the left-hand corner at the top of the card. Acceptance or regrets are not expected, but the guests may hand their visiting cards to the servant who opens the door, and though this is not required, it is considered a courtesy to the hostess.

All the rooms on the parlor floor are thrown open, and in any one of them small tables are set, or should the size of the house not admit of them, one long table, from which *tea is served,* no chairs being drawn around it. What is put on the table rests with the hostess, as there is no stern rule, and an elegant lunch or merely tea and cake being equally correct. At a very handsome house, where large parties and larger suppers were by no means unusual, I attended a "tea" where only tea, biscuits and small cakes were offered. At these teas you will be asked, "Do you prefer lemon or milk in your tea?" and to be stylish you must quickly reply, "Lemon, if you please," but if you wish to enjoy the cup that "cheers but does not inebriate," you had better not depart from milk and sugar. Lemons are cut in very thin slices, the skin left on them, and one slice to a very small cup of tea will be ample, I assure you. Some people prefer it, I believe, and five o'clock tea is certainly not properly served without it.

MADGE.

STAGE GOSSIP.

An amateur opera company in Denver is about to produce "La Mascotte" at the Tabor Grand theater.

D. J. Simonds has leased the Metropolitan theater in Sacramento for five years from January 21st, paying $21,500 in quarterly installments.

Katherine Rogers, who played "Miss Multon" here about a year ago, is playing in Denver, in a new play entitled "All for Love," written expressly for her.

George Jessop, formerly dramatic critic on the San Francisco *Chronicle,* has written a new play called "Nora," for Annie Pixley, in which she intends starring next season.

Miss Jeffreys-Lewis-Maitland's new piece, "Two Nights in Rome," written by Dave Belasco, is said to be not so much of a success after all. Sorry for it; she is a very clever woman.

Charles Davis' Alvin Joslin combination has been playing to light business through Colorado and Montana. It is no such piece as "Joshua Whitcomb," and I did not take the sage brush fellows long to find it out

"Old Shipmates" is said to be the best comedy written in the last five years, and equal to "Our Boys" in plot and situation. John E. Owens has offered $2500 for the right to produce it in California, Utah, Oregon, Nevada and Australia.

Lawrence Barrett is working his way westward and will be in San Francisco early in March. He has a host of friends in this city, and we hope he may pay us a visit. His last engagement here was the most brilliant ever played in Portland.

The Wymans, Alfred and Lulu, who played their Dutch business here under Howe's management, last summer, are now running a show in Hayes' Valley, in what Col. Jack Gambill would call the "rhubarbs of the city." The chief attraction so far has been "Yakie."

Sheridan is playing Matthias in "The Bells," the great piece in which Henry Irving recently made such a sensation in London. The scene in which he has a frightful dream is pronounced to be one of the most finished pieces of acting ever given on the boards of the Baldwin.

The Lingards—Alice and Wm. Horace—have been playing in Sacramento to a rather light business, notwithstanding their new French play of "Divorcons," for which they paid three thousand dollars. They will be apt to fill dates in Portland and Victoria during the spring.

The *Pacific Life* recently had a very mean fling at Charles E. Allen, of Eureka, Nev., who visited this city with Bandmann, and also played the boatswain in "Pinafore" with Fred Lyster's troupe. Mr. Allen is too well known here to be smirched by any such unjust and gratuitous slanders.

The beautiful and eloquent tribute to the late Samuel W. Piercy, published in the San Francisco *Stock Report* a few days after his death, was written by Ben Teal, son of Colonel Joseph Teal, a well-known democratic war-horse of this city. Ben was an intimate friend of the dead actor, and wrote as he felt.

Robert M. Eberle, who was stage manager for Sheridan during his recent engagement in this city, has accepted the same position under J. H. Haverly at the California Theater, of which he was stage manager under John McCullough. There is no more affable or competent gentleman in the dramatic profession.

The "Tourists" company, under the management of John F. Smith and W. A. Kestayer, is disbanded for the season, having cleared $-8,000 net during the year with their palace car. Nick Long, formerly of the California Theater, has purchased Smith's interest in the combination and will be an equal partner with Mestayer during the coming year.

Louise Lester is playing in "John of Paris" at the Tivoli in San Francisco. By the way, the St. Louis *Sporting Life* has this to say about her and Mons. de Plonville, *alias* Louis Nathal, the basso: "The lady then owned a husband in these parts, but the pack appears to have been shuffled, since de Plonville informs a San Francisco reporter that 'we expect to be married very soon.'"

Mr. Selim, advance agent of the All Star Minstrels, informs us that he has never seen, either in London or New York, any stage mounting equal to that of "Michael Strogoff" at the California theater in San Francisco. In one scene there are over 250 people on the stage. The expenses for properties costumes, salaries and incidentals are so heavy that it costs $600 per night to perform the piece.

The Collier combination recently gave Bronson Howard's comedy of the "Banker's Daughter" at St. Louis, Mo., on which occasion the programmes were printed upon white satin with gold ink, it being the 1000th performance of the piece. The play is the same thing as Bartley Campbell's "Lillian's Lost Love," played by the Hooley comedy company in San Francisco seven years ago. Both adaptations were stolen (that is an awkward word—perhaps it were better to say Boucicaulted) from a French drama entitled *La Fille de Monsieur Gillemarcheaux.*

Wagner's "Nieblungen Ring" is to be produced at Her Majesty's opera house in London, early in May. The opera is divided into four sections like a Chinese tragedy, each section occupying one night. The man who buys a single ticket will find that the joy is "to be continued in our next." The prices to witness the complete fakement, are for the gallery $5; single seat in the orchestra chairs, $35; mezzanine box in the grand tier, $240; proscenium boxes, $300 and $350. This smacks of exclusiveness and looks as if they wanted an audience composed entirely of Newark bank officials. The Prince of Wales and Alexandra will probably attend the show and the next morning H. R. H. will be around town sparring for his breakfast.

Marie Geistinger and her troupe are shortly to appear at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco, under the management of Fred Bert. J. C. Flood, of the bonanza firm is the owner of the building and is said to be putting up the money for Fred. Apropos of the exuberant Geistinger, the Town Talk man of the St. Louis *Spectator* has this to say: "The rounded but not too voluptuous bust, the graceful curve of the waist and hips, and the shapeliness of the perfect limbs, straight as two columns of ivory and tapering to the most slender and rounded ankles in the world, make up a form that could not fail to delight the artistic eye." Now as the shapely Marie has a husband, it is quite probable that the youthful and indiscreet paragrapher will have a chance to rise and explain as to "how we hafe foundt dose tings oud." We don't dare to go home, talking about perfect limbs, voluptuous busts and ivory columns, or a voice would say, "My dear, where *have* you been?"

AN ICE BLOCKADE IMMINENT.

Unless the weather moderates within the next twenty-four hours, traffic between here and The Dalles will be stopped by ice before Tuesday morning. Yesterday's dispatches at 8:30 A. M. and 5 P. M. report the Columbia full of running ice at Celilo and Umatilla, and rising very fast at the latter point. This indicates a gorge below there. Snake river boats have been ordered into winter quarters.

Should the middle river freeze and the river below the Cascades remain open, the company will put passengers and mails through by rail on the new track to Hood river, and from there to The Dalles by sleighs or stages. Following are the weather bulletins:

8:30 A. M.

Station.	*Weather.*	*Wind.*	*Ther.*
Portland	Clear	Calm	27
Cascades	Clear	Strong down	23
Shell Rock	Clear	Strong north	24
Hood River	Clear	Calm	21
The Dalles	Cloudy	Strong down	21
Celilo	Cloudy	Cold down	19
Grant's	Cloudy	Calm	18
Blalock's	Cloudy	Light east	18
Umatilla	Clear	Down	14
Wallula Junction	Cloudy	Calm	8
South Ainsworth	Cloudy	Down	3
Touchet	Cloudy	Calm	
Whitman	Cloudy	Calm	13
Walla Walla	Cloudy	Calm	12
Bolles' Junction	Cloudy	Calm	12
Waitsburg	Cloudy	Calm	12
Dayton	Cloudy	Calm	16
Alto	Cloudy	Calm	10
South Texas	Cloudy	West	14
Rooster Rock	Clear	Strong down	28

5 P. M.

Portland	Clear	Calm	34
Cascades	Clear	Strong down	24
Shell Rock	Clear	Down	23
Hood River	Clear	Down	20
The Dalles	Clear	Calm	22
Celilo	Clear	Down	20
Grants	Clear	Light down	23
Blalocks	Clear	Light east	21
Cayote	Clear	Calm	18
Willows	Clear	Calm	20
Umatilla	Clear	Calm	22
Wallula Junction	Cloudy	Calm	18
South Ainsworth	Clear	Calm	14
Touchet	Clear	Calm	..
Whitman	Cloudy	Calm	13
Walla Walla	Clear	Calm	16
Bolles' Junction	Clear	Calm	14
Waitsburg	Clear	Calm	18
Dayton	Clear	Calm	18
Alto	Clear	Calm	6
South Texas	Clear	Calm	20

REAL ESTATE MARKET.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN by J. Fred. Clark & Co., real estate agents:

The is no diminution in the volume of real estate business. The county records of the past week show 57 deeds, with a united consideration of $149,-844 90. In amount the city proper leads. East Portland shows the greatest number of transactions, viz.: 16 deeds, with a total amount of $39,603; the far larger portion of which, however, is represented by the purchases of the O. R. & N. Co. in McMillen's addition. The company now owns, with some trifling exceptions, the entire river front from the northern boundary of the James Thompson donation land claim to the southern boundary of McMillen's addition, a stretch of more than two miles of river frontage. The case of Jacob Kamm vs. the city of Portland, tried in the circuit court during the past week, is one of great importance to property holders. The verdict awarding to said Kamm $3100 for damage where property was condemned for street purposes, is, in our opinion, less than one-fourth of the injury sustained, as the tract involved in litigation could have been dissected and sold for at least $10,000 more than the sum awarded, had its owner been allowed to lay it off in lots conforming to the topography of the tract. The question at issue is: What are the rights of the city as opposed to those of property owners? It is one which should be considered by all owners of property on hills or in depressions, as either or both may be ruined by running the streets through them.

The following is an abstract of the transactions of the past week, as shown by the county records:

Couch and northward	4	deeds	$36,527 00
City proper	4	"	46,400 00
East Portland	16	"	39,603 00
Country and suburban	11	"	14,088 90
Caruthers and southward	10	"	5,142 00
Albina	1	"	64 00
Cemetery	1	"	25 00
Total	57	deeds	$141,844 90

D. W. Prentice & Co., leading music dealers, the only house in Portland that deal in musical merchandise exclusively. Largest stock of pianos, organs, sheet music and everything that pertains to the music business. Send your orders direct to us.

Arnold's inks, the genuine article, at J. K. Gill & Co.'s, 93 First street.

Every book required for use in the public schools may be had at J. K. Gill & Co.'s, 93 First street.

The ship Edderside brings to J. K. Gill another large shipment of Arnold's inks direct from London.

With a large experience here and elsewhere, Smith & Hansen, of the St. Charles restaurant, can and certainly do set for their patrons the best meals obtainable in the city. Indulge in a meal.

Music.—Wiley B. Allen, 153 Third St. Orders filled. Send stamp for catalogue and Musical Journal.

Fine oil paintings, engravings, chromos. Ornamental frames made and regilding done. Volney's, 153 Third St.

Valentines, Valentines and Masks, at New York Novelty Co.'s, 49 First street.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Some time ago, Messrs Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Auditor's Dep't, Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

Messrs. Hodge Davis & Co: DEAR SIRS—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tea as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours,

CHAS. R. LADD.

The original of this letter can be seen by calling on Messrs. Hodge Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any druggist or dealer, in Oregon or Washington. Price $1 per box.

Dealers in valentines supplied at San Francisco prices by the N. Y. Novelty Co., 49 First street.

School Books—J. K. Gill & Co., 93 First street, are the only direct importers in Oregon. New editions and lowest rates.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

CLARENDON HOTEL.

P D Forbes, Tacoma
C R Wheeler, Shedds
F Hampton, Goshen
H C Perkins, Eugene
H C Owen, do
Mrs P D Forbes, N Tacoma
E Schutz, Camp Watson
S G Caudles, St Helens
W S Kinney, Salem
C H Russell, W W
C N Watt, Hood River
J A Dryer, Roseburg
J D Devine, Camp Harney
J T Dann & wf, St Helens
W B Cowne, Camp Watson
M Buckley, Cascades.

THE ESMOND.

M Wheeler, Shedds
J Jones, Salem
W H Reed, Lebanon
Mrs M P Logan and niece, Lebanon
C Cleve, S F
S Coulter, Seattle
L M Langdon, Salem
C D Duskin, S F
E J Thomas, Or City
J Hughes, Landing
T B Baldwin, S F
H B Parker, Albany
J A Willard, Albany
C E Worden, Detroit
J M Lamson, Dalles
J C Morrison, Dalles
W H Marshall, W W
E B Sprague, S F
W A Newel', W T
C Hendman, Lebanon
P C Hetzler, Salem
H Clark, St Louis
E B Barker, N Y
J W G Cofran, Eugene
Rev R W Hill, Salem
L E Jones, Eureka, W T
H E Cross, Or City
W Watson, Salem
M Stoat, S F
L Silbellstein, S F
H Thanhauser, Columbus
W Billings, Olympia
J H Robbins, Pilot Rock
R M Smith, W W
C F Long, Astoria

Howe's All Star Gigantic Combination—

J P Howe
S Dearing & wf
H Stewart & wf
Geo Thompson
C C King
Frank King
Fred Warren
Gus Miller
H Watt
Jno Hughes
Jos Carter
Jos Morand
Wm Baldwin
Wm Gilbert
F Schell
A Koenig
W J Morey
Robt Stevens
Joe Taylor
W J Robinson
Jno Miller
Peter Smith
W Burkley
C H Sheridan

ST. CHARLES.

S Abraham, Roseburg
S Walters, Salem
H Berlinsky, Dayton
J N Wiseman, McMinnville
J A Allen, Victoria
L Comerford, Victoria
A L Smith, Oakland
J M Lowe, O R & N Co
Mrs Roberts, Dalles
A M Wermer, S F
Mrs D Edwards, Victoria
W B Duvall, Hood River
J H Ross, Salem
F N Pendleton, Astoria
J Wiseman, McMinnville
J Pickley, Victoria
G James, Olympia
R Tapp, Oakland
A Coolidge, Silverton
Miss Howard, Antioch, Cal
L Zeigler, Spokane Falls
F M Wade, Salem
Mrs M E Wildman, Vict'ia
M Orchard, Or City.

"I consider it a great pleasure," writes A. J. Doak, Esq., manager American House, Amesbury, Mass., "to state that the inflammatory rheumatism which so severely affected my feet yielded at once upon a few applications of the St. Jacobs Oil, which is worthy of the highest recommendation."

THE "RANIER" WRECKED.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.

EMPIRE CITY, Or, Jan. 28—The bark Ranier, from the Sound to Honolulu, was lost January 5th, about 200 miles west of Cape Blanco. Captain Wolf was killed when the vessel capsized. The crew were taken off the wreck by the brig Orient, January 24th, and arrived at Umpqua on the 25th.

PORTLAND PULPITS.

Who will Fill Them To-day and what Their Themes will be.

Baptist church—Rev. J. A. Gray, pastor, will preach morning and evening; Baptism after evening sermon; Sunday school at 12:30. Seats free.

Presbyterian Church, corner Third and Washington streets—A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Public worship morning and evening. Ushers provide seats. All comers made welcome.

Portland Seaman's Bethel, cor. Third and D sts.: Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. for one hour; preaching at 7:30 P. M., by the chaplain; prayer meetings on Tuesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M.

Y. M. C. A. Gospel meetings every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, beginning with a short service on the street. Everybody, especially young men and strangers cordially invited.

Christian church—Preaching morning and evening by Bruce Wolverton, pastor. Subject, A. M., "Epistles of Christ;" P. M., "Sin." All are invited to attend these services, and will be cordially welcomed.

Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Lindsley, pastor—To-morrow morning preaching by Rev. Thomas Fraser, of Oakland, Cal. To-morrow at 2 o'clock funeral of Dan. Foster, conducted by the pastor. To-morrow evening preaching, of which further notice will be given in the church.

Westminster chapel, corner of Main and Eleventh streets—Sunday school at 1 o'clock; Dr. Strong, superintendent; public worship and preaching at 7:30 P. M. by Rev. Dr. Lindsley. People in the neighborhood specially invited, and all comers made welcome.

Presbyterian church, Rev. A. L. Lindsley, pastor—This morning preaching by Rev. Thomas Fraser, of Oakland, Cal.; at 2 P. M., funeral of Dan Foster, conducted by the pastor; evening, at 7:30, preaching by Rev. R. W. Hill, synodical missionary in the church; ushers in attendance and all made welcome.

United Brethren—Quarterly meeting services of the United Brethren church, I. H. Watson, presiding elder, will be held at the corner of J and Second streets, East Portland, on Saturday and Sunday—preaching at 7 this evening; Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Rev. F. Ashcraft is expected to preach at 11 o'clock on Sunday.

Westminster Presbyterian chapel, cor. Eleventh and Main streets; Sunday school every Sunday, commencing at 1 o'clock; prayer meeting every Tuesday evening, commencing at 7:30 o'clock, when it is possible to get a minister.

Taylor-st. M. E. Church, Rev. Geo. W. Izer, pastor, morning discourse, 11 A. M., subject, "Manifold Power;" evening discourse, 7:30 P. M., subject, "The Sovereign Good." Praise meeting at 6:45 P. M. Ushers in attendance; the public is cordially invited to all the services.

German Evangelical church, Chas. Waeblte, pastor, cor. Eighth and Clay streets; preaching only in the morning at 11 o'clock; Sunday school at 9:30 A. M.; prayer meeting at 9:30 P. M. Preaching at Milwaukie at 7 P. M. All are cordially invited.

First Congregational Church, corner Second and Jefferson sts., Rev. Dr. Jones, of Petaluma, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school and bible class immediately after morning service. Seats free and a cordial welcome to strangers, who are especially requested to make themselves known.

Unitarian Church—T. L. Eliot, minister. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday schools at 12:30 and 3 P. M. In the evening, the second lecture on the Existing Churches will be given. Theme "Our Catholic Brethren." The public is cordially invited.

Services at the Episcopal Church—Trinity church (Oak and 6th), Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; St. Stephen's chapel, (Madison and Fifth), Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; St. Mathew's chapel, (First and Caruthers), 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Trinity mission chapel, (Watson's add.), Sunday, 7:30 P. M.; St. Timothy's chapel, (Grammar school), Sunday, 3 P. M.; Good Samaritan hospital, (21st and L), Thursday, 3:30 P. M.

At noon yesterday, not a seat was to be had at the now famous Vienna Coffee House. Mr. Smith's management of this resort is such as to ensure a steady run of business. For an enjoyable lunch be sure to visit the Vienna.

"School books again!" she cried. "No more high prices while you can buy at Hirstel's.

On Tuesday, Jan. 31st, the ladies of the First Congregational church, in this city, intend giving an old-fashioned candy pulling in the church vestry. On Feb. 17th, Miss Luse will give another of her inimitable entertainments; and in March a course of four lectures will be delivered, Prof. Browne, M. D., LL. D., commencing the course; to be followed by Lieut. Schwatka, Rev. P. S. Knight of Salem, and Prof. Skidmore of Sheridan. The programmes will be published in due season.

Notice to Pupils of Public Schools.

Get your books and school supplies on Third st., at Wiley B. Allen's book and music store. They are *below First St. prices there.*

Matinee at the New Market next Tuesday. All Star Minstrels.

Three huge cases of new valentines direct from manufacturers received by J. K. Gill & Co. ex "Oregon." Fine bargains to dealers in these goods.

Clarence King's skating is simply immense. Go to the Minstrels Monday evening and see him.

Dealers will note the advantage in buying Gill's assorted valentines. Prices, $2 50, $4, $10 and $20 per lot.

St. Valentine's wholesale depot is located at 93 First street. A stock for the whole northwest. Valentines sent safely by mail to any dealer in the state.

Best coffee in city. Eastern and local oysters in any style. White cook in charge of cuisine. Open at night. Burrows', 80 Second street.

Crayon and Oil Portraits, made from Photographs or from life, in first-class style, by J. E. Stuart. Studio, room 52, Union block.

Hundreds were turned away at the Minstrels last Saturday evening. Secure your seats early.

NEW TO-DAY.

WANTED.
FOR RENT—A FURNISHED HOUSE. FERRY & WHITE, Real Estate Agents. j29d3t

WANTED.
FOR RENT—A SMALL COTTAGE IN GOOD REpair. FERRY & WHITE, Real Estate Ag'ts. j29d3t

WANTED.
FOR RENT—A DWELLING WITH EIGHT TO ten rooms in good location. j29d3t FERRY & WHITE, Real Estate Agents.

FOR SALE.
320 ACRES SUBURBAN LAND NEAR EAST Portland. A house and lot in King addition—Price $1800. A few low priced lots in Wilson addition. j29-3t FERRY & WHITE, Real Estate Agents.

LOST.
BETWEEN THE CORNER OF SIXTH AND Main streets and Halpruner's Hall, on Wednesday eve last, a black cashmere dolman nearly new, trimmed with satin and lace. A suitable reward will be paid to any person returning the above to this office. j29dt

LOST.
SATURDAY EVENING, BETWEEN SIXTH and Madison Sts. and Washington and First, a mosaic locket. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning to J. K. GILL & CO'S store, 93 First st. j29d3t

BRITISH BARK ACADIAN, CAPTAIN HATfield, from Londonderry—Neither the master nor the undersigned consignees of the above-named vessel will be responsible for any debts that may be contracted by the crew.
j29d3t TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO., Consignees.

GRAND MASQUERADE
OF THE
PORTLAND SOCIAL TURN VEREIN.
AT
Turn Halle, Monday Even'g Feb. 18.

SIX PRIZES:
For Best Sustained Character—Lady and Gentleman. For Finest Costumes—Lady and Gentleman. For Most Comical Characters—Lady and Gentleman.
All masquers must be identified at the door.
ADMISSION—Gent Masquers, $1; Lady Masquers, 50c.; Spectators, 50c.
Tickets may be had at S. L. Beary's, and Alisky & Hegele's. Reserve seats can be had at Alisky & Hegele's without extra charge. j24d&td

NEW MARKET THEATER.
S. W. STECHHAN......LESSEE AND MANAGER
FINANCIAL SUCCESS!
Hundreds of People Turned Away!
THE GREATEST SUCCESS of the DAY!
THE
GIGANTIC MINSTRELS!
AND
EMERSON'S (C E) CLOG
IN THEIR
Great PEDESTAL & STATUARY Dance.
ROARS OF APPLAUSE!
CHANGE OF PROGRAMME MONDAY EVENING.
MR. CLARENCE KING,
The CHAMPION ROLLER SKATER of California, will appear. His exhibitions are wonderful.
The Great Afterpiece,
"OUR BOYHOOD DAYS,"
in which the Entire Company will appear.
NEW JOKES! NEW SONGS!
MR. SAM DEARIN,
In his Wonderful Performances on Twelve different Instruments.
Box Sheet open at Prentice's music store.

GOD BLESS THE SHIPS.

Thro' the crossed leafless boughs,
Green, brown, and golden,
Between the frowning brows
Of [illegible] hills, olden,
In Nature's picture frame
Where the sun dips—
Across the sunset flame
Sail the good ships!

Outward, or homeward bound,
Free or deep-laded;
Like ghosts without a sound
When the west's faded,
Cleaving the moonshine track
Where the white strips
Bar the dark waters back—
God save the ships!

Sad eyes are straining
To catch the sails' flutter;
Salt tears are raining
What voice dare not utter,
Bound far to distant lands,
As the rope slips,
Bent heads and clasping hands
Pray for the ships!

Home, with the evening tide,
Colors free blowing,
Quick by fond eyes descried,
Coming or going;
Still as they cross our sight
Wakes to our lips
One prayer, by day and night,
"God bless the ship."

—*The Argosy.*

JACOB FLINT'S JOURNEY.

If there ever was a man crushed out of all courage and self-reliance, all comfort in life, it was Jacob Flint. Why this should have been, neither he nor anyone else could have explained; but so it was. On the day that he first went to school, his shy, frightened face marked him as fair game for the rougher and stronger boys, and they subjected him to all those exquisite refreshments of torture which boys seem to get by direct inspiration of the devil. There was no form of their bullying meanness or the cowardice of their brutal strength which he did not experience. He was born under a fading or falling star—the inheritor of some anxious or unhappy mood of his parents, which gave its fast color to the threads out of which his innocent being was woven.

Even the good people of the neighborhood, never accustomed to look below the externals of appearance and manner, saw in his shrinking face and awkward motions only the signs of a cringing, abject soul. "You'll be no more of a man than Jake Flint!" was the reproach which many a farmer addressed to his dilatory boy; and thus the parents, one and all, came to repeat the sins of the children.

If, therefore, at school and "before folks," Jacob's position was always uncomfortable and depressing, it was a little more cheering at home. His parents, as all the neighbors believed, had been unhappily married, and, though the mother died in his early childhood, his father remained a moody, unsocial man, who rarely left his farm except on the 1st of April every year, when he went to the county town for the purpose of paying the interest on a mortgage. The farm lay in a hollow between two hills, separated from the road by a thick wood, and the chimneys of the lonely old house looked in vain for a neighbor-smoke when they began to grow warm of a morning.

Beyond the barn and under the northern hill there was a log tenant-house, in which dwelt a negro couple, who in the course of years had become fixtures on the place and almost partners in it. Harry, the man, was the medium by which Samuel Flint kept up his necessary intercourse with the world beyond the valley; he took the horses to the blacksmith, the grain to the mill, the turkeys to market, and through his hands passed all the incomings and outgoings of the farm, except the annual interest on the mortgage. Sally, his wife, took care of the household, which, indeed, was a light and comfortable task, since the table was well supplied for her own sake, and there was no sharp eye to criticise her sweeping, dusting and bed-making. The place had a forlorn, tumble-down aspect, quite in keeping with its lonely situation; but perhaps this very circumstance flattered the mood of its silent, melancholy owner and his unhappy son.

[There was only one person with whom Jacob felt completely at ease—Mrs. Ann Pardon, the wife of a neighboring farmer; and, for her sister, Becky Morton, he felt something which might have developed into love. But Becky flouted him like the rest, mocked at the poverty of his father's farm, saying it was covered with as much as it would bear, and at a merry meeting of lads and lasses said she would dance with Jacob "after he came back from his journey." That was the cruelest sting of all to his sensitive nature.]

It was a very little thing, after all, which annoyed him, but the mention of it always touched a sore nerve of his nature. A dozen years before, when a boy at school, he had made a temporary friendship with another boy of his age, and had one day said to the latter, in the warmth of his generous confidence: "When I am a little older, I shall make a great journey, and come back rich, and buy Whitney's place!"

Now, Whitney's place, with its stately old brick mansion, its avenues of silver firs, and its two hundred acres of clean, warm-lying land, was the finest, the most aristocratic property in all the neighborhood, and the boy-friend could not resist the temptation of repeating Jacob's grand design, for the endless amusement of the school. The betrayal hurt Jacob more keenly than the ridicule. It left a wound that never ceased to rankle; yet, with the inconceivable perversity of unthinking natures, precisely this joke (as the people supposed it to be) had been perpetuated, until "Jack Flint's Journey" was a synonym for an absurd or extravagant expectation. Perhaps no one imagined how much pain he was keeping alive; for almost any other man than Jacob would have joined in the laugh against himself, and thus good-naturedly buried the joke in time. "He's used to that," the people said, like Becky Morton, "and they really supposed there was nothing unkind in the remark.

After Jacob had passed the thickets and entered the lonely hollow in which his father's house lay, his pace became slower and slower. He looked at the shabby old building, just touched by the moonlight behind the swaying shadows of the weeping-willow, stopped, looked again, and finally seated himself on a stump beside the path.

"If I knew what to do!" he said to himself, rocking backwards and forwards, with his hands clasped over his knees—"if I knew what to do!"

The spiritual tension of the evening reached its climax; he could bear no more. With a strong bodily shudder his tears burst forth, and the passion of his weeping filled him from head to foot. How long he wept he knew not; it seemed as if the hot fountains would never run dry. Suddenly and startlingly a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Boy, what does this mean?"

It was his father who stood before him.

Jacob looked up like some shy animal brought to bay, his eyes full of a feeling mixed of fierceness and terror, but he said nothing.

His father seated himself on one of the roots of the old stump, laid one hand upon Jacob's knee and said with an unusual gentleness of manner, "I'd like to know what it is that troubles you so much."

After a pause, Jacob suddenly burst forth with: "Is there any reason why I should tell you? Do you care any more for me than the rest of 'em?"

"I didn't know as you wanted me to care for you particularly," said the father deprecatingly. "I always thought you had friends of your own age."

"Friends! devils!" exclaimed Jacob. "Oh, what have I done—what is there so dreadful about me that I should always be laughed at and despised, and trampled upon? You are a great deal older than I am, father; what do you see in me? Tell me what it is, and how to get over it!"

The eyes of the two men met. Jacob saw his father's face grow pale in the moonlight, while he pressed his hand involuntarily upon his heart as if struggling with some physical pain. At last he spoke; but his words were strange and incoherent.

"I couldn't sleep," he said. "I got up again and came out of doors. The white ox had broken down the fence at the corner, and would soon have been in the corn-field. I thought it was that, maybe, but still your mother would come into my head. I was coming down the edge of the wood when I saw you, and I don't know why it was that you seemed so different, all at once—"

Here he paused, and was silent for a minute. Then he said in a grave, commanding tone:

"First let me know the whole story. I have the [illegible] right yet."

Jacob told the history of the evening somewhat awkwardly at first. It is true, but his father's brief, pointed questions kept him to the narrative, and forced him to explain the full significance of the expressions he repeated. At the mention of "Whitney's place," a singular expression of malice touched the old man's face.

"Do you love Becky Morton?" he asked bluntly, when all had been told.

"I don't know," Jacob stammered; "I think not; because when I seem to like her most, I feel afraid of her."

"It's lucky that you're not sure of it!" exclaimed the old man with energy, "because you should never have her."

"No," said Jacob, with a mournful acquiescence. "I never can have her, or any other one."

"But you shall—and will! when I help you. It's true I've not seemed to care much about you, and I suppose you're free to think as you like; but this I say: I'll not stand by and see you spit upon! 'Covered with as much as it'll bear!' *That's* a piece o' luck anyhow. If we're poor, your wife must take your poverty with you, or she don't come into *my* doors. But first of all you must make your journey!"

"My journey!" repeated Jacob.

"Weren't you thinking of it this night, before you took your seat on that stump? A little more, and you'd gone clean off, I reckon."

Jacob was silent and hung his head.

"Never mind. I've no right to think hard of it. In a week we'll have finished our haying, and then it's a fortnight to wheat; but, for that matter, Harry and I can manage the wheat by ourselves. You may take a month, two months, if anything comes of it. Under a month I don't mean that you shall come back. I'll give you twenty dollars for a start; if you want more you must earn it on the road, any way you please. And, mark you, Jacob, since you are poor, don't let anybody suppose you are rich. For my part, I shall not expect you to buy Whitney's place; all that I ask is that you tell me, fair and square, just what things and what people you've got acquainted with. Get to bed now—the matter's settled. I will have it so."

They rose and walked across the meadow to the house. Jacob had quite forgotten the events of the evening in the new prospect suddenly open to him, which filled him with a wonderful confusion of fear and desire. His father said nothing more. They entered the lonely house together at midnight, and went to their beds; but Jacob slept very little.

Six days afterwards he left home, on a sparkling June morning, with a small bundle tied in a yellow silk handkerchief under his arm. His father had furnished him with the promised money, but had positively refused to tell him what road he should take, or what plan of action he should adopt. The only stipulation was that his absence from home should not be less than a month.

After he had passed the wood and reached the highway which followed the course of the brook, he paused to consider which course to take. Southward the road led past Pardon's, and he longed to see his only friends once more before encountering untried hazards; but the village was beyond, and he had no courage to walk through its one long street with a bundle, denoting a journey, under his arm. Northward he would have to pass the mill and blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads. Then he remembered that he might easily wade the stream at a point where it was shallow and keep in the shelter of the woods on the opposite hill until he struck the road farther on, and in that direction two or three miles would take him into a neighborhood where he was not known.

Once in the woods an exquisite sense of freedom came upon him. There was nothing mocking in the soft, graceful stir of the expanded foliage, in the twittering of the unfrightened birds, or the scampering of the squirrels, over the rustling carpet of dead leaves. He lay down upon the moss under a spreading beech tree and tried to think; but the thoughts would not come. He could not even clearly recall the keen troubles and mortifications he had endured; all things were so peaceful and beautiful that a portion of their peace and beauty fell upon men and invested them with a more kindly character.

Towards noon Jacob found himself beyond the limited geography of his life. The first man he encountered was a stranger, who greeted him with a hearty and respectful "How do you do, sir?"

"Perhaps," thought Jacob, "I am not so very different from other people, if I only thought so myself."

At noon he stopped at farm-house by the wayside to get a drink of water. A pleasant woman, who came from the door at the moment with a pitcher, allowed him to lower the bucket and haul it up dripping with precious coolness. She looked upon him with good will, for he had allowed her to see his eyes, and something in their honest, appealing expression went to her heart.

"We're going to have dinner in a few minutes," she said; "won't you stay and have something?"

Jacob stayed and broke bread with the plain, hospitable family. Their kindly attention to him during the meal gave him the lacking nerve; for a moment he resolved to offer his services to the farmer, but he presently saw that they were not really needed, and, besides, the place was still too near home.

Towards night he reached the country tavern, lording it over an incipient village of six houses. The landlord and hostler were inspecting a drooping-looking horse in front of the stables. Now, if there is anything which Jacob understood to the extent of his limited experience, it was horse nature. He drew near, listened to the views of the two men, examined the animal with his eyes, and was ready to answer, "Yes, I guess so," when the landlord said, "Perhaps, sir, you can tell what is the matter with him."

His prompt detection of the ailment, and prescription of a remedy which in an hour showed its good effects, installed him in the landlord's best graces. The latter said, "well, it shall cost you nothing to-night," as he led the way to the supper-room. When Jacob went to bed he was surprised on reflecting that he had not only been talking for a full hour in the bar-room, but had been looking people in the face.

Resisting an offer of good wages if he would stay and look after the stables, he set forward the next morning with a new and most delightful confidence in himself. The knowledge that nobody knew him as "Jake Flint" quite removed his tortured self-consciousness. When he met a person who was glum and ungracious of speech he saw, nevertheless, that he was not its special object. He was sometimes asked questions, to be sure, which a little embarrassed him, but he soon hit upon answers which were sufficiently true without betraying his purpose.

Wandering sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, he slowly made his way into the land, until, on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving home, he found himself in a rougher region—a rocky, hilly tract, with small and not very flourishing farms in the valleys. Here the season appeared to be more backward than in the open country; the hay harvest was not yet over.

Jacob's taste for scenery was not particularly cultivated, but something in the loneliness and quiet of the farms reminded him of his own home; and he looked at one house after another, deliberating with himself whether it would not be a good place to spend the remainder of his month of probation. He seemed to be very far from home—about forty miles, in fact—and was beginning to feel a little tired of wandering.

Finally the road climbed a low pass of the hills, and dropped into a valley on the other side. There was but one house in view—a two-story building of logs and plaster, with a garden and orchard on the hillside to the rear. A large meadow stretched in front, and when the whole of it lay before him, as the road issued from a wood, his eye was caught by an unusual harvest picture.

Directly before him a woman, whose face was concealed by a huge, flapping sun-bonnet, was seated upon a mowing-machine, guiding a span of horses around the great tract of thick grass which was still uncut. A little distance off a boy and girl were raking the drier swaths together, and a hay cart drawn by oxen and driven by a man, was just entering the meadow from the side next the barn.

Jacob hung his bundle upon a stake, threw his coat and waistcoat over the rail, and, resting his chin upon his skirted arms, leaned on the fence and watched the hay-makers. As the woman came down the nearer side she appeared to notice him, for her head was turned from time to time in his direction. When she had made the round she stopped the horses at the corner, sprang lightly from her seat and called to the man, who, leaving his team, met her half-way. They were nearly a furlong distant, but Jacob was quite sure that she pointed to him, and that the man looked in the same direction. Presently she set off across the meadow directly toward him.

When within a few paces of the fence she stopped, threw back the flaps of her sun-bonnet, and said, "Good day to you."

Jacob was so amazed to see a bright, fresh, girlish face that he stared at her with all his eyes, forgetting to drop his head. Indeed he could not have done so, for his chin was propped upon the top rail of the fence.

"You are a stranger, I see," she added.

"Yes, in these parts," he replied.

"Looking for work?"

He hardly knew what answer to make, so he said at a venture, "That's as it happens." Then he colored a little, for the words seemed foolish to his ears.

"Time's precious," said the girl, "so I'll tell you at once we want help. Our hay *must* be got in while the fine weather lasts."

"I'll help you!" Jacob exclaimed, taking his arms from the rail, and looking as willing as he felt.

"I'm so glad! But I must tell you, at first, that we're not rich, and the hands are asking a great deal now. How much do you expect?"

"Whatever you please!" said he, climbing the fence.

"No, that's not our way of doing business. What do you say to a dollar a day and found?"

"All right!" and with the words he was already at her side, taking long strides over the elastic turf.

"I will go on with my mowing," said she, when they reached the horses, "and you can rake and load with my father. What name shall I call you by?"

"Everybody calls me Jake."

"Jake? Jacob is better. Well, Jacob, I hope you'll give us all the help you can."

With a nod and a light laugh she sprang upon the machine. There was a sweet throb in Jacob's heart, which, if he could have expressed it, would have been a triumphant shout of "I'm not afraid of her. I'm not afraid of her!"

The farmer was a kindly, depressed man, with whose quiet ways Jacob instantly felt himself at home. They worked steadily until sunset, when the girl, detaching her horses from the machine, mounted one of them, and led the other to the barn. At the supper-table the farmer's wife said: "Susan, you must be very tired."

"Not now, mother!" she cheerily answered. "I was, I think, but after I picked up Jacob, I felt sure we should get our hay in."

"It was a good thing," said the farmer; "Jacob don't need to be told how to work."

Poor Jacob! He was so happy he could have cried. He sat and listened, and brushed a little, with a smile on his face which was a pleasure to see. The honest people did not seem to regard him in the least as a stranger; they discussed their family interests and troubles and hopes before him, and in a little while it seemed as if he had known them always.

How faithfully he worked. How glad and tired he felt when night came, and the haymow was filled, and the great stacks grew beside the barn! But ah! the haying came to an end, and on the last evening, at supper, everybody was constrained and silent. Even Susan looked grave and thoughtful.

"Jacob," said the farmer, finally, "I wish we could keep you until wheat harvest; but you know we are poor and can't afford it. Perhaps you could—"

He hesitated; Jacob, catching at the chance and obeying his own unselfish impulse, cried: "Oh, yes, I can; I'll be satisfied with my board, till the wheat's ripe."

Susan looked at him quickly, with a bright, speaking face.

"It's hardly fair to you," said the farmer.

"But I like to be here so much!" Jacob cried. "I like—all of you!"

"We *do* seem to suit," said the farmer, "like as one family. And that reminds me, we've not heard your family name yet?"

"Flint."

"Jacob *Flint!*" exclaimed the farmer's wife, with sudden agitation.

Jacob was scared and troubled. They had heard of him, he thought, and who knew what ridiculous stories. Susan noticed an anxiety on his face which she could not understand, but she unknowingly came to his relief.

"Why, mother," she asked, "do you know Jacob's family?"

"No, I think not," said her mother, "only somebody of the name, long ago."

His offer, however, was gratefully accepted. The bright, hot summer days came and went, but no flower of July ever opened as rapidly and richly and warmly as his chilled, retarded nature. New thoughts and instincts came with every morning's sun, and new conclusions were reached with every evening's twilight. Yet as the wheat harvest drew towards the end, he felt that he must leave the place. The month of absence had gone by, he scarcely knew how. He was free to return home, and, though he might offer to bridge over the gap between wheat and oats, as he had already done between hay and wheat, he imagined the family might hesitate to accept such an offer. Moreover, this life at Susan's side was fast growing to be a pain, unless he could assure himself that it would be so for ever.

They were in the wheat field, busy with the last sheaves, she raking and he binding. The farmer and younger children had gone to the barn with a load. Jacob was working silently and steadily, but when they reached the end of a row, he stopped, wiped his wet brow, and suddenly said, "Susan, I suppose to-day finishes my work here."

"Yes," she answered very slowly.

"And yet I am very sorry to go."

"I—we don't want you to go if we could help it."

Jacob appeared to struggle with himself. He attempted to speak. "If I could—" he brought out and then paused. "Susan, would you be glad if I came back?"

His eyes implored her to read his meaning. No doubt she read it correctly, for her face flushed, her eyelids fell, and she barely murmured, "Yes, Jacob."

"Then I'll come!" he cried; "I'll come and help you with the oats. Don't talk of pay! Only tell me I'll be welcome! Susan, don't you believe I'll keep my word?"

"I do, indeed," she said looking him firmly in the face.

That was all that was said at that time; but the two understood each other tolerably well.

On the afternoon of the second day Jacob saw again the lonely house of his father. His journey was made; yet, if any of the neighbors had seen him, they would never have believed that he had come back rich.

Samuel Flint turned away to hide a peculiar smile when he saw his son, but little was said until late that evening, after Harry and Sally had left. Then he required and received an exact account of Jacob's experience during his absence. After hearing the story to the end, he said, "And so you love this Susan Meadows?"

"I'd—I'd do anything to be with her."

"Are you afraid of her?"

"No!" Jacob uttered the word so emphatically that it rang through the house.

"Ah, well!" said the old man, lifting his eyes and speaking in the air, "all the harm may be mended yet. But there must be another test." Then he was silent for some time.

"I have it," he finally exclaimed. "Jacob, you must go back for the oats harvest. You must ask Susan to be your wife, and ask her parents to let you have her. But—pay attention to my words: you must tell her you are a poor, hired man on this place, and that she can be engaged as housekeeper. Don't speak of me as your father but as the owner of the farm. Bring her here in that belief, and let me see how honest and willing she is. I can easily arrange matters with Harry and Sally while you are away; and I'll only ask you to keep up the appearance of the thing for a month or so."

"But, father"—Jacob began.

"Not a word! Are you not willing to do that much for the sake of having her all your life, and this farm after me? Suppose it is covered with a mortgage, if she is all you say, you two can work it off. Not a word more! It is no lie, after all, that you will tell her."

"I am afraid," said Jacob, "that she could not leave her home now. She is too useful there, and the family is so poor."

"Tell them that both your wages for the first year shall go to them; I'll be my business to rake and scrape the money together somehow. Say, too, that the housekeeper's place can't be kept for her—must be filled at once. Push matters like a man, if you mean to be a complete one, and bring her here, if she carries no more with her than the clothes on her back!"

During the following days Jacob had time to familiarize his mind with this startling proposal. He knew his father's stubborn will too well to suppose that it could be changed; but the inevitable soon converted itself into the possible and desirable. The sweet face of Susan as she stood before him in the wheat-field was continually present to his eyes, and ere long he began to place her, in his thoughts, in the old rooms at home, in the garden, among the thickets by the brook and in Ann Pardon's pleasant parlor. Enough; his father's plan became his own long before the time was out.

On his second journey everybody seemed to be an old acquaintance and an intimate friend. It was evening as he approached the Meadows farm. [illegible] the youngest children recognized him in the dusk and their cry of, "Oh, here's Jacob!" brought out the farmer and his wife and Susan, with the heartiest of welcomes. They had all missed him, they said. Even the horses and oxen had looked for him, and they were wondering how they should get the oats harvested without him.

Jacob looked at Susan as the farmer said this and her eyes seemed to answer, "I said nothing, but I knew you would come!" Then, first, he felt sufficient courage for the task before him.

He rose the next morning before any one was stirring, and waited until she should come downstairs. The sun had not risen when she appeared, with a milk-pail in each hand, walking unsuspectingly to the cow-yard. He waylaid her, took the pails in his hand and said in nervous haste, "Susan, will you be my wife?"

She stopped as if she had received a sudden blow; then a shy sweet consent seemed to run through her heart. "Will I, Jacob?" was all she could say.

"But you will, Susan?" he urged; and then (neither of them exactly knew how it happened) all at once his arms were around her, and they had kissed each other.

"Susan," he said, presently, "I am a poor man—only a farm hand, and must work for my living. You could look for a better husband."

"I could never find a better than you, Jacob."

"Would you work with me at the same place?"

"You know I am not afraid of work," she answered, "and I could never want any other lot than yours."

Then he told her the story which his father had prompted. Her face grew bright and happy as she listened, and he saw how from her very heart she accepted the humble fortune. Only the thought of her parents threw a cloud over the new and astonishing vision. Jacob, however, grew bolder as he saw fulfillment of his hope so near. They took the pails and seated themselves beside neighbor cows, one raising objections or misgivings which the other manfully combated. Jacob's earnestness unconsciously ran into his hands, as he discovered when the impatient cow began to snort and kick.

The harvesting of the oats was not commenced that morning. The children were sent away, and there was a council of four persons held in the parlor. The result of mutual protestations and much weeping was, that the farmer and his wife had agreed to receive Jacob as a son-in-law; the offer of the wages was four times refused by them, and then accepted; and the chance of their being able to live and labor together was finally decided to be too fortunate to let slip. When the shock and surprise was over, gradually become cheerful, and, as the matter was more calmly discussed, the first conjectured difficulties somehow resolved themselves into trifles.

It was the simplest and quietest wedding—at home on an August morning. Farmer Meadows then drove the bridal pair half-way on their journey to the old country tavern, where a fresh conveyance had been engaged for them. The same evening they reached the farm-house in the valley, and Jacob's happy mood gave place to an anxious uncertainty as he remembered the period of deception upon which Susan was entering. He keenly watched his father's face when they arrived, and was a little relieved when he saw that his wife had made a good first impression.

"So, this is my new housekeeper," said the old man. "I hope you will suit me as well as your husband does."

"I'll do my best, sir," said she; "but you must have patience with me a few days, until I know your ways and wishes."

"Mr. Flint," said Sally, "shall I get supper ready?"

Susan looked up in astonishment at hearing the name.

"Yes," the old man remarked, "we both have the same name. The fact is, Jacob and I are a sort of relations."

Jacob, in spite of his new happiness, continued ill at ease, although he could not help seeing how his father brightened under Susan's genial influence, how satisfied he was with her quick, neat, exact ways, and the cheerfulness with which she fulfilled her duties. At the end of a week the old man counted out the wages agreed upon for both, and his delight culminated at the frank simplicity with which Susan took what she supposed she had fairly earned.

"Jacob," he whispered when she had left the room, "keep quiet one more week, and then I'll let her know."

He had scarcely spoken, when Susan burst into the room again, crying, "Jacob, they are coming, they have come!"

"Who?"

"Father and mother; and we didn't expect them, you know, for a week yet."

All three went to the door as the visitors made their appearance on the veranda. Two of the party stood as if thunderstruck, and two exclamations came together:

"Samuel Flint!"

"Lucy Wheeler!"

There was a moment's silence; then the farmer's wife, with a visible effort to compose herself, said, "Lucy Meadows, now."

The tears came into Samuel Flint's eyes. "Let us shake hands, Lucy," he said; "my son has married your daughter."

All but Jacob were freshly startled at these words. The two shook hands, and then Samuel, turning to Susan's father, said: "And this is your husband, Lucy. I am glad to make his acquaintance."

"Your father, Jacob!" Susan cried; "what does it all mean?"

Jacob's face grew red, and the old habit of hanging his head nearly came back upon him. He knew not what to say, and looked wistfully at his father.

"Come into the house and sit down," said the latter. "I think we shall all feel better when we have quietly and comfortably talked the matter over."

They went into the quaint, old-fashioned parlor, which had already been transformed by Susan's care so that much of its shabbiness was hidden. When all were seated and Samuel Flint perceived that none of the others knew what to say, he took a resolution which, for a man of his mood and habit of life, required some courage.

"Three of us here are old people," he began, "and the two young ones love each other. It was so long ago, Lucy, that it can not be laid to my blame if I speak of it now. Your husband, I see, has an honest heart, and will not misunderstand either of us. The same thing often turns up in life; it is one of those secrets that everybody knows, and that everybody talks about except the persons concerned. When I was a young man, Lucy, I loved you truly, and I faithfully meant to make you my wife."

"I thought so, too, for awhile," said she, very calmly.

Farmer Meadows looked at his wife, and no face was ever more beautiful than his, with that expression of generous pity shining through it.

"You know how I acted," Samuel Flint continued, "but our children must also know that I broke off from you without giving any reason. A woman came between us and made all the mischief. I was considered rich then, and she wanted to secure my money for her daughter. I was an innocent and unsuspecting young man, who believed that everybody else was as good as myself; and the woman never rested until she had turned me from my first love and fastened me for life to another. Little by little I discovered the truth; I kept the knowledge of the injury to myself; I quickly got rid of the money that had so cursed me, and brought my wife to this, the loneliest and dreariest place in the neighborhood, where I forced upon her a life of poverty. I thought it was a just revenge, but I was unjust. She really loved me; she was, if not quite without blame in the matter, ignorant of the worst that had been done. I learned all that too late, and she never complained, though the change slowly wore out her life. I know now that I was cruel; but at the same time I punished myself, and was innocently punishing my son. But to *him* there was one way to make amends. 'I will help him to a wife,' I said, 'who will gladly take poverty with him and for his sake.' I forced him, against his will, to say that he was a hired hand on this place, and that Susan must be content to be a hired housekeeper. Now that I know Susan, I see that this proof might have been left out; but I guess it has done no harm. The place is not so heavily mortgaged as people think, and it will be Jacob's after I am gone. And now forgive me, all of you! Lucy first, for she has the most cause; Jacob next, and Susan—but will be easier; and you, friend Meadows, if what I have said has been hard for you to hear."

The farmer stood up like a man, took Samuel's hand and his wife's, and said in a broken voice:

"Lucy, I ask you, too, to forgive him, and I ask you both to be good friends to each other."

Susan dissolved in tears, kissed all of them in turn; but the happiest heart there was Jacob's.

It was now easy for him to confide to his wife the complete story of his troubles, and to find his growing self-reliance strengthened by her quick intelligent sympathy. The Pardons were better friends than ever, and the fact, which at first created great astonishment in the neighborhood, that Jacob Flint had really gone upon a journey and brought home a handsome wife, began to change the attitude of the people towards him. The old place was no longer so lonely; the nearest neighbors began to drop in and insist on return visits. Now that Jacob kept his head up, and they got a fair view of his face, they discovered that he was not lacking, after all, in sense or social qualities.

In October the Whitney place, which had been leased for several years, was advertised to be sold at public sale. The owner had gone to the city and become a successful merchant, had cut through his local attachments, and now took advantage of a rise in real estate to disburden himself of a property which he could not profitably control.

Everybody from far and wide attended the sale, and when Jacob Flint and his father arrived, everybody said to the former, "Of course *you've* come to buy, Jacob!" But each man laughed at his own smartness, and considered the remark original with himself.

Jacob was no longer annoyed. He laughed, too, and answered: "I'm afraid I can't do that; but I've kept half my word, which is more than most men do."

"Jake's no fool, after all," was whispered behind him.

The bidding commenced, at first very spirited, and then gradually slacking off, as the price mounted above the means of the neighboring farmers. The chief aspirant was a stranger, a well-dressed man with a lawyer's air, whom nobody knew. After the usual long pauses and passionate exhortations, the hammer fell, and the auctioneer, turning to the stranger, asked, "What name?"

"Jacob Flint!"

There was a general cry of surprise. All looked at Jacob, whose eyes and mouth showed that he was as dumfounded as the rest.

The stranger walked coolly through the midst of the crowd to Samuel Flint, and said, "When shall I have the papers drawn up?"

"As soon as you can," the old man replied; then seizing Jacob by the arm, with the words, "Let's go home now!" he hurried him on.

The explanation soon leaked out. Samuel Flint had not thrown away his wealth, but had put it out of his own hands. It was given privately to trustees, to be held for his son, and returned when the latter should have married with his father's consent. There was more than enough to buy the Whitney place.

Jacob and Susan are happy in their stately home, and good as they are happy. If any person in the neighborhood ever makes use of the phrase, "Jacob Flint's Journey," he intends thereby to symbolize the good fortune which sometimes follows honesty, reticence and shrewdness.

A SENSATIONAL STORY.

Alleged Reappearance of a Singer Who was Supposed to be Dead and Buried.

Kansas City Journal.

Another chapter has been brought to light in the story of Minnie Beals, the Kansas singer, whose romantic marriage and supposed sad death have been the theme of many a newspaper article in the west and the east, and whose present life will cause the profoundest sorrow to hundreds of those in every part of the country who were interested in her fate. In order to show the significance of the story which was yesterday related, it will be necessary to briefly review the facts in the history of this most unhappy lady, and recall the points in her remarkable career. Miss Minnie Beals was reared in Topeka, Kansas, where her family—or at least some members of it—reside at the present time. Her remarkably fine voice early attracted much attention, and by the time she reached womanhood her reputation was established throughout the state and she had become the pet and the pride of the Topekans. It was her ardent wish to go abroad and receive the musical culture and finish which alone can be attained in the conservatories of Europe. But, like many another gifted genius, "chill penury repressed her noble rage," and almost in despair she saw the time go by and no opportunities opening up for the fulfillment of the dream of her life. Many of her friends talked at various times of raising a fund among the citizens of Topeka for the purpose of giving her the advantages she craved for the development of her phenomenal voice, but they had been lax in their efforts and had failed to produce any tangible results. But Miss Beals was not altogether despondent. Her friends still promised her assistance, and she made such progress as she could with the aid of local musicians, and obtained a position in the choir of the most popular church in Topeka. The salary received she frugally laid aside with the hopes that it might prove the "nest egg" for her educational fund. About the summer of 1875 Lieutenant Philip Reed, an army officer stationed in New Mexico, paid a visit to some friends in Topeka while on a furlough, and chancing to drop into the church where Miss Beals sang, he heard her clear melodious voice,

AND BECAME INFATUATED.

He inquired into the history of her life, and learning of her struggles against poverty to acquire perfection in her art, he became deeply impressed with her story. He sought an introduction, and learning from her the high ambitions she entertained and the strong desire of her life to go abroad, he delicately revealed to her the interest he felt for her welfare, and being a man of ample means he within a short time told her of the plans he had hastily formed for helping her carry out all her plans for musical culture abroad. Of course she was overjoyed with the prospect before her. They plighted their troth, and he told her how he would send her to Europe and heed her slightest wish, and a speedy marriage was soon agreed upon. The time of Lieutenant Reed's furlough being about to expire, the marriage and her departure were set for the last day of his stay in Topeka, and every arrangement was made complete. On the day of her marriage she left Topeka for Europe, and her husband accompanied her as far as Lawrence, where he left his bride of a few hours. He returned to his command on the Rio Grande. She sailed from New York, and in due time arrived at her destination. At the conservatory which she had chosen she made rapid and most gratifying progress, and her friends at Topeka were duly notified of her achievements. Finally she made her debut, and the brilliancy of her success was chronicled in local papers and joyfully received by her friends at home. About three years had elapsed since she parted from her husband, and he had about made arrangements for a leave of absence in order that he might visit his wife in Paris, when he received the agonizing intelligence by cable that his wife had suddenly died in Paris. Almost distracted by the blow, Lieutenant Reed made preparations for having his wife's body sent to America for burial. The remains were received at Boston, and the husband made ample provision for their suitable interment in one of the most beautiful spots in Mount Auburn Cemetery. A number of friends of the lieutenant's wife had gone to Boston to attend the funeral, it being the earnest wish of her husband that the remains of his wife should not be buried elsewhere than in Boston. When

THE COFFIN WAS OPENED

For the last view of the departed, a marked change was discovered in the features of the lady, and, indeed, so little resemblance did the remains bear to her who had once been Minnie Beals that a whisper of suspicion was breathed as to their identity. Mrs. Reed had dark hair when she left home, and the hair of the occupant of the coffin was of a golden hue, and the features of the deceased were declared to be not all like those of the lieutenant's wife. But certain effects and private letters of Mrs. Reed's accompanied the remains, and the suspicion that the body was other than that of the lieutenant's wife was promptly hushed up. Still, unpleasant rumors were borne to the friends of Miss Beals, in Kansas. It was intimated that the body had been procured by Miss Beals and sent over to assure them of the fact of her death, and that the whole story had been concocted to cover a life of which she was ashamed, and yet which she did not desire to give up for her husband and American friends. The matter received much comment from the press, and was the source of keenest pain to the friends of the lady. So, when F. P. Baker of the Topeka *Commonwealth*, went over to Paris, in 1878, as a commissioner to the Paris Exposition, he undertook the task of ferreting out the facts surrounding Mrs. Reed's life and death. In a lengthy review of the whole matter which he sent to the *Commonwealth*, Mr. Baker stated that he had undoubted evidence of the lady's actual death in Paris, and that he could find nothing, after the most thorough investigation which would throw one cloud upon the fair name of the dead Mrs. Reed. As to her blonde hair, it was surmised that she had, by following the custom of many singers and actresses, simply bleached her hair, and that any appearance of change in the features of the dead girl could be accounted for by the great length of time the remains had been in reaching their destination after she had died. The thoroughness of Mr. Baker's investigation, and the positiveness with which he announced the result of his inquiry, convinced almost every one that the cruel reports as to the young lady's career had given needless pain to the fond hearts, and had been a most unjust aspersion on the character of the girl who had given up friends, husband and all, that she might devote herself to art, and who had been most ruthlessly cut off while in the first blush of her triumph.

But it seems this fancied security from the pain of any further torturing doubts was only to be transient. An attache of the American legation, at Alexandria, Egypt, whose name is suppressed at his request, has been stopping in this city for several days, and this gentleman informed a *Journal* reporter yesterday that he had seen Mrs. Reed in several large cities on the continent, traveling in her profession and passing as the wife of a popular and well-known tenor. The lady is reported to be very beautiful, and although somewhat changed in her appearance, is easily recognizable, and the gentleman is positive that she is the self-same Minnie Beals whom he had previously known in Topeka.

The gentleman did not wish the fact divulged, out of regard for the lady's friends, but the duty of the scribe was plainly apparent, and the facts are accordingly presented herewith to the readers of the *Journal.*

"UNCLE TOMS CABIN."

Laramie Boomerang.

Thursday evening the novel and startling drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was rendered here by the Anthony & Ellis company. As the play is a comparatively new one, there being only forty or fifty "Uncle Tom" combinations now on the road, some traveling in special cars and others by hand-car and special tie rates, we give a kind of synopsis of the drama:

Mr. George Harris is supposed to be a calcimined mulatto, who is perplexed with doubts about who his parents were, on his father's side, and Eliza, his wife, is situated in a similar manner. Their little boy is the only member of the family who has a pedigree that will bear investigation at all. Mr. Harris and wife are endeavoring throughout the play to get to Canada, where they intend to go into the restaurant business and acquire scads. Mrs. Harris, in making her escape across the river, which is filled with large chunks of cordwood painted light blue, is followed by two bloodhounds with iron cake baskets over their heads, and two men with false beards made out of buffalo robes.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is an extremely fatal play, there being four killed and three wounded in three hours. Little Eva is the first to succumb to the extremely malarious and unhealthy climate. After that her father expires on a $2 bedstead, with a sheet thrown over him and his boots on. They all die easy, to pianissimo music. Thursday evening, as Eva was dying, and her little breath came thick and fast, the janitor went around and filled up the coal stoves to hide his emotion, and two gentlemen on the south side of the opera house were so carried away with conflicting emotions that they sought consolation in a four quart job lot of peanuts and hoarhound candy. The next untimely death is that of Uncle Tom, who is supposed to get welted over the head with the butt of a loaded whip.

This, however, is an optical illusion, because we asked Mr. Legree on the following day if he got a fresh Uncle Tom at each and every performance, or how he fixed it, and he said he wouldn't try to conceal anything from us, but tell us plainly how it was. It seems that he does not kill Uncle Tom at all. He said he had nothing in particular against the old man, so he backed him up against the scenery, and hit a glancing lick that was more fatal to the scenery than it was to Uncle Tom. He said that Tom stood in with him, and when the proper moment arrived for the sickening thud, generally clapped his hands together to heighten the effect. After awhile Mr. Legree is killed also. He is massacred with a large bread-knife and is dragged off the stage by a hired man.

The donkey generally brought in by Lawyer Marks sometimes introduces a melodrama that is not down in the bills. Once, while showing in Utah, one of the university students who sings falsetto, got mad at the donkey because the animal was attracting more attention and drawing a larger salary than he was, and so just before the donkey was to go on, and while he was waiting for his cue, the university student poured about a gill of turpentine into the ear of the timid little public favorite. When he got in where the auction sale was going on, the meek little animal seemed excited about something. He scattered Mr. Marks around among the footlights and knocked Mr Legree through the bass vial. Most of the actors excused themselves and retired. Then the household pet got over into the orchestra and went through with some calisthenics. Also through some of the musicians. For a while it looked as though not only the entire troupe but the orchestra and most of the audience would go up the golden stair with Little Eva. Uncle Tom's Cabin has been on the stage now twenty years, but it is about as reliable a promoter of the scalding tear as ever it was. It is a play that takes first rate in this dry climate, and saves the expense of irrigation to a great extent.

Heller, the Magician, and Cora Pearl.

Chicago Tribune.

Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and many other popular songs, is now a cabinet-maker in Baltimore, and has been there for years. Robert Heller's father was the organist of Canterbury cathedral, and in the little town of that name Henry Palmer (Robert Heller) went to school in company with a neighbor's little daughter, and as boy and girl they were little sweethearts. This early love of the great magician was named Fanny Crouch, and her father was a musical genius who became quite a celebrity among his townfolk by his songs, attaining much fame in after time by his "Kathleen Mavourneen." Heller had been before the public a long time when he drifted to Paris. There he beheld the dashing equipage and gorgeous costumes of Cora Pearl, the notorious, daily upon the street. Being struck with something familiar in her face, he followed her into a shop one day to obtain a nearer view of this celebrity. Suddenly she turned, met his gaze, and instantly came forward with outstretched hands. It was Fanny Crouch, his little schoolmate. In this country Heller came across the unhappy father and composer. He was working at the cabinet-making business in Baltimore, where Heller's father-in-law resided. Crouch was not a tramp nor in poverty; he preferred the oblivion of a workshop in America to his old home and friends—no doubt through shame for his laughter's conduct. Those Canterbury people are a strange lot. In poor Mr. Crouch's case the knowledge that Cora Pearl was a native of that stiff cathedral town was a thing to conceal and be ashamed of. But it was different with Robert Heller. He became famous for a magnificent pianist and the foremost magician of his time; that made no difference; his family were horrified at his career. One sister married a mutton-headed country squire and settled at Seven Oaks, and when Robert died was wild with fear lest the pumpy little Canterbury paper would get hold of and publish the fact that Robert Heller, lamented all over America, was one and the same with Henry Palmer, son of the Canterbury organist. It seemed very strange to me, with the eulogies and praises of the American papers yet in my mind, the famous entertainer's greatness fresh before me, to hear a little bit of an insignificant old woman, whose husband resembled "Solon Shingle," entreat that no mention of the dead brother's identity with Robert Heller should be made, that the "dreadful secret" should be kept.

A Patient People.

Chicago Tribune.

The American people are a patient people: they endure a large batch of murders every day, and content themselves with a very small batch of hangings once a month. The hangings are often postponed; the murders occur with a degree of regularity worthy of more pleasing events. The American people are a compassionate and sympathetic people, and as murdered men are no longer in need of pity this compassion and this sympathy is too often lavished upon the murderers. But the patience of the American people is susceptible of exhaustion; the fountains of their sympathy and compassion are liable, in a desperate case, to become dry. Forbearance sometimes ceases to be a virtue, and the Guiteau case has exhausted the patience of the American people. They are wearied by his blasphemy and profanity, and irritated by the seeming interminable duration of the scene in which he acts like a fiend incarnate, and asserts *ad nauseam* that the bloody murder for which he is on trial was committed by command of God!

CHILI PEPPERS.

To be Taken as Spice by Readers—[illegible] Down Wisdom of Others.

SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER.

What Smarter Folks than we are Think [illegible] Wicked World and its Woeful [illegible] and Ways.

Frelinghuysen is acceptable to China. The Celestials show think they see a chance for Young Hyson.

A slight defect: "The character of [illegible] justs suits him," said Brown. "Very true," replied Fogg, "but it suits nobody else."—Boston Transcript.

The American eagle which soared and screamed under Blaine's tutelage [illegible] aptly compared to a capon since Frelinghuysen took charge of the bird.

A pupil in history was asked the manner of death met by Latimer, who, it will be remembered, was burned at the stake. She [illegible] "He died from overheating himself."

Carpenters rather than reformers [illegible] wanted in these days is not so much the [illegible] tion of the stage as the enlargement of the means of exit from the auditorium.—[illegible]ville Journal.

Junior class in zoology: Examiner—[illegible] good child, what are quadrupeds? [illegible] Animals with four legs. Examiner—[illegible] good. Now name some. Scholar—A [illegible] dog, two hens.

"In what condition was the [illegible] at the end of his life?" asked a [illegible] day-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the end of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

No show: First burglar—[illegible] Jim, are you in with us on the [illegible] Yankeetown?" Second burglar—[illegible] there's no money in it. [illegible] worked up by that bloomin' [illegible]

A woman caused a commotion in [illegible] Minn., by wildly chasing a big [illegible] ing: "Stop him! he has swallowed a [illegible] dollar bill." An obliging butcher [illegible] beast, killed him and recovered the [illegible]

The lover of solitude is likely [illegible] gratified. If he remain on earth, [illegible] ple here. If he go to heaven he will [illegible] there. If he go to hell he will [illegible] there. Once a man is born, he can [illegible] cape his fellows.

"Do not," said a clever dramatic [illegible] journalistic friend who had called [illegible] about his health, "do not say [illegible] tion is such as to inspire his friends [illegible] easiness.' People might think [illegible] friends money."

It is said that when a Deadwood [illegible] angry over a game of poker, and [illegible] ponent with a pistol, he is not [illegible] cape. A meeting of the community [illegible] and in nine cases out of ten [illegible] being too impulsive.

The Boston *Courier* remarks [illegible] never entirely wipes out an [illegible] always remains. We can imagine [illegible] car conductor making that [illegible] after he has alluded to him [illegible] son of a crank mule driver.

"That pictur," remarked [illegible] "has the got the finest [illegible] saw." "Jim," remarked his [illegible] follow-citizen from Pumpville, [illegible] intense pride, "sens you got to [illegible] your culture's jest wonderful."

The Buffalo *Courier* does [illegible] press its poetry in rhyme: [illegible] there are sadder sunsets to be [illegible] of people than anywhere else [illegible] for brighter sunrises than the [illegible] can be seen in happy human [illegible]

The number of kind-hearted [illegible] out hunting mistook a friend for a [illegible] fox, or grizzly, and peppered [illegible] fourteen, with Ireland [illegible] Every one of them felt bad [illegible] mistakes will happen in all [illegible]

A Newark, N. J., church [illegible] on Sunday that he is too tired [illegible] church while the hymns are [illegible] other day for an hour waiting [illegible] come along. His neighbors [illegible] not complain of being weary [illegible]

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* [illegible] is very nice, but appears to [illegible] are no corns on it. The old [illegible] caught a reporter kissing his [illegible] the hall lamp and expanded [illegible] of a cold and heartless world [illegible] too.

"Whew! Coming up those [illegible] wind out of me," remarks the [illegible] climbs to the editorial rooms [illegible] about running the paper. [illegible] editor, shaking him by the hand, [illegible] gentleman thinks the editor is [illegible] him.

"I think, husband," said a [illegible] the other morning, "that [illegible] Charles had a little more [illegible] him. I'm afraid he smokes." [illegible] see, he is seven next February. [illegible] to him. He certainly ought not [illegible] fore he is eight."

A conversation heard the other [illegible] "Did Sheridan or Knowles write [illegible] or Scandal?" He—"Why, Knowles, [illegible] Sheridan was a general in the army [illegible] wrote anything. Didn't you ever [illegible] marching through Georgia? [illegible] member now; but I always get [illegible] confused."

Sound, but somewhat noisy: "[illegible] ments are sound, my son, and [illegible] force," said the clergyman to his [illegible] been banging away at his drum [illegible] more; "but we have heard [illegible] that head." The boy stopped [illegible] the aid of his mother and [illegible] Transcript.

Judge Gaslin of Nebraska is a [illegible] usual frankness. He told the [illegible] Lincoln the other day that they [illegible] of barbarism, a source of [illegible] the country, and of no earthly [illegible] the community." This proves [illegible] had no interest in the case, and [illegible] how it was decided.

Difference of opinion: After [illegible] eign news our Jeems' wife laid down [illegible] and remarked: "I think, husband, [illegible] must be a very hard country to [illegible] you?" On the contrary," [illegible] think it must be a very soft one." "Because, you know, it is very [illegible] died."—Cambridge Tribune.

The gilded youth had been out [illegible] But he didn't abuse that friend. [illegible] him as a handsome, jolly, royal [illegible] Said a friend to him: "Why do you [illegible] up and make him out such a [illegible] And the gilded replied, "Hang it, do you [illegible] that I'd own up that any but the [illegible] in the world could cut me out? No, [illegible]

During a trial for assault in Arizona, a club, a rock, a rail, an ax handle, a [illegible] a shotgun were exhibited as "the [illegible] with which the deed was done." It was shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a [illegible] chisel, a hand-saw, a flail and a crowbar. The jury decided that they'd have given a dollar apiece to have seen the fight.

A bear undertook to break into the house of a Wisconsin man one night while the man was out. The man's wife heard the bear and in the darkness, thought it was her husband, coming home late. When the bear got over his [illegible] didn't stop running until he'd got nine [illegible] and you couldn't coax him to go within a thousand yards of that woman again. And yet if she'd known it was a bear and not her husband, she would probably have fainted and been devoured, and the old man is awful sorry it didn't happen that way.

"Make my neighbor a pauper!" said the revengeful man, "you wager I will. Idleness leads to poverty, sir, and I've got two big bull dogs so thoroughly trained that they'll act for hours as if the next instant they'd fight. But they never do. And I'll put those dogs out in my yard and that neighbor o' mine 'll neglect his business and pat in his time sitting on the fence, waiting for the dogs to go to it. And he'll not only neglect his business and go to ruin, but he'll be tantalized till he's so mad he can't wink. I'll fix the villain!"

What is this we have here? Is it alive? [illegible] Be Jawge, it is a Hawvawd scnyah, [illegible] know. Is he known by any other title? [illegible] ah, he-ah is sometimes called a cultuahed gentleman-ah. Does he study Greek? I should say ah that he did-ah. He pwayed in Œdipus the lawst yeah. What did he play? He pwayed the curtains up and down-ah. Joke-ah! Ha-ha! What makes him part his hair in the middle? Only a step-ah in the cawse of his development-ah. Development into what? Into womanhood-ah. Another joke-ah. By the way, what does he think of Emerson's idea of the non-combustibility of modern agnosticism? My ideah fellah, he has not the slightest idea. Fact-ah. Joke-ah number three.

Chicago Wheat Market.
Chicago, Jan. 5.—Wheat—Firm; higher, $1 26 cash; $1 27¾ February.

[illegible] arrived up yesterday, at 4. Nothing moving. Cloudy; wind southwest. The Parknook, in tow of the Ordway, started up 10:30 A. M. The Corina, in tow of the Cooke, arrived down.

Impure blood causes poor circulation, rash disorders, such as Liver and Kidney Complaint, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, skin disorders, etc., which are curable by King of the Blood. See advertisement.

[illegible] of sale, cash.
Executors of the Will of Maria Ann [illegible], Dec'd.
KILLIN & MORELAND, Attys for [illegible]
Dated at Portland, Dec. 5, 1881.

[illegible] of the name, McLANE, spelled differently but same pronunciation.
HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Portland,
Sole Agents for Oregon and Washington Ty.

OLDENDORFF & HEUSNER, [illegible] Estate Agents, corner First [illegible] Portland, Oregon.

I PEPPERS.

pice by Readers--Boiled
sdom of Others.

OOSE AND GANDER.

ks than we are Think of this
and its Woeful Works
and Ways.

acceptable to China. The
ink they ree a chance for

"The character of Romen
said Brown. "Very true,"
it suits nobody else."—Bos-

eagle which soared and
Blaine's tutelage has been
a capon since Frelinghuysen
bird.

y was asked the number of
mer, who, it will be remem-
At the stake. She replied:
cheating himself."

r than reformers: What is
s is not so much the eleva-
s the enlargement of the
the auditorium.—Somer-

zoology: Examiner—My
re quadrupeds? Scholar—
r legs. Examiner—Very
some. Scholar—A horse, a

ion was the patriarch Job
fe?" asked a Brooklyn Sun-
of a quiet-looking boy at
"Dead," calmly replied
oy.

urglar—"See here, Slippery
th us on this bank lay in
econd burglar—"I ain't;
in it. Everything's been
bloomin' pal, the cashier."

a commotion at Wadena,
asing a big dog and cry-
o was swallowed a twenty-
obliging butcher caught the
d recovered the money.

litude is likely never to be
ain on earth, there are peo-
to heaven he will find a few
hell he will find a crowd
is born, he can never es-

olever dramatic artist to a
w o had called to inquire
do not say that his condi-
nsrire his friends with un-
night think that I owed my

en a Deadwood deacon gets
of poker, and drops his op-
ol, he is not allowed to ca-
the congregation is held,
t of ten he is censured for

ter remarks that an apology
s out an insult. The scar
Ve can imagine one a horse-
n that remark to another
d to him as a tow headed
e driver.

remarked Mr. Goldbug,
nest camera obscura I ever
marked his old friend and
Pumpville, with a look of
s you got to be a millionaire
wonderful.'"

arter does not always ex-
rhyme: "Heaven knows
nsets to be seen in the eyes
where else, and thank God
than the east knows which
y human eyes."

nc-hearted people who went
a friend for a wild turkey,
peppered him dead, was
stand still to hear from
elt bad enough to cry, but
n in all families.

church member, who says
is too tired to stand up in
ymns are sung, stood the
our waiting for a circus to
eighbors say that he did
ng weary on that occasion.

r-Ocean says that mistletoe
ppears to regret that there
The old man probably
issing his daughter under
xpanded him into the midst
es world with his missile-

g up these stairs takes the
emarks the gentleman who
rial rooms to give advice
paper. "So glad," says the
by the hand, and the gen-
ecitor is delighted to see

d," said a New Haven lady,
g, "that it is about time
more restraint put upon
smokes." "Dare say. Let's
February. Well, I'll see
ly ought not to smoke be-

ard the other day: She—
Knowles write 'The School
"Why Knowles, of course.
ral in the army and never
idn't you ever hear of his
eorgia?" She—"Oh, I re-
always get those two men.

hat noisy: "Your argu-
y son, and delivered with
gyman to his boy, who had
t his drum for an hour or
heard quite enough on
oy stopped at once, with
r and hired girl.—Boston

ebraska is a man of un-
e told, the grand jury at
y that they were a "relic
res of useless expense to
no earthly consequence to
This proves that the Judge
e case, and didn't care a
ded.

on: After reading the for-
wife laid down the paper
ink, husband, that Ireland
country to live in, don't
ntrary," said Jeems. "I
ery soft one." "How so?"
it is very thickly pad-
Tribune.

ac been cut out by a friend.
that friend. He spoke of
, jolly, royal good fellow.
"Why do you praise him
t such a splendid man?"
ed, "Hang it, do you think
any but the finest fellow
ut me out? No, sir!"

r assault in Arkansas, a
n ax handle, a knife and
ibited as "the instrument
was done." It was also
lted man defended him-
, a scythe, a pitchfork, a
a flail and a cross dog.
t they'd have given a dol-
ed the fight.

to break into the house of
e night while the man was
fe heard the bear and, in
t it was her husband, com-
en the bear got away he
until he'd got nine miles,
coax him to go within a
that woman again. And
it was a bear and not her
probably have fainted and
he old man is awful sorry
way.

or a pauper!" said the re-
u wager I will. Idleness
and I've got two big bull-
rained that they'll act for
instant they'd fight. But
I'll put those dogs out in
ighbor o' mine 'll neglect
in his time sitting on the
e dogs to go to it. And
t his business and go to
talized till he's so mad he
the villain!"

ave here? Is it alive? It
a Hawvawd senyah, you
by any other title? Yes-
os called a cultuahed gen-
e study Greek? I should
h. He pwayed in Œdipus-
at did he play? He pwayed
down ah. Joke-ah? Ha-
him part his hair in the
p-ah in the cawse of his
Development into what?
Another joke-ah, be
ay, what does he think of
the non-combustibility of
? My deah fellah, he has
a. Fact-ah. Joke-ah nun-

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1882.

THE KING.

One comes to her in kingly garb and guise,
She hears the wary world his praises sing,
And listening shyly with a pleased surprise,
She owns the hope that now at last her eyes
Behold the King.

Yet still a doubt her maiden spirit grieves,
Love's perfect trust his presence fails to bring,
And in each tender romance that she weaves
Why is it that she never quite believes
He is the King?

Another comes unnoticed and alone,
About his life no royal glamors cling;
The world has never branded him her own,
Yet to one heart the certain truth is known
That he is King.

Now can her soul the shafts of doubt defy,
His voice from truth has caught the royal ring;
No substitute can shine when he is by;
Disguises fail and life is grand and high,
For he is King. —*Grace S. Wells.*

WITCHING MR. WILDE.

The Too Utterly Utter Young Man in New York.

OSCAR OPENS THEIR OPTICS.

Lecture on the Beautiful—Æsthetic and Pallid Young Men in Attendance—The Æsthete on his Satirists.

The audience which assembled at Chickering hall, New York, on Monday night to hear Mr. Oscar Wilde's lecture, "The English Renaissance," is said to have been one of the most distinguished that ever gathered within the walls of that highly fashionable resort. Speaking of the occurrence the New York *Tribune* says that carriages began to arrive at the Fifth avenue entrance at 7 o'clock, and they did not stop coming for an hour. There were only a few ushers in attendance, and it took the people a long while to get their places. When this was finally accomplished every seat in the house was taken, while leaning in medieval attitudes against the back wall of the parquet were many æsthetic and pallid young men in dress suits and banged hair. No man, however, carried a lilly or a sunflower, as far as could be observed. Most of the men, even those who had seats, wore evening dress, while the women were attired handsomely and richly. There were very few Gainsborough hats to be seen, to the great surprise and relief of all. It was not noticed that the sashes were tied very high, or in very large bows. Many of the ladies wore handsome flowers, mostly roses, but an occasional distressed white lilly could be seen. Here and there was a woman whose garments, of a cobweb-gray or gray green color, showed æsthetic and ethereal aspirations. The hall itself was as bare of decoration as if some common person was going to talk to common-place people on common-place subjects.

Mr. Wilde's appearance as he made his first bow to an American audience has already been described. As he entered the hall a hundred opera-glasses were leveled at him, and a ripple of decorous laughter passed over the auditors. The young English versifier and æsthete, after being briefly introduced by his manager, spoke substantially as follows:

In the year 1847 a number of young men in London, all admirers of Keats, were in the habit of meeting together and discussing art. They had determined to revolutionize poetry and painting. To do so was to lose, in England, all their rights as citizens. They had three things which the English public never forgive—youth, power and enthusiasm. Satire paid the usual homage which mediocrity yields to genius, blinding the British public to what is noble and beautiful, but harming the artist not at all. To disagree with three-fourths of England on all points is one of the first elements of sanity, which is a deep source of consolation in all moments of spiritual doubt. [Laughter.]

These young men called themselves Pre-Raphaelites because, as opposed to the facile abstractions of Raphael they thought they had found a stronger realism of imagination, a more careful realism of technique, an individualism more intense. But of all things was it a return to nature. Later on, there came to this small house by Blackfriars bridge Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris, who added a more exquisite spirit of choice, a more faultless devotion to beauty, and more intense seeking for perfection. Morris felt that the close imitation of nature was a disturbing element in imaginative art. To him we owe poetry the clear precision of which, and the clearness of word and vision, have not been excelled in the literature of our country.

The artist may trace the deferred revolution [illegible] simply to the lack of technical [illegible]. So it has been with this romantic movement of ours. The painting of Burne-Jones shows a far more intricate wonder of design and splendor of color than English imaginative art had ever shown before. The poetry of Morris, Rossetti and Swinburne shows a growing consciousness of the musical value of each word which Theophile Gautier's advice to the young poet, to read his dictionary every day as being the only book worth a poet's reading, admirably expresses.

What place has criticism in our culture? I think that the first duty of an art critic is to hold his tongue at all times and upon all subjects. [Laughter and applause.] You have listened to "Patience" for a hundred nights, and you have only heard me for one. It will make, no doubt, that satire more piquant by knowing something about the subject of it. But you must not judge of æstheticism by the satire of Mr. Gilbert, any more than you judge of the strength and splendor of sun or sea by the dust that dances in the beam or the bubble that breaks on the wave. Don't take your critics as any sure test of art.

The novel has not killed the play, as some critics would persuade us. The romantic movement of France shows that the work of Balzac and Victor Hugo grew, up side by side together—nay, more, were complementary to each other, although neither of them saw it. The drama is the meeting place of art and life; it deals, as Mazzini said, not merely with man, but with social man, with man in relation to God and to humanity. Shelley felt how incomplete our movement was in this respect, and has shown in one great tragedy by what terror and pity he would have purified our age; but in spite of the "Cenci," the drama is one of the artistic forms through which the genius of England seeks in vain an outlet and an expression.

It is rather, perhaps, to you that we would turn to complete and perfect this great movement of ours, for there is something Hellenic in your air and world, something that has a quicker breath of the joy and power of Elizabeth's England about it than our ancient civilization can give us. [Applause.] For you, at least, are young; no hungry generations tread you down, and the past does not mock you with the ruins of a beauty, the secret of whose creation you have lost. That very absence of tradition which Ruskin thought would rob your rivers of their laughter and your flowers of their light may be rather the source of your freedom and strength. To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude of the movement of animals, and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees and the grass by the roadside, has been defined by one of your poets as the flawless triumph of art: it is a triumph which you above all other nations may be destined to achieve. For the voices that have their dwelling in sea and mountain are not the chosen music of liberty only. Other messages are there, if you will but listen to them—may yield you the splendor of some new imagination, the marvel of some new liberty.

If, then, this is so, and the materials for a civilization lie all around you, what profit, you will ask me, will all this study of our poets and painters bring you? I might answer that the intellect can be engaged without a direct, didactic object, on an artistic and historical problem—that the demand of the intellect is merely to feel itself alive. I think such a study will bring you something that is the knowledge of real strength in art, not that you should imitate the works of great men, but their artistic spirit.

I know indeed that the divine prescience of beauty is not our inheritance. The truths of art cannot be taught. They are revealed only—revealed to natures which have made themselves receptive of all beautiful impressions by the study of and the worship of all beautiful things. Hence the enormous importance given to all decorative arts in our English Renaissance; hence all that marvel of design that comes from the hand of Edward Burne-Jones; hence all that weaving of tapestry, the staining of glass, and the beautiful working in clay and metal and wood.

You have heard, I think, a few of you, of two flowers connected with the æsthetic movement in England said (I assure you erroneously) to be the food of some æsthetic young men. Well, let me tell you that the reason we love the lily and the sunflower, in spite of what Mr. Gilbert may tell you, it is not for any vegetable fashion at all; it is because these two lovely flowers are in England the two most perfect models of design, the most naturally adapted for decorative art—the gaudy leonine beauty of the one and the precious loveliness of the other giving to the artist the most entire and perfect joy. And so with you: let there be no flower in your meadows that does not wreathe its tendrils around your pillows, no little leaf in your Titan forests that does not lend its form to design, no curving spray of wild rose or brier that does not live forever in carven arch or window of marble, no bird in the air that is not giving the iridescent wonder of its color, the exquisite curves of its wings in flight, to make more precious the preciousness of simple adornment; for the voices that have their dwellings in sea and mountain are not the chosen music of liberty only. Other messages are there in the wonder of wind-swept heights and the majesty of silent deep—messages that, if you will listen to them, will give you the wonder of all new imagination, the treasure of all new beauty. We spend our days, each one of us, in looking for the secret of life. Well the secret of life is in art. [Applause.]

THE OREGON SCHOOL TEACHER.

Union School Journal.

Everybody knows everything about him and his business. His work and associations are daily criticised; and when any fault is found, the whole district knows all about it and during one or two weeks he is made the subject of fireside discussions. Then he may learn of his situation in time to save himself from the contempt of a few of his patrons. Who are these patrons?

He is supposed to be a walking encyclopedia of information on general and local topics. His high office demands that he be just such a man. Usually he is the final reference in politics, religion, education and family disputes. If he does not express his opinion freely, he is considered to be an idiot; if he does, he is condemned as a villain. Which would you rather be—an idiot, a villain, or an Oregon school teacher?

His position as master of the school gives him a commanding mood. His yea is YEA, and his nay is NAY; and his word is indisputable by the rising generations. He becomes crispy tempered, cross, and often his disposition is to drive the children to fame. The parents suggest: "It is easier to lead a horse to water than to drive him there." He may fall out with a few of the patrons, because in this respect he could not satisfactorily explain the difference between the horse and their children. He continues to teach as a kind of a Robinson Crusoe—"monarch of all he surveys" in the school room—ah, so domineering! None to dispute him, he often fails to investigate, becomes indolent and "behind the times."

He is migratory. That is, he emigrates from one district to another every three months. He, of course, has given entire satisfaction, but changes at the request of the people among whom he has been teaching. They recommended "traveling" for his health.

During his first term of school, he will find a great many old fogies, but as he becomes older he is likely to find fewer of them.

If he comes from western Oregon he will eat with his fork only; but if he is a resident of eastern Oregon, he eats with his knife; in this windy country it is necessary to hold the victuals down with the fork. This is also the principal difference between the eastern teachers and the eastern Oregon teachers.

All Oregon teachers are by law commanded to demand good order in their schools. Even the parents will privately say to the teacher: "See that *my* children behave and learn; if they do not, *whip them.*" But teachers have long since learned that generally when a parent says to whip his child he means somebody's else child. If you doubt this, punish a guilty child and see for yourself.

The Oregon lady teacher generally teaches one term and marries the next. The Oregon male teacher teaches one term, and then nobody will have him. Who is to blame?

* * * * * * *

No rose without its thorn; no occupation without its hardships. The teacher continues to be what he makes himself—nothing more or less. The world is advancing, and the teachers are marching on. Good teachers are indispensable, and the world knows it. They take the world as they find it and spend a lifetime in improving it. Many have by intemperance, ill health, indolence, or disgust, because they could not run the world alone, faltered by the way, and to-day Oregon is extending her hand welcoming more good teachers and encouraging young men and women to come into the ranks.

Ohio will not supply all the presidents. If you cannot be president of the United States, you may some time find great consolation in having been the teacher of some worthy Oregon boy who may yet occupy the Executive Mansion. Remember, Aristotle was greater than all his students; strive to be greater than your pupils.

To be an accomplished Oregon teacher, is worthy of the aspirations of any young man who has enough will and character to make his position an honorable one.

HUXLEY ON THE BIBLE.

In the *Contemporary Review* Professor Huxley gives his views on the Bible as follows:

I have always been strongly in favor of secular education in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess that I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on this matter, without the use of the Bible. The pagan moralists lack life and color, and even the noble stoic, Marcus Antonius, is too high and refined for an ordinary child. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deduction which fair criticism can dictate for short comings and positive errors, eliminate, as a sensible lay teacher would, if left to himself, all that is not desirable for children to occupy themselves with, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral grandeur. And then consider the great historical fact that for three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain, and is familiar to noble and simple, from John o'Groat's house to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso were once to the Italians; that it was written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of a merely literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the variest hind, who never left his native village, to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other books could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between the two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effect to do good and hate evil, even as they are earning their payment for their work?

And if Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity as if it were a sacramental operation, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure. At least I know that some of the pleasantest recollections of my childhood are connected with the voluntary study of an ancient Bible which belonged to my grandmother. There were splendid pictures in it, to be sure, but I recollect little or nothing about them save a portrait of the high priest in his vestments. What comes vividly back to my mind are remembrances of my delight in the histories of Joseph and David, and of my keen appreciation of the chivalrous kindness of Abraham in his dealings with Lot. Like a sudden flash there returns back upon me my utter scorn of the pettifogging meanness of Jacob, and my sympathetic grief over the heart-breaking lamentations of the cheated Esau—"Hast thou not a blessing for me, also, O my father?" And I see, as in a cloud, pictures of the grand phantasmagoria of the book of Revelation.

I enumerate, as they issue, the childish impressions as they come crowding out of the pigeon-holes in my brain, in which they have lain almost undisturbed for forty years. I prize them as an evidence that a child five or six years old, left to his own devices, may be deeply interested in the Bible and draw moral sustenance from it.

A San Francisco paper speaks of a German maiden lady in that city, "who made $20,000 during the flush times, as a domestic."

A NOTABLE DUEL.

Encounter Between General Jackson and Charles Dickinson.

OLD HICKORY'S DREADFUL AIM.

How Dickinson Shot General Jackson in the Breast and then Received a Fatal Wound Himself—He Bled to Death.

General Jackson's most severe wound, and the one that finally caused his death was received in his duel with Charles Dickinson in 1806. General Jackson challenged Dickinson for disparaging remarks uttered concerning Mrs. Jackson. Dickinson accepted, and Dr. Hanson Catlet was the friend of Dickinson. It was agreed that the duel should be fought at 7 A. M. on the 30th of May (1806), under the following stipulations:

"The distance shall be twenty-four feet, the parties to stand facing each other, with their pistols down perpendicularly. When they are ready the single word 'Fire' is to be given, at which they are to fire as soon as they please. Should either fire before the word is given, we (the seconds) pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly. The person to give the word is to be determined by lot, as is also the choice of position."

There was intense excitement in Nashville. The coming duel was no secret, although the time and place were known only to the friends of the parties. Bets were laid upon the result of the meeting, the odds being against Jackson. Dickinson himself wagered that he would bring his man down at the first shot.

Harrison's mill was a day's ride from Nashville. On the morning of the 29th Dickinson arose at daybreak, and silently began to prepare for the journey. His young wife awoke and asked him why he was up so early. He replied that he had business in Kentucky, and that he would surely be home on the following day. He tenderly kissed the fond little woman, mounted his horse and galloped away, accompanied by Dr. Catlet and half a dozen of the young bloods of Nashville. It was a pleasure party. When they stopped for rest or refreshment, Dickinson amused his retinue by displaying his wonderful skill with a pistol. Once, at a distance of twenty-four feet, he fired four balls, each at the word of command, into a space that could be covered by a silver dollar. Several times, at the same distance, he cut a string with his bullet. He left a severed string hanging to a hickory post near a tavern, and, as he rode away, said to the landlord, "Show that to General Jackson if he comes along this road." He also laid a wager that he would hit his antagonist within half an inch of a certain button on his coat. Parton, whose report we have condensed, described the party as frisking and galloping along lonely forest roads, making short cuts that cautious travelers never attempted, dashing across creeks and rivers, and making the woods ring with merriment.

Very different was the demeanor of General Jackson and his party. Overton was an old revolutionary soldier, versed in the science and familiar with the practice of dueling. He had reflected deeply on the conditions of the coming combat, with a view of saving his friend from Dickinson's unerring bullet. They rode apart from the rest of the company and discussed all the chances and probabilities. It was an affair in which each man was to strive with his utmost skill to disable his antagonist and save his own life. At the word each was to fire as soon as he pleased. There was a chance that by extreme quickness of movement one man could bring down the other without himself receiving a shot. Jackson and Overton were at first undecided as to whether they should try to get the first shot or permit Dickinson to have it. Overton thought that, as Dickinson, like all miraculous shots, required no time to take aim, he would have a far better chance than Jackson in a quick shot, even if both fired at once. Jackson was certain that he would be hit, and he was unwilling to subject his own aim to the chance of being totally destroyed by the shock of a wound. Finally, however, he agreed with Overton that it would be better to receive Dickinson's fire and take his chances afterward.

At sundown they stopped at David Miller's tavern, on the banks of the Red river, near the ground chosen for the duel, and asked for accommodations for the night. It was promised. The party of eight dismounted and turned their horses over to the attendant negroes. They were hardly in the tavern before the Dickinson cavalcade rode up and sought lodgings. Miller replied that his house was full, but if they chose to remain he would do the best he could for them. Dickinson asked how far it was to the next tavern, and was directed to a house two miles down the river kept by William Harrison. He and his friends passed the night at Harrison's.

Jackson ate a hearty supper and smoked an old clay pipe. He conversed pleasantly and went to bed early. Before breakfast on the next morning the whole party rode down the road that wound along the banks of the stream. A mile below they expected to meet a ferryman, but as none appeared, Jackson spurred his horse into the stream and dashed across, followed by his party. They rode into a poplar forest, and stopped near the center of a level river bottom, about 200 yards from the road. Dickinson and his retinue were already there. They tied their horses, and Jackson turned and approached the opposite party. One of his friends asked him how he felt. "O, all right," he replied. "I shall wing him, never fear."

Dickinson's second won the choice of position and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The eight paces were measured off and the men were placed. Both were perfectly collected. Strict dueling etiquette was preserved. Jackson wore a loose frock coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two. He was twenty-five and Jackson thirty-nine years old. The general's tall, erect figure and grave demeanor gave him a commanding air as he stood in the shade of the poplars in the bright May morn.

"Are you ready?" Overton inquired.

"I am ready," Dickinson replied, and Jackson reiterated the words.

Quick as thought, Overton shouted, with his country accent, "Fire!"

Dickinson as quickly raised his pistol and fired. Overton saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of the General's coat. Jackson raised his left arm and placed it tightly across his chest. "He's surely hit," muttered his second, "and in a bad place, too; but no, he does not fall." Jackson, erect and grim, with teeth set firm, raised his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful face and figure before him, the lawyer had unconsciously recoiled a pace or two. "Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him?"

"Back to the mark, sir!" roared Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

Dickinson recovered his composure and toed the scratch. He averted his eyes from his antagonist. Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. It stopped at half cock. Jackson drew the lock back to its place, took aim the second time and fired. Dickinson's face blanched. He reeled. His friends caught him in their arms and gently seated him on the ground against a bush. His trousers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. The ball had passed through the body below the ribs and lodged just under the skin above the opposite hip. All the doctors in Christendom could not have saved his life. General Overton went forward and looked at him. A glance was sufficient. He rejoined Jackson, saying: "He'll want nothing more of you, general." They walked to where the horses were tethered. Overton was on one side of Jackson and the surgeon on the other. Neither spoke a word. The surgeon saw that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood. "My God, general, you are hit!" he exclaimed, pointing to the blood.

"Yes, I believe he has pinked me a little," Jackson replied. "Let's look at it, but say nothing about it."

He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating. The thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat deceived him. It was a bad-looking wound. Two ribs were broken and the breast bone was raked. Jackson mounted his horse and rode to the tavern. Upon approaching the house he went up to a negro woman who was churning, and asked whether the butter had come. She said it was just coming. He asked for some buttermilk. While she was getting it for him he furtively opened his coat. She saw that his shirt was soaked with blood. While she was gazing at the sight, dipper in hand, he caught her eye, and hastily buttoned his coat. She dipped out a quart of buttermilk and gave it to him. He drank it off at a draught, and then went into the house and had his wound dressed. He sent a friend to inquire concerning Mr. Dickinson's condition, and to offer the services of his surgeon. Dr. Catlet replied that Dickinson's case was past all surgery. General Jackson then sent a bottle of wine to the physician for the use of his patient. Dickinson bled to death. The flow of blood could not be stopped. He suffered extreme agony, and uttered distressing cries all day long. At nine o'clock that night he asked why they had put out the lights. The end was at hand. Five minutes afterward he died, cursing with his last breath the ball that had entered his body. His wife had been summoned. On the way to Harrison's mills she met a procession of silent horsemen, escorting a rough emigrant wagon that contained her husband's remains.

Jackson gave as a reason for concealing his wound that, as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world and was certain of killing him at the first fire, he did not want him to have the gratification of knowing that he had touched him. "I should have hit him," said, "if he had shot me through the brain." Jackson was taken to the Hermitage. His wound proved to be even more severe than was at first anticipated. It was a month before he could leave the house. The wound healed falsely. Some of the viscera were displaced and so remained.

A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE.

A Selection from "Christowell," a New Novel by Blackmore.

Among the few places that now keep shops on the threadbare skirt of Dartmoor, one of the kindest and most tranquil-minded is that little town Moreton-Hampstead.

A man of fine leisure and liberal ease, with a ripe turn for contemplation, may be looked for—if any one is rude enough to want him—first near the tap of his favorite inn, then about the reading-room or postoffice, after that clearly at the farrier's shop, and for the rest of the day on the bridge, with a pipe in his mouth and hands in pockets.

The great defect of Moreton is therefore this, that it owns no bridge of any kind for such transcendent uses. But in plea of that it may well be urged (if any man thereon can be urgent), first, that if any bridge were needed, no one could ever find the energy to build it; and next, that no genuine Moreton man would go forth to a bridge for his lounge, while he can get it, right happily, on his own window-ledge. If ever he is wanted, which very seldom happens, there he may be found during those short periods when he is not feeding or profoundly asleep. Now, as to those two alibis, the former is strictly sacred. The shop door is bolted and the bell unhung; and from 12 o'clock till 2 the only business considered is the commerce of the interior. Then if anybody, scanty of good manners, thumps upon the door, why, just let him thump again. With a relish as of pickles or of very good cucumber, the hearty tradesman smacks his lips, and labors at the self-help most congenial to him—a large help of the very lofty order of mutton. If at 2 o'clock he unbolts his door, and rehangs his bell, he may be taken at the moment, and goaded into a shout to his wife to know the price of something now hanging in his window. However, if his wife makes no reply—as generally happens, for she is of his own race—he will ask the brisk customer how much he has been in the habit of giving for the article. If the customer forgets, or prefers not to tell, because he expects to get it cheaper here, the worthy shop-keeper talks about invoices, which he cannot lay his hand on just now, but will do so at his earliest leisure, and the gentleman may take it, and come and know the price to-morrow. Then he retires for his afternoon nap, having done a striking stroke of business.

Nevertheless, there are two people often wide awake at Moreton. One is the boy with two buckets and a mop who invades the gentle streets soon after breakfast, and stirs the narrow echoes with his constant cry, "Wash yer winders for'ee!" As nobody ever washes his own windows and the wind asserts its hereditary and perhaps etymologic right to invest every window with a coat of granite grime, this boy has got to move both arms at once and becomes a pleasant sight for those who never do so.

Or rather those who do so only when they are a-dancing. Because of so being asleep all day, and having no bridge to yawn upon, Moreton is—or was until a railway rushed into the bottom—"the chiefest place for dancing to be found in merry Devonsheer." While a man stumbers sweetly against the partition that severs his nice little parlor from his shop (it is needless to say upon which side he is), another man, knowing the trick of the door, runs in (though nothing else could ever make him run), and handling him by the head against the wall pulsatively, stirs up the muffled drum of his outer ear by blowing down the conch of his other palm into it: "Ball to-night! Zax o'clock." "How much be tickutts?" asks the firm reposer with a rub of his eyes and a tingle in his head. "Zaipince nich—dree vor a zhillut." Then he feels in the fork of his clothes and pays a shilling.

This is the other man, who keeps on moving, and whips round corners quicker than a window can go up. He gets up the dances, and he knows the way to do it, calling on the ladies first, and putting clearly to them that all the gentlemen in the place are wild about getting them to come, but on no account would trouble them to come, except just as they are. Nothing in the way of dress could make them look better than they do now; and he chins up his fiddle and touches two strings. Every lady looks demur, and says that she really dislikes dancing, and did hope to have heard the last of it. But, rather than disappoint her neighbors, she will take one ticket. Then he twangs again, and with an eye to strict economy, she takes six.

The Opium Trade.

The Nineteenth Century.

The foreign trade in opium is comparatively of recent growth. In 1767 the importation of opium did not exceed 1000 chests, and it continued at that rate in Portuguese hands for some years. It was not until 1773 that the East India Company made its first shipment in a very small way. In 1781, exactly a century ago, they freighted a vessel with 1600 chests. Sold at a loss to one of the Hong merchants at Canton, and found unsalable, it was finally reshipped by him for the Archipelago. A depot of two small vessels had the same year been formed by the English in the Canton waters. In 1793 only the Chinese authorities began to object to this proceeding. A single vessel was then sent to Whampoa, (an anchorage 12 miles from Canton,) in no way connected with the East India Company, and does not appear to have been molested. This state of things continued without any notable incident until 1820, during an interval, therefore, of some 27 years, when an order was issued by the Governor of Canton forbidding any vessel entering the port with opium on board. To judge by the language—a very uncertain guide, however—his excellency was quite in earnest. "Be careful" he concluded, "and do not read this proclamation as a mere matter of form, and so tread within the net of the law, for you will find your escape as impracticable as it is for a man to bite his own navel." The appearance of this document was no doubt in consequence of an edict emanating from Pekin, prohibiting the drug under heavy penalties, for the alleged reason that "it wasted the time and property of the people of the inner-land, leading them to exchange their silver and commodities for the vile dirt of the foreigner." Notwithstanding these official acts, however, from this time to the close of the East India Company's monopoly, in 1834, so far from escape from "the net of the law" being impracticable, the contraband trade in opium off the Bogue, at the mouth of the Canton river, and along the coast northward for some distance, continued uninterruptedly, and assumed something of a regular character, so far as an established tariff of fees to be paid for the undisguised connivance of the authorities at Canton could regularize an officially prohibited, and therefore technically a contraband, trade. During the 18 months before Commissioner Lin's raid in 1839, the trade at Canton was actually carried on in four boats carrying the viceroy's flag, commonly called "Fast-crabs" and "Scrambling Dragoons," which paid a regular fee to the custom house and military posts.

"I think, husband," said a lady the other morning, "that it is about time Charles had a little more restraint put upon him. I'm afraid he smokes." "Dare say. Let's see. He is seven next February. Well, I'll see to him. He certainly ought not to smoke before he is eight."

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, who is now seventy years old, has never read a fairy story, and until the other day never heard of Cinderilla.

A DETECTIVE'S CRIME.

Death of Druscovich, who was Implicated in the English Turf Frauds.

A GREAT CONSPIRACY.

A Speculative Woman Saved from Ruin by the Shrewdness of her Notary.

The death is announced of Druscovich, formerly chief inspector of the Scotland Yard detective force, who became famous a few years ago in connection with frauds on the English turf. Druscovich and two other detective inspectors were sentenced in 1877 to two years' imprisonment with hard labor for "conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice" in the famous confidence case in which a number of betting men were convicted of defrauding Mme. de Goncourt of £50,000. Nathaniel Druscovich was of English birth, about 40 years of age, and was considered a very skillful and successful officer up to the time of his disgrace in the fall of 1877, when, together with three other Scotland Yard officers, he was arrested, tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor for "unlawfully conspiring to defeat the ends of justice." Prior to his arrest on this charge Druscovich had stood high in the estimation of the

CIVIL AND POLICE AUTHORITIES.

He has been described as a remarkably keen, intelligent and zealous man. On several occasions he had been rewarded by the chief magistrate of Bow street out of the funds appropriated for the purpose for services in connection with the discharge of his duty. In July, 1875, he was warmly recommended by the grand jury at the Cork assizes, and also by the judge for intelligence and ability. He was likewise complimented by the foreman of the jury at Cork in March, 1876, and by Sir Coleman O'Loghlan and many other members of the Irish bar. He was an accomplished linguist, and was acquainted with many prominent people in various parts of Europe. He had in his possession letters of approval sent him by the emperor of Russia and other notable persons, and during his more honorable career as an officer he was the recipient of several valuable presents. His connection with the Scotland Yard force began in December, 1861. Of his shortcomings, it is on record that up to the time of the Mme. de Goncourt affair Druscovich had been reported in all eight times. In 1861 he was charged with being in a public house while on duty, and in 1862 was accused of a similar offense. In 1868 he was reported for addressing the inspector improperly when spoken to. He was charged with assaulting a man and calling him a swindler; also for insolence when chided for neglect of duty and for improper conduct in connection with a private inquiry agent.

THE OTHER POLICEMEN

Who were convicted with Druscovich were John Meiklejohn, William Palmer and George Clarke. The offense charged against these men and a certain solicitor named Froggart may be substantially stated as follows: A gang of swindlers had been engaged for some time in defrauding the public by means of bogus betting agencies, sometimes of one kind and sometimes of another. The defendants, it was alleged, had entered into a conspiracy with this gang to prevent any of their number from being arrested or interfered with. William Kurr, a man of more than ordinary ability and energy, was leader of the swindlers. An intimacy had sprung up between Kurr and a man named Harry Benson. The latter was the son of a respectable merchant in Paris. He had a fine education, was smart and industrious, but his ability and industry were entirely devoted to criminal exploits. Benson entered heart and soul into the conspiracy of the Kurr gang to swindle the British and French public, and, if possible, the world at large. Druscovich became connected with the plot in the spring of 1876. Meiklejohn, who for several years had been on terms of intimacy with the swindlers, told Kurr that Druscovich was in a financial strait and wanted to borrow $300. The money was

PROMPTLY FORTHCOMING

And the Scotland Yard detective, who had been a bitter enemy to the gang, was transformed into an ally. Soon afterward what has been called the gigantic de Goncourt fraud was started, and in its various stages involved all of the detectives who were subsequently arrested. A "newspaper" was started by Benson, printed ostensibly in London. It contained a sensational article on the embarrassments of a certain Mr. Montgomery, a gentleman engaged in extensive transactions on the turf. He was represented to be a man of enormous fortune, who had been so successful in his turf bets that he could not obtain from the book makers even market odds. The article suggested that Montgomery desired to secure respectable agents in France, unknown to the book makers, and he would give them a handsome commission. Checks were to be sent to the "Royal bank of London, Agar street, Charing Cross, London." There was no such bank, but the swindlers rented rooms in Agar street, and had some blank checks printed. They also engaged handsome apartments in King street, Piccadilly, where Mr. Montgomery, the supposed rich man, was to reside. Fictitious book makers were then "placed" in

DIFFERENT PARTS OF LONDON.

If anybody in France was foolish enough to fall into the trap, Montgomery would send him or her a check on the Royal bank of London for a large sum and request the recipient to make a bet with one of the fictitious book-makers. Of course, the fictitious book-maker always lost and the checks were sent back to the "agents" in France and by them remitted to Montgomery. Several French people of standing were thus inspired with confidence in Montgomery's wonderful luck. Among the many persons to whom confidential communications were sent by the gang was M. de Goncourt, Chateau de Goncourt. M. de Goncourt had been dead for some time prior to the sending of the communication, and it was opened by his widow. She was rich, but with no business ability, and she at once fell in with Montgomery's suggestion and consented to act as his agent. Several checks for $50,000 (bogus of course,) were sent her from time to time, which she invested in accordance with Montgomery's instructions, and, as she always won, she became very much fascinated with the proceeding. She finally determined to invest some of her own money, and from time to time sent her checks to the gang, aggregating a sum of more than

SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Of course, this money was reported to her as having been lost, and the conspirators called on her for $150,000 with which to make up her losses. She was perfectly willing to make up this amount, but not having it in ready cash was obliged to consult her notary. The notary, being a shrewd man, soon saw through the swindle, and calling in the assistance of eminent London solicitors he succeeded in getting back nearly the whole of Mme. de Goncourt's $50,000, and ferreted out the entire gang of swindlers. The connection of the detectives with the fraud was discovered by means of some cipher dispatches sent to Benson after he had escaped to the Isle of Wright. Druscovich, however, was not as deeply involved as his associates, and upon his conviction he was recommended to mercy by the jury. He was not required to serve out his full term. Since his release from prison, he had been a private detective in the employ of one of the trans-atlantic steamship companies, who evidently believed that "it takes a rogue to catch a rogue."

Geologic Tides.

Lecture of Prof. Ball, of England.

At present the moon is 240,000 miles away; but there was a time when the moon was only one-sixth part of this, or say 40,000 miles away, and had in it a geological engine of transcendent power. If the present tides be three feet, and if the early tides be 216 times their present amount, then it is plain that the ancient tides must have been 648 feet.

I ask the geologists to take account of these facts, and to consider the effect—a tidal rise and fall of 648 feet twice every day. Dwell for one moment on the sublime spectacle of a tide 648 feet high, and see what an agent it would be for the performance of geological work! The sea is a good many miles from Birmingham, yet if the rise and fall at the coasts were 648 feet, Birmingham might be as great a seaport as Liverpool. Three-quarters tide would bring the sea into the streets of Birmingham. At hide tide there would be about 150 feet of blue water over our heads. In a few hours more the whole of this vast flood would have retreated. Not only would it leave England high and dry, but probably the straits of Dover would be drained, and perhaps even Ireland would in a literal sense become a member of the United Kingdom. A few hours pass, and the whole of England is again inundated, but only again to be abandoned.

These mighty tides are the gifts which astronomers have now made to the working machinery of the geologist. They constitute an engine of terrific power to aid in the great work of geology.

In the great primeval tides will probably be found the explanation of what has long been a reproach to geology. The early palæozoic rocks form a stupendous mass of ocean-made beds, which according to professor Williamson, are twenty miles thick up to the top of the silurian beds. It has long been a difficulty to conceive how such gigantic quantity of material could have been ground up and deposited at the bottom of the sea. The geologists said: "The rivers and other agents of the present day will do it if you give them time enough." But, unfortunately, the mathematicians and the natural philosophers would not give them time enough, and they ordered the geologists to "hurry up their phenomena." The mathematicians had other reasons for believing that the earth could not have been so old as the geologists demanded. Now, however, the mathematicians have discovered the new and stupendous tidal grinding engine. With this powerful aid the geologists can get through their work in a reasonable period of time, and the geologists and the mathematicians may be reconciled.

FOGGERTY'S FAIRY.

The subjoined account of Mr. Gilbert's new piece—which is certain to be presented in New York before long—is condensed from the London *Standard* of December 16:

Mr. Gilbert has never before given such free rein to his fancy as in the "entirely original fairy comedy," "Foggerty's Fairy," which was produced last night at the Criterion Theatre. So quaint a mixture of the supernatural with the prosaic could not have come from any other writer; but, utterly unconventional as the piece is, a perfect knowledge of stage effect, together with the author's ready wit and characteristic humor, carry the work successfully through. The story opens in the drawing-room of a Mr. Talbot's house, where a wedding party is found assembled, the guests, in fact, who have come to assist at Foggerty's marriage to Jenny Talbot. Jenny is an extremely charming girl, and it is the wish of his romantic heart to gain a love which has never been given before. The young surgeon, Foggerty, has declared that this is his case, and Jenny has accepted him, though in truth he has been engaged to marry Delia Spiff, a wealthy spinster of considerable age and no attractions, whom he had met in Melbourne. In his best man, Walkinshaw, Foggerty has a defeated rival, for Walkinshaw had an excellent prospect of winning Jenny's hand until the discovery that he had entertained a former affection for a Miss Malvina de Vere secured his dismissal; and it is Walkinshaw who breaks to Foggerty the direful news that Delia Spiff has landed, and is on her way to the Talbots' house.

What is to be done? In the good old days, when faithful lovers had fairy godmothers, one of those guardians would have turned up to protect Foggerty, and he observes that if there is such a thing as a fairy godmother, an opportunity of showing what she is worth, such as may never occur again, has arisen. In a moment through the wall there appears the Fairy Rebecca, his tutelary genius, ready to help him generally, and in particular to save him from Spiff. She even carries her medicine with her, and presents to Foggerty a phial and a little box of globules. Swallowing one of the latter will always summon her, and for the former, if he takes two teaspoonfuls at any time, previously expressing a wish to blot any person out of his career, blotted out that person will be; but—and here is the point—with him or her will be blotted out all the circumstances that have arisen from the acquaintance; and the Fairy explains how, one thing having led to another, he owes his very existence to the fact that a certain dog tumbled into the river Ganges. She warns him against taking the remedy, for it is a desperate one and its consequences cannot be foreseen, but he accepts it, and when, at the very moment the wedding party is on the point of starting, Delia Spiff appears, claims Foggerty, and makes herself peculiarly unpleasant, he has recourse to the phial and blots Spiff from his life.

Suspense and surprise are among the most valuable dramatic qualities, and both are here in abundance. When Foggerty is found again he is in a back drawing-room in Harley-st. How and why he came there is a mystery to him, and Rebecca, who appears, declines to afford him any information, on the ground that her knowledge of him having arisen through Delia Spiff, she is 'spiffed out.' It is with the greatest relief, therefore, that he sees a couple of bridesmaids enter, young ladies who had been found in that capacity before, on his wedding day. He is not married then, but is just about to be, and Spiff was a hideous dream. Jenny is up stairs, but before she comes down a Miss Malvina de Vere is announced, a tall and tragic lady who treats Foggerty as if the relations between them were more than friendly. As he has never seen her before, this is painfully perplexing, and things are not made clearer when Jenny comes down in a wedding dress, but not, as it seems, to marry him, for he is only best man to Walkinshaw. But for Spiff all would have gone differently, and this is the complexion to which things would have come. Yet, as Jenny confesses, she loves Foggerty best, and when all seems hopeless relief comes from an unexpected quarter.

Many men have trifled with the affections of Malvina de Vere, and the eighteenth trifler is none other than Walkinshaw. He admits it, he cannot deny it, and he collapses; whereupon Malvina, to the horror and astonishment of Jenny, precipitates herself into Foggerty's arms, and tells him how, the obstacle, Walkinshaw, being removed and turned over to the attention of her experienced solicitor, she can accept those professions of affection which for the last twelve months he, Foggerty, has showered upon her. That unhappy man, struck with horror, incontinently flees; Malvina pursues him and runs him down, after a long chase, at the starting point. Meantimes, however, Talbot has called in two mad doctors, who pronounce Foggerty to be insane, and on horror's head horrors are accumulating, when a most ingenious means of escape is found. Foggerty has still forty-seven globules left, and he produces Rebecca, rather cross at being called up. This he does not mind, and having pointed out that things may be made awkward for her by means of the remaining globules, he boldly indicates the weak places in her arrangements. When he took the draught, all the consequences of his having known Spiff were to have been obliterated, but she, Rebecca, is a consequence, and here he is in difficulties which she has brought about. Rebecca admits it, and agrees to put everything as it was on the wedding day, with the absolute omission of Delia. Instantaneously the scene changes; all things are as they were when the curtain rose, and the marriage proceds.

Story About Sam Houston.

Colonel Boudinot recently told a St. Louis *Republican* representative an interesting narrative related to him by Colonel Rector, concerning General Sam Houston. The latter, it is well known, resided some time among the Cherokees, wearing the hunting dress of the Indians, and conducting himself in all respects as becomes the "gentle savage." He lived in what is known as the Illinois district, about nine miles south of Fort Gibson. The time came when General Houston turned over a new leaf, and he left his Indian home, setting out to Texas to take part in the War of Independence. He was accompanied some distance on the way by Elias Rector, then quite a young man, who was going to Fort Smith. Houston rode a pony, and was dressed in a buckskin suit, and with his rifle slung across his shoulder he looked every inch the hunter. He drank freely from a bottle. At length they arrived at the forks of the two trails, one of which led to Fort Smith, where Rector was going, and the other to Texas. Houston held up his bottle in the air, and was about proposing a parting drink, when young Rector checked him and said if Houston would not consider it impertinent in a young man he wished to make a request, "What is it?" said Houston. "It is," replied Rector, "that you here pledge yourself never again to take a drink of intoxicating liquors." "All right, my boy," said Houston, "I'll do it," and raising the bottle high above his head he dashed it to the ground, wetting the earth with its contents. "Now" said Rector, "as a slight gift in memory of me, I give you my razor," it being the custom of people in those days to carry their razor and shave themselves. Houston accepted the gift, and extending his left arm, whetted the razor on his leathern sleeve, and with an exulting tone remarked: "I'll keep this razor and shave me with it when I become President of a Republic." He put spurs to his bob-tailed pony, and the two friends parted. Houston kept his word—he kept the razor until he became President of the Republic of Texas.

Mississippi has four times as much pine timber as Minnesota. From Kentucky to Florida stretches an all but continuous forest which has scarcely been touched by the lumbermen.

THE INTERIOR INDIVIDUAL.

A Brief Discussion upon Everything that we Eat.

"NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM."

A Column Devoted to Cultivation of the Appetite, as well as to the Ridiculous Side of the Banquets.

An eleven-pound potato is exciting the people of Puget sound.

St. Louis calls for more policemen. Some of the cooks are actually lonesome.

When Tommy puts a piece of Johnny cake in his pocket for lunch he calls it an Indian reservation.

A healthy man of average weight imbibes eighty ounces of water in liquid states or mixed with solid food, every 24 hours.

A Philadelphia actor lugged away a pound of butter from a boarding house the other day, mistaking it for a wig.

An old gentleman, being asked what he wished for dinner, replied: "An appetite, good company, something to eat and a clean napkin."

The highly ornamental wine jugs with a snake on the handle, shown in the crockery shops, are a leetle too suggestive to hard drinkers.

The Parisians have eaten 250 jackasses this year. If the Parisienne says you look good enough to eat, you will know how to value the compliment.

"A Sailor on the Tennessee" writes to a New York paper that he has been in the navy nearly two years, and has not had a square meal in the time. His Christmas dinner was hardtack, salt junk and 'scouse.

A Louisville man, the other day, swallowed ammonia by mistake for whisky, and he said it was not so bad as it might be. It wasn't as pleasant to the taste as whisky, but was nearly as warming.

"My child, what is an erring man?" said a clergyman at a school examination in Aberdeen to the brightest pupil. "The fishmonger, sir," was the reply.

Said Mrs. Ragbag: "At table, while the servants are present, Mr. Ragbag and myself always talk of the large amount everything costs us. It gives the neighbors such an excellent impression of our liberality."

It is claimed that many skin diseases and some throat difficulties are produced by eating poultry which has been too long kept without the removal of the entrails. The flesh thus becomes poisoned and is unhealthy.

Arrangements have been made by which a car-load of dressed beef is to be shipped from Winnemucca to San Francisco daily. It will be sent in refrigerator cars, and it is claimed to be much better then when the cattle is crowded into cars.

To one quart of mashed potatoes put one quart of warm milk and two tablespoonfuls of lard (better to pass through the colander), one teacup of good yeast; stir in as much flour as it will take, then beat with a wooden spoon or paddle for half an hour, set in a warm place to rise; when light drop by spoonfuls on a greased tin, and bake for thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven.

The New England protective associations of hotel, boarding-house and resturant-keepers has had a convention in Boston to discuss the "dead-beat" and devise means of exterminating him. A report of the proceedings says: "Sad-faced women remarked that there was no place here or hereafter bad enough for the best—forgetting boarding-houses, evidently; and irate men claimed that the wrongs inflicted on them by beats were harder to bear than the sufferings of the Poncas." Legislation on the subject was demanded.

The freshmen of Brown University, in Providence, ordered their annual dinner of a caterer, and prepared to have an elaborately good time, including speeches and songs. At the time appointed, they marched in procession to the dining-hall, with banners flying and appetites sharp. They found the tables littered with scant remains of the feast, which had been eaten by the sophomores, who had imposed themselves on the caterer and induced him to get the dinner ready an hour earlier.

A New York baker estimates the number of pies sold in that city at 25,000 a day. He says it is the mixing of food that causes dyspepsia, and that pies have been slandered. In times of great excitement the trade falls off largely. He says the taste for pumpkin pie is falling off, which is due probably to the fact that the making of them is a lost art. The most popular of pies is the apple pie.

A clever housekeeper soon finds out that the cheaper cuts of good meat make dishes as dainty and nice when properly treated, as the most expensive; but they won't cook themselves, or permit of being put down to the fire and then left until they are roasted. They must be delicately and carefully prepared; and cooking must be accepted as an art not unworthy the attention of any or every woman, whatever her position, if economy and at the same time refinement, be regarded in her household.

The dissatisfied must look upon the zoological section of the Westphalian Provincial Society as containing real benefactions of humanity, for they have been trying to augment the number of animals hiterto considered worthy to serve on the European dinner-table. They have discovered the badger to be excellent, both as a roast and as a hash, and the bastard to be a delicious dish; they have prepared a first-rate cavaire out of common frog-spawn; they have found a way to render an old cock-of-the-woods tender and they give an enthusiastic discription of a roast crane. A "grus cinerea" was stuffed with chesnuts and plums and produced such enthusaism among the fifteen guests that two more birds were immediately shot and roasted, of which twenty-one gentlemen feasted to their hearts' content. Possibly the "Hanging of the Crane" will in future have a new significance in the English language. The secretary further points out how tempting a bear cutlet is; but this fact is no novelty for sportsmen who have been hunting in Norway. The strangest discovery made by the painstaking Westphalians, however, still remains to be told. A zoological exhibition took place somewhere it seems, the principal figure in which was a crocodile supposed to be 150 years old. Its life came to an end somehow; it was skinned and in this state inspected by the president and secretary. The tail looked so nice and so suggestive of turtle soup that the two zoologists thought it their duty to subject it to a thorough examination for the sake of hungry mankind. They had a piece of three pounds cut off and boiled during three hours; at the end of which a soup was served to them of so sweet a perfume and so dainty a taste that friends dropping in asked leave to try the new dish and bestowed warm enconiums on the crocodile potage.

An appetising repast does not necessarily depend upon expensive viands; but it does depend upon the thought and care and skill in the preparation of the cheapest dishes. I can imagine a young couple with a very limited income entertaining two or three friends most pleasantly, if only the hostess and cook—perhaps her maid-of-all-work—would take counsel together and market wisely, and then devise and carry out a dainty menu, consisting of soup, fish, meat and pastry. Excellent soup can be made from ox cheek, and the tender meat eaten afterward with haricot, beans and gravy, a toothsome dish.

"Was your farm suffering much for rain, Colonel?" queried Gilhooly. "I haven't got any farm." "Have you got a government hay contract?" "Not that I know of." "What makes you take such an interest in the weather, then?" "I'll tell you why I am glad it rained yesterday. There was to be a church picnic, and my wife had fixed up a lunch basket for the preachers' table; but you see it rained, and there was no picnic, so we had the lunch for dinner to keep it from spoiling, and it was the best dinner I've had at home in ten years, and I never would have had it if it hadn't rained; so you know why I say that rain did the country a power of good—see?"—Texas Siftings.

Prejudice against American beef does not die out in England, and the consequence is that many butchers sell the imported meat, which is really better than the home grown, for English beef, while any one who wants some of the cheaper American beef is given a piece of an inferior British animal. At one London market American beef is sold for what it is and has won a high reputation. It is often said that meat which takes an ocean passage of ten or twelve days in a refrigerator is better than that cut up and sold and perhaps eaten the day after killing. The English have a curious practice of selling a "beef critter" at so much a pound through, from whatever part a piece is cut, so that the best piece bring very much less than in this country, while the inferior parts fetch more. Five years ago Liverpool received no American-dressed beef; now it takes 3,000 quarters or more a week.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1882.

GENERAL NEWS.

Scoville Appeals for Another Try for Guiteau.

STATE CONVENTION OF THE IOWA PROHIBITIONISTS.

Another Chapter on South American Correspondence—The Usual Grist of Crimes, Casualties, Etc., Etc.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—In the criminal court this morning Scoville and Reed, counsel for Guiteau, appeared. The former inquired whether he would be compelled to except specifically in his bill of exceptions or whether a general exception would suffice. Judge Cox stated that under the practice of the court he would have to except specifically. Scoville then stated that he had intended to file a motion for a new trial, but would like to have until Monday, and stated that he would file a motion this afternoon in the clerk's office. The district attorney asked the court to assign Tuesday next for argument of the motion, but upon representations from Scoville that he would scarcely be able to enter upon an argument then, the court declined to fix the time.

Iowa Prohibitionists' Platform.

DES MOINES, Jan. 28.—The state temperance convention agreed to ask the legislature to submit to the people a constitutional amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic in the state. The resolutions denounce saloons as the chief source of crime and poverty; denounce Senator Logan's bill to convert the whisky revenues to the educational fund, and request Iowa's senators to oppose it; commend the woman's christian temperance union, and appeal to intelligent and virtue-loving people to support the prohibition amendment. The Logan resolution, after a heated discussion, was adopted, making it impersonal.

A Piece of Folly.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 28.—J. M. Kershaw, on order of the stalwart leaders, has struck off 330 bronze medals to commemorate the steady voting of the 306 at the Chicago convention. The affair has been kept very secret. The medals are perfectly round, 2½ inches in diameter, ¼ of an inch thick, weight nearly a pound, profile of Grant on the center of the face turned with laurel and Oak leaves. Outside this is the record of the 306 Grant ballots in a complete circle. On the center of the inverse side is, "Commemorative of the 306 ballots of the Old Guard for Ulysses S. Grant for President; Republican National Convention, Chicago, June, 1880."

A Nihilist Threat.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—*Herald's* St. Petersburg: Fresh numbers of a nihilist journal are being circulated and sent under envelope to the court and to the ministers, dignitaries and regiments of the emperor. It is dated Dec. 12th. It was probably printed and introduced from abroad. In its leading article the editor says: "The coronation of the czar, fixed for the 25th of May, will never take place; therefore make no preparations for it. Many things will occur between this and the 25th of May. Do not throw away your money needlessly. It is simply ridiculous and disgusting."

Stocks and Railroads.

NEW YORK, Jan 28.—Stocks are more bullish, but the feeling is general. The upward movement is not yet culminated. It is believed that the business of the Southwestern roads will be turned over to the Wabash, and the Chesapeake & Ohio and St. Louis & San Francisco may go with the combination. It is stated under the terms of purchase that the St. Louis & San Francisco road and the Atlantic & Pacific will be owned by the Southern Pacific, acting in harmony with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, while the St. Louis & San Francisco becomes the property of Gould.

Railroad Election.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—At a meeting of the directors of the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad yesterday, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, C. P. Huntington and Leland Stanford were elected members of the board. Places were made for them by resignation of Walter L. Frost, Allen Speare and Francis B. Hayes of Boston, and Ozias Bailey of White Cloud, Kansas. No other changes were made.

Railroad Connection.

BOSTON, Jan. 28.—It is understood that the Atlantic & Pacific will now be completed to Mahone canyon, Colorado, and there join the Southern Pacific, a plan proposed to Huntington two years ago by the Santa Fe people, but rejected. The Little Rock and Fort Smith road is to be placed with the San Francisco in the new combination.

A Family Poisoned.

CORINTH, Ky., Jan. 28.—A family named Romano, living in the outskirts of town, were poisoned night before last at supper. Arsenic was in the corn bread some of which they ate. Five of the family are lying at the point of death. No investigation.

Death in Pork.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 28.—In addition to three persons who died from trichinæ recently in Minnesota, five more of seventeen who were stricken are despaired of.

The Extreme Penalty.

ROCK ISLAND, Jan. 28.—The jury in the Heilwagen murder case this morning brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree, and fixed the punishment at hanging.

Hanged.

MANSFIELD, La., Jan. 28.—Edward Belton (colored), for attempted murder and highway robbery, was executed yesterday.

The Smallpox.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 28.—Ten new cases of smallpox; nine in Allegheny to-day; 27 deaths per thousand inhabitants in the city for the past year; 1578 cases and 448 deaths from it.

A Dastardly Attempt.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—An attempt was made to wreck a train on the New York Central, by driving a piece of wood between the rails at Riverdale avenue, near the iron bridge, but was frustrated by a flagman.

Arrest.

DETROIT, Jan. 28.—Dr. Cox, physician of Mr. Scneider, has been arrested on a charge of complicity in the celebrated Whitelaw murder case.

Dangerously Ill.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.—A well known actor, John E. McDonough, is dangerously ill, suffering from cancer involving the lower jaw, tongue and neck.

Flood at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 28.—The lower parts of Pittsburg and Allegheny are under water. There is no great damage yet and the river is stationary.

A Disastrous Explosion.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—At the dumping ground on East Ninety-ninth street Benjamin Burns, aged fourteen years, picked up from the debris what appeared to be a tomato can filled with grease. He threw it into a bonfire, when an explosion immediately occurred violent enough to throw a saloon keeper in an adjoining street from his stoop. Dense black smoke and a cloud of ashes obscured the scene. When it drifted away ten persons were found lying in the lot injured. Benjamin Burns was killed. The wounded are: Mary O'Keefe, Eliza Jones, John Ross, Joseph Jones, Albert Jones, Catherine Miller, Michael Palerno and Thomas Ward. Some are severely wounded. The can is thought to have contained nitro-glycerine.

Eads and His Schemes.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—*Times* Washington: The supporters of Eads' bill for a ship railway across the isthmus of Tehuantepec say that a new railway line from California to New Orleans will be able to make its rates so low that British freight vessels in the grain trade around Cape Horn will go out of the business, and that when the sea vessels have been driven away the railway company will make its rates so high that grain growers on the Pacific slope will be at the mercy of a monopoly. On the other hand they declare that the construction of a ship railway will open a competing line which will prevent the Southern & Texas Pacific roads from oppressing producers. This argument leads Eads to believe that he will have the support of the American farmers. He is on hand at the beginning of the session of congress prepared to spare no effort in an attempt to accomplish his purpose. Thus far his sanguine expectations do not seem to be warranted by the sentiment of the body from which he must secure his subsidy if he secures it at all on this side of the ocean.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Personal and Otherwise.

OLYMPIA, Jan. 28.—Lieut. Commander G. C. Reiter, inspector of the 13th lighthouse district, and Capt. G. Rockwell of the U. S. coast survey, left this city to-day for Portland, Or., the former having completed the quarterly inspection of his district and the latter having made some pleasing sketches of the grand views on Puget Sound. Capt. Reiter, during his inspection of the lighthouse at Tillamook Rock, was informed by the lighthouse keeper that a piece of rock weighing about a pound was thrown clear over the lantern, which is one hundred and ten feet above high water mark, during the recent storm, and the inspector took away with him a rock weighing over six pounds which had been thrown on the roof of the building by the force of the waves, a distance probably of ninety feet. The lighthouse tender Shubrick having coaled at Tacoma will proceed thence to Astoria.

The Weather.

About six inches of snow has fallen here during the week, followed by severe frost causing thin ice to form on the bay. Thermometer 24 degrees above.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN BUSINESS.

Minister Hurlburt's Letter to the State Department.

(SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Following is part of the correspondence concerning Chili and Peru which has been made public. The Hurlburt letter was sent to New York and appeared this morning:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, Lima, Peru, Oct. 5, 1881—11 P. M.—Sir: I have just consummated an agreement made with the Calderon government on the 20th of Sept. for grant to the United States for a naval and coaling station at Chimbote. Concessions set forth in the protocol are not so strong as I would liked to have obtain, but they are all that the president alone without approval of congress could give. I look upon it in the relative position of the countries as giving to the United States, should it be accepted by you, a very valuable foothold which can hereafter be rendered more exclusive in matters of jurisdiction. The act of President Calderon is as effective in transferring rights as if he had been regularly elected president, and looking to the future I can see great possibilities in this grant, and Chimbote bay is by far the best on the coast, and coal mines in the interior to which it will soon be connected by way of railroads under construction furnish ample supplies of a good quality of coal and at low prices. The protocol and the approval of the same by President Calderon are enclosed with this dispatch. I have not had time to elaborate this question by this mail, but will do so by the next.

I have also at my own risk concluded with President Calderon an arrangement by which an unfinished line of railway will be turned over by his government to me [illegible] to an American company to complete the same and operate it. By so doing it will be easy to form such a company in the price to be charged to the United States at five dollars per ton, and yet leave a large margin. The possibilities for such company are very large, as the country to be developed by the road is singularly rich in mines of metals and in agriculture. This grant will include completed and uncompleted portions of road on which the government has already spent over nine million dollars, and the whole work can be completed for ten million dollars. The principal terms will be payment to the government of Peru of one million dollars and the same sum in paid up stock to clear all existing incumbrances, for which sums they cede a clear right to construct and operate the road for twenty-five years after it is finished, without rent or liability to account. At the end of that period the Peruvian government has option to buy the road by paying the principal of its cost to the company, or to lease it for twenty-five years more at twenty-five per cent. of its net profits. The papers cannot be ready before next mail, and will contain other rights and privileges which I cannot here enumerate.

I have determined to accept this trust so as to save this very valuable grant from any possible chance of being lost to our country. In great haste, I am your obedient servant, S. A. HURLBURT.

WASHINGTON CITY.

The Postoffice Appropriation Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The postoffice appropriation bill has been reported to the house. It appropriates $43,634,300, being $22,500 less than the amount asked for by estimates, and $2,681,868 in excess of the amount appropriated for the current year.

Prospects Favorable.

The new apportionment bill is likely to become a law.

The Apportionment Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The apportionment bill agreed on by the census committee provides that after the 3d of March, 1883, the house to have 320 members to be apportioned among the several states as follows:

	Gain		Gain
Alabama........ 8		Nevada.. 1	
Arkansas........ 7	1	New Jersey...... 7	
California....... 5	1	New York.......34	1
Colorado......... 1		North Carolina.. 9	1
Connecticut..... 4		Ohio............21	1
Delaware........ 1		Oregon.... 1	
Georgia 10	1	Pennsylvania....20	2
Illinois..........21	2	South Carolina.. 8	1
Indiana 13		Tennessee.......10	
Iowa..............11	2	Texas............10	4
Kansas........... 6	3	Virginia.........10	1
Kentucky........11	1	West Virginia... 4	1
Louisiana....... 6		Wisconsin........ 8	
Maryland........ 6			
Massachusetts...12	1		Loss.
Michigan........11	2	Florida.......... 1	1
Minnesota....... 4	2	Maine............ 4	1
Mississippi...... 7	1	N. Hampshire... 2	1
Missouri.........14	1	Rhode Island.... 1	1
Nebraska........ 3	2	Vermont......... 2	1

Net result, republican states, gain, 18; loss, 4; democratic states, gain, 13; loss, 1; making republicans three ahead.

Washington Notes.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—It is reported that Guiteau's counsel contemplate raising the question of jurisdiction and applying for a writ of habeas corpus. Leading lawyers here consider that it would be a formidable move.

President signed a bill retiring Judge Hunt of the supreme court.

Blaine will deliver his eulogy on Garfield in the house February 27th.

The president has signed the deficiency bill.

The president yesterday appointed H. B. Nichols, whom Mahone opposed, postmaster at Norfolk, Va. Mahone was surprised. He protested against it and secured a withdrawal of the nomination. Nichols and Congressman Desendoff are now at the white house. The president may again change his mind.

Washington specials state that Judge Blatchford is now more prominently spoken of as Chief Justice Hunt's successor; that Crowley does not want the secretaryship of the treasury, and that Judge Folger will remain in his present position.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

CALIFORNIA.

Liability of Corporations.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 28.—The supreme court rendered a decision to-day in the case of Morrow vs. The Superior Court by which it is held that corporations organized before the new constitution went into effect are subject to its provisions, and that shareholders may be sued for their proportion of debts of corporations.

Another Claimant for O'Brien's Money.

Another claimant is found for a modest portion of the estate of the late W. S. O'Brien of bonanza fame in the person of John O'Brien, a private of Company I., 8th U. S. infantry, now stationed at Benicia.

The Agitators in California.

Ireland's envoy, T. M. Healy, left Thursday for Virginia City, where he speaks to-night, and from there he proceeds to Philadelphia, after which he leaves for London to resume his parliamentary duties. He was accompanied as far as Benicia by his colleague, T. P. O'Connor, M. P., and Messrs. Toohy, Flanagan, Sheerin and Tobin of the state land league.

Remarkable Cause of Death.

HANFORD, Cal., Jan. 28.—The community was shocked to-day by finding the dead body of Dr. J. A. Carothers in his room. The coroner summoned a jury, who rendered a verdict that deceased came to his death by strangulation in a pail of water, being at the time under the influence of opiates and unable to help himself.

Mucilage Instead of Vaccine Virus.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 28.—For some days investigation into the conduct of Dr. Lawlor, quarantine physician, for enforcing vaccination of immigrants, has been going on before the board of health. The British steamer Mary Tatham arrived a few days ago from Hongkong, and Lawlor caused her Chinese passengers, 678 in number, to be vaccinated. To-day, before the board of health, Mr. James, chief mate of the steamer, testified that before leaving Hongkong he was deputized to aid Dr. Lockhead and assistant Dr. McKeever in vaccinating the passengers; that McKeever told him during operations that it was of no use, as there was no vaccine virus in Hongkong, and that they were using mucilage. Nevertheless the steamer brought here a clean bill of health, signed by Lockhead and Consul Mosby, and also a certificate that the passengers had been vaccinated and properly attested.

THE WOOL MARKET.

Prices at Boston.

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—Wool market has been comparatively quiet, with sales amounting to 1,651,030 pounds, against 1,540,300 pounds last week. Prices are firm and sales included 193,000 pounds. Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces XXX and XX, and above 43@52c, largely at 45c, at which price the market is firm. In Michigan and Wisconsin fleeces very little has been done, but full prices have been obtained, sales being principally at 43c. Unwashed wools have been in fair demand at full previous prices. California wools have been quiet, sales amounting to 130,700 pounds of all kinds, fall at 14@25c and spring at 23½@33½c. Combing and delaines are in good request and the market is firm. Pulled wools have been in fair demand. In foreign wool business has been light.

The Philadelphia Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.—The wool demand is slightly improved, but prices are steady and without change.

Chicago Wheat Market.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—Wheat, active, weak; lower at $1 32½ cash; $1 33¾ March.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 28.—Arrived—Str Arcata, Coos Bay; str Empire, Departure Bay; Am sh Young America, Antwerp; Am sh Wm. G. Davis, Cardiff; Br sh Ogwen, Cardiff.

Sailed—Sh War Hawk, Pt Discovery; bktn Webfoot; Shoalwater Bay; schr Rebecca, Shoalwater Bay; Chilean sh Inspector, Valparaiso via Tacoma; Ger bk Figan, Liverpool.

TACOMA, Jan. 27.—Arrived—Bk Lizzie Williams and sh Dashing Wave, San Francisco; bk Chiclayo, Honolulu.

Jan 28.—Arrived—Sh Pactolus, Philadelphia, and bk C. O. Whitmore, Honolulu.

CALLAO, Dec. 31.—Sailed—Fr bk Avenir, Puget Sound.

In port Dec. 31.—Br sh Julia, for Puget Sound or Burard Inlet.

VALPARAISO, Dec. 19.—Sailed—Italian bk Nino Bixio, San Francisco; Br bk Victoria Nyanza, San Francisco; Am bk John De Costa, Port Townsend.

Port of Astoria.

ASTORIA, Jan. 28.—Crossed to sea—The Corina, Glanpadarn, Arctic and City of Chester.

Weather—Clear; wind N W.

Port of Portland.

Arrived—Norwegian bark Alert, Jensen master, 543 tons, from Leith.

British bark Acadian, Hatfield master, 816 tons, from Londonderry in ballast.

British bark Argosy, Fist master, 1085 tons in ballast from Monte Video.

British bark Clydebank, Lourison master, 893 tons in ballast from Buenos Ayres.

Cleared—The Eureka, with general cargo and passengers for Victoria and Alaska ports, and leaves to-morrow morning at daylight.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK EXCHANGE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 28.

MORNING SESSION.

600	Mexican...10¾@10⅞		175	Capital.......	75c
10	G & C........3 05		50	Delmont........	75c
20	B & B..........7 50		10	Alston..........	1 85
250	Cala..............30c		150	N Belle.........	3½
1900	Savage.....1 85@1 70		50	Mt Diablo.......	8
525	Con Va....1 10@1 05		100	E Mt Diablo.....	0c
100	Chollar.......... 30		500	Holmes..........	75c
160	Potosi...........1 60		450	Wales...........	75c
50	H & N......1 55@2 50		100	Bodie...........	3 40
130	Point.............95c		50	Bechtel.........	40c
200	Jacket...........2 00		200	S Bodie.........	10c
50	Chollar..........1 30		300	Mono......1 15@1 20	
100	Alpha............2 b 30		120	Concordia.......	85c
120	Belcher..........1 40		350	Noonday.........	5c
20	Exchequer........75c		20	Oro.............	10c
50	Overman..........1 10		450	M White.........	2 95
150	Justice...........60c		300	Tioga...........	10c
910	Union......4¼@4¼		350	Eu Tun..........	1 50
100	Julia..............10c		50	N Belle.........	3⅞
10	Caledonia.........25c		10	E Mt Diablo.....	40c
150	Andes.............30c		60	Ophir........6⅝@6¼	
20	S Belcher........4 75		320	Holmes..........	20c
150	Scorpion.........1 50		10	S Nev...........	8
525	Benton............60c		100	Potosi..........	1 65
	Day..............asked 50c		110	Mexican.....10⅞@10½	
100	G Gate............[illegible]				

IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

What a Correspondent Saw and Heard in Clackamas County.

A New Craze in [illegible]

Evening Telegram.

[illegible], Jan. [illegible]

[illegible]

After an extended tour through Clackamas county I think I have seen enough of it to give you an idea of what kind of a county we have and the nature of its population, its yield of crops, etc. During my progress through the county I kept my eyes and ears open, and although a man with a threshing machine is not overburdened with much leisure time, still I have had an opportunity to gain a little insight into the domestic life of many of the inhabitants of Clackamas county. Clackamas is one of the largest and best timbered counties in the state. In fact, it labors under the disadvantage of being too heavily timbered, for in some parts it requires years of unceasing toil and untiring exertion to clear enough land to raise a large crop. Notwithstanding this objection many sturdy Germans have moved into the timber, and beneath their manly strokes the huge forest trees are falling rapidly. In many parts of Clackamas there are scenes of natural beauty that are excelled by no other section in the United States. It is well supplied by many silvery streamlets which meander down from their sources in the mountains and are alive with speckled trout, salmon and other fishes. The black bear, cougar, coyote and several other animals are also to be found in plenty and a deer hunt is an everyday institution in some parts of the county. One of the best bear hunters in the county is Bill Boving, of Damascus. Bill has slain bears without end, but his last encounter with bruin was a close call. He succeeded in vanquishing the bear, however, and brought home one of his claws as a trophy. The fight between him and the bear occurred after dark, one wet night, and immediately thereafter he was afflicted with terrible rheumatic pains. One of his neighbors suggested that his limbs be rubbed with that old and reliable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and he experienced instant relief. Since then there has been no day that this remedy has not occupied a conspicuous place upon his mantelpiece. His brother, C. H. Boving, who lives a few miles from him, also keeps it in his family, and lauds it to the skies on every occasion that he can. The density of the timber in this locality where they live renders the atmosphere very moist, and rheumatism is quite prevalent in the neighborhood. I have had occasion to travel much in my own vicinity, and can cite fifty of my neighbors for miles around who, year in and year out, keep a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil constantly on hand. Living remote from town, and not knowing what moment an accident to one of the family might happen, or some of the cattle get lamed, nearly every farmer very wisely keeps a bottle on his mantel. They promptly replace the bottle with a new one every time it is emptied. Among others whom I can mention in this locality as having implicit reliance and unswerving faith in the merits of St. Jacobs oil are M. Meaning, John Mitchell, F. Revenue and a host of others. Mr. Revenue, whose store is the first stopping place the emigrant halts at this side of the Cascade mountains, keeps it in stock right along. Whenever a farmer happens to meet with an accident or gets bruised in any manner, the first remedy that is invariably applied is St. Jacobs Oil. Uncle John Mitchell a near neighbor, was confined to his bed for over two years. He had the best medical attendance that Oregon could supply, and yet no relief was afforded him. To-day the old gentleman, who is over seventy years of age, is hale and vigorous, and attributes his rescue from death in no small measure, to the wonderful efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil. This part of our county is settled mainly by countrymen of my own (Germans), and it is with no small degree of pride that I perceive the rapid advances of civilization that are being pushed forward by them. In every German family that comes out here you will invariably find as a part of their luggage one or more bottles of the inevitable St. Jacobs Oil. As for myself I think that my own experience will not prove uninteresting. I was out hunting about eighteen months ago, and, attempting to cross over a fallen log, I fell and hurt my leg. I discharged my gun several times to attract the attention of my comrades, but they did not come to my rescue. A heavy shower came up and I was wetted through before assistance arrived. My wound was attended to and I recovered from that nicely. But my exposure to the storm resulted in a severe illness; my entire frame was racked with intense pain, and my joints were immensely swollen. Having been relieved years ago in the east by St. Jacobs Oil, I bethought of the remedy and secured it, and it afforded me marvelous relief since then. I have recommended the remedy to hundreds, and they have all used it with much success. Among others who have used this remedy in this county are: J. W. Taylor, New Era; Gottfield Wallars, postmaster, Highland; David Zimmerman, Needy; Jacob Wolf, Needy; J. F. Dibble, Molalla; Chas. Wade, Marshfield; J. Welch, Damascus; John Mitchell, Sandy; and over one hundred others whose names I cannot now recall. Wishing you the compliments of the season, I remain, "Immer Dein," OTTO.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

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FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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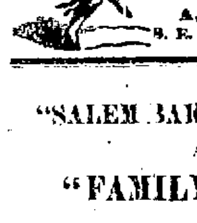

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Ladies' Pebble Buttons, worked B. H.	2 50
Ladies' American Kid Buttons	2 00
Ladies' B. Calf Lace Shoes	1 25
Ladies' Calf Lace Shoes, Lined	2 00
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Deposits received and interest allowed thereon at the rate of

4 per cent per annum on 3 months' deposits.
4½ per cent per annum on 6 months' deposits.
5 per cent per annum on 9 months' deposits.
6 per cent per annum on 12 months' deposits.

declistaw ROBERT BELL, Pres't.

D. P. THOMPSON, President. J. W. BRAZEE, Vice Pres't. W. V. SPENCER, Cashier.

The Portland Savings Bank

OF PORTLAND, OREGON,

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

RATES—Three per cent. per annum on deposits for three months; four per cent. per annum on deposits for six months; six per cent. per annum on deposits for twelve months.

Directors:

D. P. Thompson,	J. W. Brazee,	M. S. Burrell,
Frank Dekum,	J. N. Dolph,	S. Hirsch,
S. G. Skidmore,	Geo. W. Weidler,	W. V. Spencer,
Wm. Burnell,	J. T. Ghiselen,	E. S. Kearney,
	R. M. Wade	

Union Block, Corner Second and Stark, sts.

LADD & TILTON, BANKERS.

Deposits Received in Coin and Currency.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS.

BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE

ON

SAN FRANCISCO	LONDON,
NEW YORK	PARIS,
CHICAGO,	BERLIN,
ST. LOUIS,	FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN,
WASHINGTON, D. C.	And HONG KONG.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLES.

DEXTER STABLES,

G. GREEN, Prop'r.

Sale, Feed, Livery and Exchange Stables,

Cor. Second and Washington Sts., Portland, Oregon.

OREGON TRANSFER CO.

GENERAL

Forwarding and Commission.

FREIGHT AND BAGGAGE FORWARDED and Delivered with Dispatch.

PIANOS AND FURNITURE MOVED.

ORDERS FOR HACKS promptly attended to, Day or Night.

Office—S. W. Cor. Second and Stark Sts.

Mark Care O. T. Co.

CITY STABLES

AND

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY,

107 SECOND STREET.

ACKER & LEIHY,

Carriages, Coupes and First-class Livery Teams at All Hours.

Carriage Stands, Esmond Hotel & City Stables. Orders for Carriages at all hours, Day or Night, will receive prompt attention.

Keep on hand a Large Stock of Buggies, Hacks, Carriages, Harness, etc., for sale.

C. B. [illegible], SEAL ENGRAVER

83 Oak St., bet. First and Second.

INSURANCE.

FIRE INSURANCE.

GUARDIAN

ASSURANCE COMPANY,

OF LONDON.

Established.................................A. D. 1821

CAPITAL...........................$10,000,000
CASH SURPLUS.......................7,063,135

NOTE—This Company has absolutely the largest paid up capital of any company doing business in the United States.

Deposit with State Treasurer in Oregon...................................$50,000

Insurance effected at reasonable rates and policies issued by

SIBSON, CHURCH & CO.,
General Agents,

N. E. cor. Front and Ash Sts., Portland, Or.

ARTHUR E. SLOAN, Manager.

INCORPORATED 1864.

Home Mutual Insurance Co

OF CALIFORNIA.

FIRE ONLY.

Losses Paid Since Organization, $1,334,633 44.

Losses Paid in Oregon in Six Years $162,363 29.

OREGON BRANCH OFFICE,

GEO. L. STOREY, Manager,

Southeast cor. First and Stark Streets.

Opposite Ladd & Tilton's Bank.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.

IMPERIAL, LONDON,

NORTHERN and QUEEN

Insurance Companies of London and Liverpool.

Deposit in Oregon........................$200,000 00

Aggregate Cash Assets Forty-One Million Eight Hundred and Ninety-Six Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Three Dollars.

$41,896,923 00.

Joint Policy Issued by the Four Companies

Office 29 and 31 Front St., Portland, Or.

CORBITT & MACLEAY, General Agents.

EDWARD HALL, Manager.

MARINE INSURANCE.

The Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Co.,

OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital..$10,000,000
Surplus over Capital..............................3,624,121
Deposit in Oregon......................................50,000

Risks accepted and POLICIES WRITTEN at the agency.

NO. 5 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.

PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, Agent.

OREGON & WASHINGTON TERRITORY BRANCH.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Capital - - - - - - $5,000,000.

With unlimited liability of stockholders.

U. S. Bonds deposited with State Treasurer in Oregon.......................$50,000

Letter of Credit, Bank of British Columbia, Portland, Or..............................25,000

W. F. BROWN,
MANAGER.

No. 7 First St., Portland.

1794. 1881.

HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE CO'N.

Capital, - - - - $1,250,000
Assets, - - - - $4,072,575

GEO. L. CHASE, President. C. B. WHITING, Secretary.

A. P. FLINT,
Manager Pacific Department,
San Francisco, Cal.

J. W. G. COFRAN,

Special Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory.

Office: 33 Stark St., Union Block. Portland.

UNION

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Capital - - - - - $750,000

Branch Office for Oregon,

100 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

W. S. CALDWELL, Agent.

I. R. DAWSON. J. McL. HARVEY

COMMERCIAL UNION

ASSURANCE COMPANY

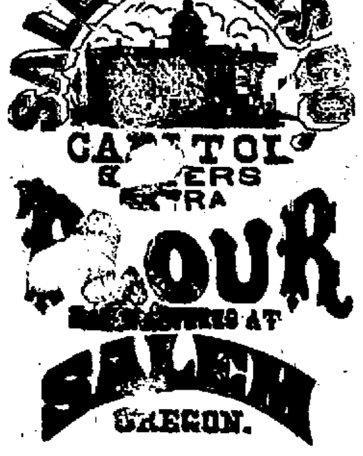
OF LONDON.

CAPITAL..$12,500,000

DAWSON & HARVEY,

General Agents for Oregon,

Office—No. 36 First St.—New Market Building.



The above is a fac simile of what appears on every sack of flour made by SALEM MILLS CO., which has no connection with the Salem Flouring Mills Co.

This Company is the only one in Oregon which manufactures its Flour on the gradual reduction principle, which is much superior to that made by the old process. Address letters and orders to

SALEM MILLS CO., Salem, or
PORTLAND AGENCY, 89 Front St.,
WM. DUNBAR, Agent.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

OREGON GLOVE FACTORY,

Second and Main Streets,

WILL REMOVE TO SAN JOSE, CAL., FEB. 1st, 1882, and to our customers we will dispose of the balance of GLOVES at VERY LOW RATES to save packing and freight. Please send for Price List or call on us. All orders must be sent to us in San Jose after Feb. 1st, 1882, and they will receive our prompt attention. Thanking you for your patronage, we hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of same. Yours truly,

3dlm GEORGE WILLIAMS & CO.